

o. angl.
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B' Sullivan, S.

THE HISTORY
OF LEGENDS

THE BOOZ
OF LEGENDS.

Paris, imprimerie de Paul Dupont et Comp.,
Rue de Grenelle-Saint-Honoré, 55.

THE
BOOK OF LEGENDS

CONTAINING

A SELECTION OF STANDARD TALES,

FROM THE MOST ESTEEMED BRITISH ESSAYISTS

TO WHICH IS PREFIXED AN ABRIDGMENT OF

DUNLOP'S HISTORY OF FICTION,

BEING A CRITICAL ACCOUNT OF THE MOST CELEBRATED PROSE WORKS
OF FICTION FROM THE EARLIEST GREEK ROMANCES
TO THE NOVELS OF THE PRESENT AGE;

ou

NOUVELLES ET CONTES MORAUX,

CHOISIS DANS LES REVUES LES PLUS ESTIMÉES DE LA GRANDE-BRETAGNE
ET DE L'IRLANDE ;

PRÉCÉDÉS D'UNE HISTOIRE DE LA FICTION,

PAR D. O'SULLIVAN,

DIRECTEUR DE LA BIBLIOTHÈQUE ANGLO-FRANÇAISE, PROFESSEUR AU
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(Ouvrage pouvant servir de complément à tous les recueils anglais
publiés jusqu'à ce jour.)



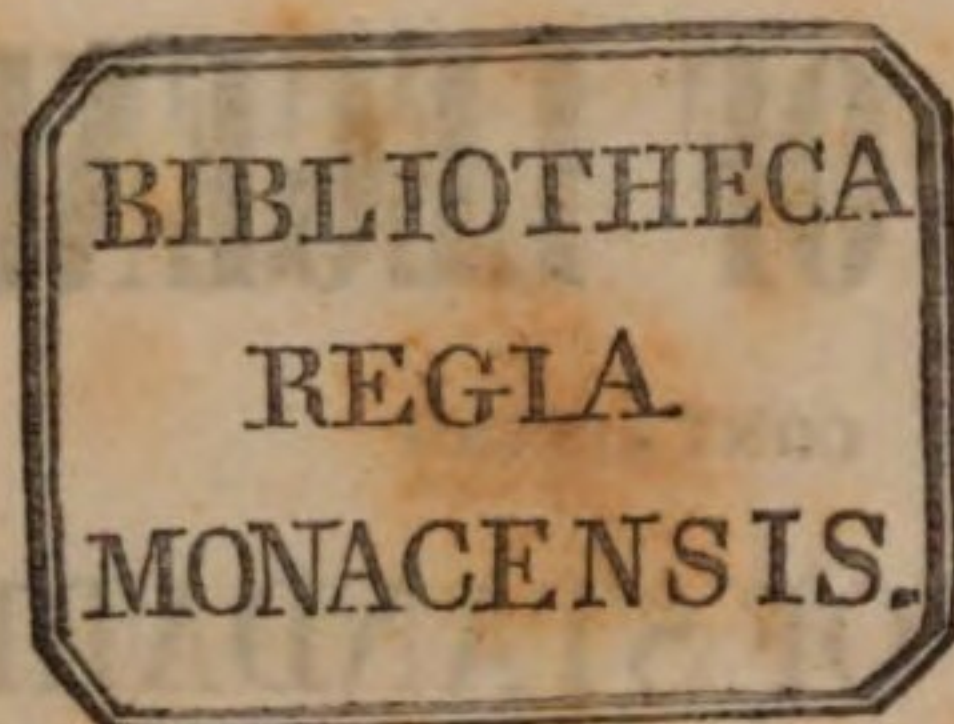
PARIS,

LIBRAIRIE DE POURCHET,

Rue des Grès-Sorbonne, 8.

1842

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exemplaire qui ne sera pas signé par l'auteur sera réputé
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NOUVELLES ET CONTES MORALS

CHRONIQUE DES REVENUS DES PAYS DE LA GRANDE-BRETAGNE
ET DE L'IRLANDE

PUBLIÉE PAR M. DE LA VILLIÈRE

PAR M. D. O'BRIEN

DIRECTEUR DE LA BIBLIOTHÈQUE ROYALE DE LA VILLE DE PARIS
COLLEGE ROYAL DE SAINT-JACQUES

(Généralisateur de la collection de la ville de Paris)
publié par la ville de Paris

PARIS

L'IMPRIMERIE DE POUCHET

Rue des Grands-Carreaux, 8

1842

INTRODUCTION.

The History of Fiction occupies an important place in the history of the progress of society. By contemplating the fables of a people, we have a successive delineation of their prevalent modes of thinking, a picture of their feelings and tastes and habits. In this respect prose fiction appears to possess advantages considerably superior either to history or poetry. In history there is too little individuality; in poetry too much effort, to permit the poet and historian to pourtray the manners living as they rise. History treats of man, as it were, in the mass, and the individuals whom it paints are regarded merely, or principally, in a public light, without taking into consideration their private feelings, tastes, or habits. Poetry is in general capable of too little detail, while its paintings, at the same time, are usually too much forced and exaggerated. But in Fiction we can discriminate without impropriety, and enter into detail without meanness. Hence it has been remarked, that it is chiefly in the fictions of an age that we can discover the modes of living, dress, and manners of the period.

But even if the utility which is derived from Fiction were less than it is, how much are we indebted to it for pleasure and enjoyment! It sweetens solitude and charms sorrow—it occupies the attention of the vacant, and unbends the mind of the philosopher. Like the enchanter, Fiction shows us, as it were in a mirror, the most agreeable objects; recalls from a distance the forms which are dear to us, and soothes our own griefs

by awakening our sympathy for others. By its means the recluse is placed in the midst of society; and he who is harassed and agitated in the city is transported to rural tranquillity and repose. The rude are refined by an introduction, as it were, to the higher orders of mankind, and even the dissipated and selfish are, in some degree, corrected by those paintings of virtue and simple nature, which must ever be employed by the novelist, if he wish to awaken emotion or delight.

No works are perhaps more useful or agreeable, than those which delineate the advance of the human mind—the history of what different individuals have effected in the course of ages, for the instruction, or even the innocent amusement, of their species. Such a delineation is attended with innumerable advantages: It furnishes a collection of interesting facts concerning the philosophy of mind, which we thus study not in an abstract and introspective method, but in a manner certain and experimental. It retrieves from oblivion a number of individuals, whose now obsolete works are perhaps in detail unworthy of public attention, but which promoted and diffused, in their own day, light and pleasure, and form as it were landmarks which testify the course and progress of genius. By contemplating also not only what has been done, but the mode in which it has been achieved, a method may perhaps be discovered of proceeding still farther, of avoiding the errors into which our predecessors have fallen, and of following the paths in which they have met success. Retrospective works of this nature, therefore, combine utility, justice, and pleasure; and accordingly, in different branches of philosophy and literature, various histories of their progress and fortunes have appeared.

In England there has been no attempt towards a general History of Fiction. Dr Percy, Warton, and others, have written, as is well known, with much learning and ingenuity, on that branch of the subject which relates to the origin of *Romantic Fiction*—the marvellous decorations of chivalry. This enquiry, however, comprehends but a small part of the subject, and even here research has oftner been directed to the establishment of a theory, than to the investigation of truth.

Never, in the annals of the human race, did a greater change of manners take place than in the middle ages, and accordingly, we must be prepared to expect a prodigious alteration in the character of fictitious literature, which, we have seen, may be expected to vary with the manners it would describe. But not only was there a change in the nature of the characters themselves, and the adventures which occurred to them, but a very peculiar style of embellishment was adopted, which, as it does not seem to have any necessary connection with the characters or adventures it was employed to adorn, has given the historians of literature no little labour to explain. The species of machinery, such as giants, dragons, and enchanted castles, which forms the seasoning of the adventures of chivalry, has been distinguished by the name of *Romantic Fiction*; and we shall now proceed to discuss the various systems which have been formed to account for its origin.

Different theories have been suggested for the purpose of explaining the origin of *Romantic Fiction* in Europe. The subject is curious, but is involved in much darkness and uncertainty.

To the northern Scalds, to the Arabians, to the people of Armorica or Britany, and to the classical tale

of antiquity, has been successively ascribed the origin of those extraordinary fables, which have been “so wildly disfigured in the romances of chivalry, and so elegantly adorned by the Italian Muse.”—They have made no proper distinction between three things, which seem, in their elementary principles at least, to be totally unconnected. 1. The arbitrary fictions of romance, by which I mean the embellishments of dragons, enchanters, etc. 2. That spirit of enterprise and adventure which pervaded all the tales of chivalry. 3. The historical materials, if they deserve that name, relating to Arthur and Charlemagne, which form the groundwork of so large a proportion of this class of compositions.

One theory (which, I believe, was first adopted by Mallet) is, that what are termed the arbitrary fictions of romance, have been exclusively derived from the northern Scalds. This system has been strenuously maintained by subsequent writers, and particularly by Dr Percy, who observes, that the Scalds originally performed the functions of historians, by recording the victories and genealogies of their princes in a kind of narrative song. When history, by being committed to prose, assumed a more stable and more simple form, and was taken out of their hands, it became their business chiefly to entertain and delight. Hence they embellished their recitals with marvellous fictions, calculated to allure the gross and ignorant minds of their audience. Long before the time of the crusades, they believed in the existence of giants and dwarfs, in spells and enchantments. These became the ornaments of their works of imagination, and they also invented combats with dragons and monsters, and related stories of the adventures of knights with giants and sorcerers.

Besides this assumption, Dr Percy also maintains, that the spirit of chivalry, the eagerness after adventure, and the extravagant courtesy, which are its chief characteristics, existed among the northern nations long before the introduction of the feudal system, or the establishment of knighthood as a regular order.

These fictions and ideas, he asserts, were introduced into Normandy by the Scalds, who probably attended the army of Rollo in its migration to that province from the north. The skill of these bards was transmitted to their successors the minstrels, who adopted the religion and opinions of the new countries. In place of their pagan ancestors they substituted the heroes of Christendom, whose feats they embellished with the Scaldic fictions of giants and enchanters. Such stories were speedily propagated through France, and by an easy transition passed into England after the Norman Conquest.

A second hypothesis, which was first suggested by Salmasius, and which has been followed out by T. Warton, ascribes to the Saracens the foundation of romantic fiction. It had at one time been a received opinion in Europe, that the wonders of Arabian imagination were first communicated to the western world by means of the crusades; but Warton, while he argues that these expeditions tended greatly to propagate this mode of fabling, contends that these fictions were introduced at a much earlier period by the Arabians, who, in the beginning of the eighth century, settled in Spain. Through that country they disseminated those extravagant inventions peculiar to their fertile genius. Those creations of fancy, the natural offspring of a warm and luxuriant climate, were eagerly received, and colder ima-

ginations were kindled by the presence of these enlivening visitors. The ideal tales of the eastern invaders, recommended by a brilliancy of description hitherto unknown to the barren fancy of those who inhabited a western region, were rapidly diffused through the continent of Europe. From Spain, by the communication of commercial intercourse through the ports of Toulon and Marseilles, they passed into France. In the latter kingdom they received the earliest and most welcome reception in the district of Armorica or Britany. That province had been chiefly peopled by a colony of Welsh, who had emigrated thither in the fourth century. Hence a close connection subsisted between Wales and Britany for many ages. The fables current in the latter country were collected by Gualtier, Archdeacon of Oxford, who presented them to Geoffrey of Monmouth. His Latin Chronicle, compiled from these materials, forms one of the principal sources of tales of chivalry, and consists entirely of Arabian inventions.

Warton next proceeds to point out the coincidence between fictions undoubtedly Arabic, and the machinery of the early romances. He concludes with maintaining, that if Europe was in any way indebted to the Scalds for the extravagant stories of giants and monsters, these fables must still be referred to an eastern origin, and must have found their way into the north of Europe along with an Asiatic nation, who, soon after Mithridates had been overthrown by Pompey, fled from the dominion of the Romans, and under the conduct of Odin settled in Scandinavia.

These two systems, which may be termed the Gothic and the Arabian, are those which have found the most numerous supporters. As far as relates to the

supernatural ornaments of romance (for it is this branch alone that is at present to be considered), the two theories, though very different, are by no means incompatible. From a view of the character of Arabian and Gothic fiction, it appears that neither is exclusively entitled to the credit of having given birth to the wonders of romance. The early framers of the tales of chivalry may be indebted to the northern Bards for those wild and terrible images congenial to a frozen region, and owe to Arabian invention that magnificence and splendour, those glowing descriptions and luxuriant ornaments, suggested by the enchanting scenery of an eastern climate,

Warton's hypothesis of the flight of Odin from the Roman power to Scandinavia, and which exclusively assigns to the eastern nations all the fictions of romance, seems to rest on no solid foundation. Indeed Richardson, in the Preface to his Persian Dictionary, maintains that the whole was a mere Scaldic fable, invented to trace the origin of Gothic and Roman enmity, as the story of Dido and Æneas was supposed to account for the irreconcilable antipathy of Rome and Carthage. Besides, no modification of climate and manners, strong as their influence may be, could have produced the prodigious difference that now appears between Oriental and Gothic fictions; for it cannot be denied, and indeed has been acknowledged by Warton, that the fictions of the Arabians and Scalds are totally different. The fables and superstitions of the northern Bards are of a darker shade, and more savage complexion, than those of the Arabians. There is something in their fictions that chills the imagination. The formidable objects of nature with which they were familiarized in their north-

ern solitudes, their precipices, and frozen mountains, and gloomy forests, acted on their fancy, and gave a tincture of horror to their imagery. Spirits, who send storms over the deep, who rejoice in the shriek of the drowning mariner, or diffuse irresistible pestilence; spells which preserve from poison, blunt the weapons of an enemy, or call up the dead from their tombs—these are the ornaments of northern poetry. The Arabian fictions are of a more splendid nature; they are less terrible indeed, but possess more variety and magnificence; they lead us through delightful forests, and raise up palaces glittering with gold and diamonds.

But while it seems impossible to trace the wilder fictions of the north to an eastern source, it may be observed, on the other hand, that, allowing the early Scaldic odes to be genuine, we find in them no dragons, giants, magic rings, or enchanted castles. These are only to be met with in the compositions of the Bards, who flourished after the native vein of Runic fabling had been enriched by the tales of the Arabians. But if we look in vain to the early Gothic poetry for many of those fables which adorn the works of romancers, we shall easily find them in the ample field of oriental fiction. Thus the Asiatic romances and chemical works of the Arabians are full of enchantments, similar to those described in the Spanish, and even in the French tales of chivalry. Magical rings were an important part of the eastern philosophy, and seem to have given rise to those which are of so much service to the Italian poets. In the eastern *Peris* we may trace the origin of the European fairies in their qualities, and perhaps in their name. The griffin, or hippogriff, of the Italian writers, seems to be the famous *Simurgh* of the Persians, which

makes such a figure in the epic poems of Saadi and Ferdusi.

A great number of these romantic wonders were collected in the east by the pilgrims and palmers who visited the Holy Land through curiosity, restlessness, or devotion, and who, returning from so great a distance, imposed every fiction on a believing audience. They were subsequently introduced into Europe by the fablers of France, who took up arms, and followed their barons to the conquest of Jerusalem. At their return they imported into Europe the wonders they had heard, and enriched romance with an infinite variety of oriental fictions.

This mode of introduction of the eastern fables into Europe is much more natural than that pointed out by Warton. The Arabians were not only secluded from the other inhabitants of Spain, but were the objects of their deepest animosity ; and hence the Castilians would not readily imbibe the fictions of their enemies. It is unfortunate too that the intermediate station from the Moorish dominions in Spain should be fixed in Armorica, one of the provinces of France most remote from Grenada.

But if Armorica cannot without difficulty be adopted as a resting place of romantic fiction, far less can it be considered its native soil, as has been assumed in a third hypothesis, maintained by Leyden in his Introduction to the Complaynt of Scotland. It is there argued, that a colony of Britons took refuge in Armorica during the fifth century, from the tyranny of the Saxons, and carried with them the archives which had escaped the fury of their conquerors. The memory of Arthur and his knights was thus preserved in Armorica as fresh

as in Wales or Cornwall; and the inhabitants of Armorica were the first people in France with whom the Normans had a friendly intercourse. Besides, the class of French romances relating to Charlemagne ascribed to that monarch the feats of Charles Martel, an Armorican chief, whose exploits would more probably be celebrated by the minstrels of his own country than by Turpin, or any other writer of fabulous chronicles. In short, all the French romances originated in Britany, and all the nations of Europe derived their tales of chivalry from the French.

A fourth hypothesis has been suggested, which represents the machinery and colouring of fiction, the stories of enchanted gardens, monsters, and winged steeds, which have been introduced into romance, as derived from the classical and mythological authors; and as being merely the ancient stories of Greece, grafted on modern manners, and modified by the customs of the day.

The classical authors, it is true, were in the middle ages scarcely known; but the superstitions they inculcated had been prevalent for too long a period, and had made too deep impression on the mind, to be easily obliterated. The mythological ideas which still lingered behind, were diffused in a multitude of popular works. In the *Travels of Sir John Mandeville*, there are frequent allusions to ancient fable; and it is scarcely to be doubted that many classical were converted into romantic fictions.

This, at least, is certain, that the classical system presents the most numerous and least exceptionable prototypes of the fables of romance (1).

(1) I shall now proceed, says an elegant writer after com-

In many of the tales of chivalry there is a knight detained from his quest, by the enticements of a sorceress, and who is nothing more than the Calypso or Circe of Homer. The story of Andromeda might give rise to

menting on the foregoing systems, to account for the introduction of romantic fiction, by a channel which appears to me the most natural, and therefore, the most likely to be true. I would begin with that period in which the persecutions of the pagan rulers drove the primitive Christians into the East. Full of the mysterious wonders of the Apocalypse, not less than of the miraculous records of the Holy Gospels; imbued with all that the Old Testament narrates, and probably anticipating similar interposition from Heaven in their own persons; their minds wrought up by many causes to the highest pitch of enthusiasm, and their hearts glowing with a fervour that no other ages can boast—they were well prepared to receive the impressions naturally made upon a heated fancy;—and being further willing to address the prejudices of those they might hope to convert; adorned their writings with fictitious incidents of oriental structure—even as, to conciliate the heathen, they introduced into their religious buildings, the statues of pagan worship, dignifying them with novel names, and serving them with novel ceremonies. Not always indeed was this the process; nor the apotheosis always intentional.

Because eastern imaginations were more splendid and captivating—because Jerusalem, and the Holy Sepulchre were in the East—because „ pilgrims and palmers ”, annually brought thither fresh subjects for credulity to feed upon, they were the most partial to oriental conceptions.

If my hypothesis, therefore, be just, with the return of the exiled Christians from the East, *originated* romantic fiction in Europe. But this, of course, must be taken with modifications. Time alone could mature, what in its progress acquired such extensive popularity; and it seems to me, one of the glaring defects of other systems, that they would represent the rise of that particular kind of fable in question to have been almost instantaneous: to have followed swift upon the incursions of the Saracens—to have sprung up mysteriously among the Scandinavians, or equally, if not more so, among the Armoricans. Whereas, that which was so wide in its extent—so singular in its effects—so deeply impressed on a large portion of the globe, must inevitably have had a beginning, and a middle: it must have been long crescent, before it was at the full. It is true, the classical system has not all the objections which meet the other, on the score of precipitancy; but still it accounts only for that part of romance which is evidently built upon classic ground. Much of the machinery is wholly different; and from the comparatively few allusions—from the indistinct and monstrous perversion of Grecian or Roman fable, we are sure that their know-

the fable of damsels being rescued by their favourite knight when on the point of being devoured by a sea-monster. The heroes of the Iliad and Æneid were both furnished with enchanted armour; and, in the story of

ledge was very limited. But, in fact, a union of classic traditions with oriental fiction is not only probable but certain; yet my hypothesis still traces it to the East. For it will be noticed, that Eastern conceptions invariably predominate, even where the subject is confessedly classic; as in the stories of Alexander, Cæsar, and others.

When instances of those who fled, or were exiled to the East, or voluntarily settled there, are so numerous, it would be idle to weary the reader's attention, by entering into any lengthened detail. The names of Clemens of Alexandria, of Ignatius, Tertullian and Origen, are conspicuous in the second and third centuries, with many others, who were in constant intercourse with the West; and the soft and yielding character of these times presented a plastic surface, to every, even the slightest touch. In the early part of the fourth century the foundation of Constantinople, which drew from Italy such a large population, would facilitate the interchange of literature; for it is not improbable, that many of the Asiatics, driven from their settlements by the influx of the foreigners, would hasten to occupy the homes which the others had vacated. At all events, the new settlers in the East had friends and connections in their fatherland, with whom it was natural, and even necessary, that there should be a certain intercourse. Towards the conclusion of the third century, when monachism was so zealously propagated, and the East inundated with a restless class of men, who strolled about in pursuit of proselytes (not much unlike the errant-knights of a subsequent age, the position I have laid down is more clearly evinced.

“The progress of the monks”, says Gibbon, “was not less rapid, or universal, than that of Christianity itself. Every province, and at last, every city of the empire, was filled with their increasing multitudes; and the bleak and barren isles, from Lerins to Lipari, that arise out of the Tuscan sea, were chosen by the Anachorets for the place of their voluntary exile. An easy and perpetual intercourse by sea and land connected the provinces of the Roman world: and the life of Hilarion displays the facility with which an indigent hermit of Palestine might *traverse Egypt, embark for Sicily, escape to Epirus, and finally settle in the island of Cyprus*. The Latin Christians embraced the religious institutions of Rome. The pilgrims, who visited Jerusalem, eagerly copied, in the most *distant climes of the earth*, the faithful model of monastic life. *The disciples of Antony spread themselves beyond the tropic, over the Christian empire of Ethiopia*.”

“Iona, one of the Hebrides, which was planted by the Irish

Polyphemus, a giant and his cave are exhibited. Herodotus, in his history, speaks of the Arimaspi, a race of Cyclops who inhabited the north, and waged perpetual war with the tribe of griffons, which guarded mines of gold. The expedition of Jason in search of the golden

monks, diffused over the northern regions a doubtful ray of *science*."

The roving character of the monks, therefore, is another link of the chain by which I introduce oriental fiction into the West.

In the ninth century, Crete and Sicily were invaded and conquered by the Arabs, who likewise entered Italy.

I need scarcely allude to the crusades as sources of romantic fabling. They are undisputed parts of the system; and probably, at the termination of the third expedition, towards the close of the twelfth century, this kind of writing was at its height. Chivalry was then followed with a steady devotion, which I am inclined to think, soon afterwards abated; and was rather the undulation of the water, succeeding the tempest, than the tempest itself. The fourth and fifth crusade followed at the distance of about twenty years; but upwards of thirty elapsed before the sixth and last. The blood and coin that had been so uselessly lavished, might well conduce to satisfy the most enthusiastic crusader; while the surprizing zeal that had so long desolated both hemispheres, from its very intensity, was calculated to subside.—Time could not but temper this; and the last of these expeditions appears to be the last violent struggle of religious persecution in the East. With the decline of chivalry, the fictions, which principally attained their celebrity during its zenith, would naturally cease to be regarded; and the extravagant conceptions which this institution cherished, would necessarily fall into decay.

Oriental, legendary, and classical fables, heightened by circumstances of a strong romantic cast, form the basis of the *GESTA ROMANORUM*. This singular composition was one of the most applauded compilations of the middle ages. The method of instructing by fables, is a practice of remote antiquity; and has always been attended with very considerable benefit. Its great popularity encouraged the monks to adopt this medium, not only for the sake of illustrating their discourses, but of making a more durable impression upon the minds of their illiterate auditors.

The influence which this work has had on English poetry, is not the least surprizing fact connected with it. Not only the earlier writers of England — Gower, Chaucer, Lydgate, Occleve, etc., have been indebted to it, but also the poets of modern times. — Through a period of five hundred years, they have afforded a popular entertainment; the uncultivated minds of the middle ages valued them as a repertory of theological information, and later times as an inexhaustible fund of dramatic incident.

fleece; the apples of the Hesperides, watched by a dragon; the king's daughter who is an enchantress, who falls in love with and saves the knight, are akin to the marvels of romantic fiction; especially of that sort supposed to have been introduced by the Arabians. Some of the less familiar fables of classical mythology, as the image in the *Theogony* of Hesiod of the murky prisons in which the Titans were pent up by Jupiter, under the custody of strong armed giants, bear a striking resemblance to the more wild sublimity of the Gothic fictions.

Besides, a great number of those fables now considered as eastern, appear to have been originally Greek traditions, which were carried to Persia in the time of Alexander the Great, and were afterwards returned to Europe, with the modification they had received from oriental ideas.

Ritson has successively attempted to ridicule the Gothic, Arabian and Classical systems; and has maintained, that the origin of romance, in every age or country, must be sought in the different sorts of superstition which have from time to time prevailed. It is, he contends, a vain and futile endeavour, to seek elsewhere for the origin of fable. The French tales of chivalry, in particular, are too ancient to be indebted for their existence to any barbarous nation whatever. In all climes where genius has inspired, fiction has been its earliest product, and every nation in the globe abounds in romances of its own invention, and which it owes to itself alone.

And, in fact, after all, a great proportion of the wonders of romance must be attributed to the imagination of the authors. A belief in superhuman agency seems to have prevailed in every age and country; and mon-

sters of all sorts have been created by exaggeration or fear. It was natural for the vulgar, in an ignorant age, as we see from the Turks even of the present day, to believe a palace, surpassingly beautiful, to be the work of enchanter. To this we must join the supernatural wonders conjured up by a superstitious fancy, and the natural ones supplied by a mind unacquainted with the constitution of things. Thus to the deceptions of sight, produced by certain dispositions of light and shade—to the reflecting and magnifying power, possessed by mists and clouds, may be partly attributed the prevalence of stories of ghosts, giants, etc., in hilly or cloudy regions intersected by deep valleys and lakes, or by woods, rocks, and rivers. To all this must be added the chimeras produced by indulgence in frolicsome combination. Such were the emblematic cherub of the Hebrews, the compound images of the Egyptians, and the monster of mythology, which was described as

Prima leo, postrema draco, media inde capella.

In like manner the griffin is compounded of the lion and eagle; the snake and lizard comprise the analysis, and may have suggested the notion of a dragon. The idea once formed of a being of larger dimensions than his fellow-mortals, it was easy to increase his proportions, and to diversify his shape with every variety of monstrous attribute; and it was natural, as in the case of Goliath, to bestow a ferocity of disposition, corresponding to the terrors of aspect.

The Classical System, allowing it to be well founded with regard to the introduction of giants, hippogriffs, or enchanter, cannot explain the enterprise, the gallantry, and romantic valour, attributed to the knights of chivalry. It is, no doubt, true, that a striking ana-

logy subsists between the manners of the heroic and Gothic times. In both periods robbery was regarded as honourable; or, as least, was not the forerunner of infamy. Bastardy, in both ages, was in peculiar reputation: the most renowned knights of chivalry, as Roland and Amadis, were illegitimate; and the heroes of antiquity were the spurious offspring of demigods and nymphs. The martial games, too, may in their design and their effects be considered as analogous to tournaments. Equal encouragement was given to the Bards of Greece, and the minstrels of the middle ages; while Hercules and Bacchus, who are represented as roaming through their country, inflicting punishment on robbers, and extirpating monsters, may be regarded as the knights errant of antiquity. But these resemblances arose merely from a corresponding state of manners; since, at a similar stage of the social progress, similar ideas and customs are prevalent amongst different nations.

Still less can it be believed that the spirit of chivalry received its impulse from the knight errantry of Arabia. This part of his system, Warton has but feebly urged. The nature of Arabian and chivalrous enterprise was by no means the same; nor is it probable that the Europeans derived the dominant part of their manners and institutions from a secluded and a hostile people.

But Dr Percy, and other supporters of the Gothic system, have strenuously maintained that the ideas of chivalry, the soul and subject of romance, subsisted from the earliest period among the northern nations, and were thence transfused into the fictions of a subsequent age. I conceive, however, that although the rudiments of chivalry may have existed, these notions were not sufficiently general, nor developed, to have be-

come, without farther preparation, the reigning topics of composition. Instances, too, of chivalrous gallantry would have been found in the earlier ages of the history of France, but the manners during the two first races of its monarchs, were far from exhibiting any symptoms of courtesy.

It was under the feudal establishments, subsequently erected in Europe, that chivalry received its vigour, and was invested with the privileges of a regular institution. The chivalry, therefore, unfolded in romance, was the offspring of existing manners, and was merely an exaggerated picture of the actual state of society, of which oppression, anarchy, and restless courage, were the characteristics, but which sometimes produced examples of virtue and enthusiasm.

On the fall of the Roman empire, the lands overrun by the barbarous nations being parcelled out amongst a number of independent chieftains, whose aims and interests frequently interfered, it became an object with every baron to assemble round his person, and to attach, by the strongest bonds, the greatest possible number of young men of rank and courage. The knight, or soldier, at the same time found it necessary to look to some superior for support, against the oppression of other chieftains.

That these ties might be rendered closer, and that the candidate for knighthood might be instructed in courtesy and the art of war, it was customary to remove him at an early age from his father's house to the court or castle of his future patron.

Those who were destined for this sort of life, first acted as pages or varlets; they performed menial services, which at that time were not considered as degrad-

ing; they were initiated into the ceremonial of a court, and were at the same time instructed in those bodily exercises which were considered the best preparation for their future career.

The castle in which the candidate for knighthood received his education, was usually thronged with young persons of a different sex. The intercourse which he thus enjoyed was the best school for the refinements of courtesy: he was taught to select some lady as the mistress of his soul, to whom were referred all his sentiments and actions. Her image was implanted in his heart, amid the fairy scenes of childhood, and was afterwards blended with its recollections. In the middle ages, society was in an intermediate state, removed from the extremes of indigence and luxury, which is most favourable to love: and that passion was sometimes so nourished by obstacles, that it was exalted into a species of devotion.

Thus the service of a mistress became the future glory and occupation of the candidate for knighthood. At the same time that this duty was inculcated, the emulation of military excellence was excited by the example of his compeers and his patron. When the youth passed to the condition of squire, they attended their master abroad; if he engaged in battle they took no part in the rencounter, but remained spectators of the combat, and, by attention to the various movements, were instructed in the art of war.

Their time was also, in a great measure, devoted to those sports which were kindred to the occupations of war, and the knowledge of which was an essential preliminary to reception into the order of knighthood.

If that investiture be merely considered as a cere-

mony, by which young persons destined to the military profession received their arms, its institution, we are told, is as ancient as the age of Charlemagne; but, if considered as a dignity, which, by certain forms, conferred the first rank in the military order, it cannot easily be traced higher than the 11th century. In the forests of Germany, the initiation of a youth into the profession of a warrior, had been attended with appropriate ceremonies. The chieftain of the tribe decorated him with a sword and armour,—a simple form, which, in the progress of the feudal system, was converted into a mysterious and pompous rite.

On his reception into this order, the knight became bound to the observance of loyalty to his superior, to an impartial distribution of justice to his vassals, to an inviolable adherence to his word, and attention to a courtesy which embellished his other qualities, and softened his other duties. All those who were unjustly oppressed, or conceived themselves to be so, were entitled to claim his protection and succour. The ladies in this respect enjoyed the most ample privileges. Destitute of the means of support, and exposed to the outrages of avarice or passion, they were consigned to his special care, and placed under the guardship of his valiant arm.

The promotion of knights, which sometimes took place after the performance of military exploits, but more frequently on church festivals, coronations, baptisms, or the conclusion of peace, was generally followed by jousts and tournaments.

When the tournaments were concluded, the conquerors were conducted, with much solemnity, to the palace of the prince or baron, where they were attired in the most splendid habits of peace, and disarmed by the

hands of the fair; their deeds were inscribed on the records of the heralds at arms, and formed the subject of the lays of the minstrel, which were spread through the neighbouring courts, to excite emulation or envy.

But it would be endless to describe those ceremonies by which tournaments were prepared, accompanied, or followed, and which occupy, I am sure, more than a fourth part of the romances of chivalry, which, in this respect, have merely presented an embellished picture of what actually occurred.

As the genius of chivalry had ever studied to represent in tournaments a faithful picture of the labours and dangers of war, it had ever preserved in war an image of the courtesy which prevailed in tournaments. The desire of pleasing some lady, and of appearing worthy of her, was in the true, as in the fictitious combat, one of the strongest motives that prompted to heroic action. That champion who, while rushing into combat, expressed a wish, as we are told, that his lady beheld him, must also have been stimulated by the hope that she might one day listen to the report of his prowess. In real battle the knight was frequently decked with the device of his mistress, and seriously offered combat to an enemy (not, indeed, as a primary cause of quarrel, but where other grounds of hostility existed), to dispute the preeminence of the beauty of their mistresses, and the strength of their attachment. As the valour, too, of a single combatant was conspicuous, and had a considerable influence on the fortune of the day, the same individuals were led frequently to encounter each other, which gave rise to that peculiar species of combat painted in the fables of romance.

The policy which employed love, united with reve-

rence for the ladies, and the thirst of glory, to inspire sentiments of bravery and honour, also joined the heroes of its creation by the ties of friendship. They became united for all their future exploits, or for the accomplishment of some exalted emprise, which had a limited object;—and hence the fraternity of arms, by which knights are frequently associated in tales of chivalry.

Next to those encounters, sought from love of enterprise, or of the fair, the great proportion of combats described in romance may be termed judicial. These took place on a defiance of the challenger to the acceptor, or an accusation against a third party in whom the acceptor was interested, or whose cause he espoused from a spirit of chivalry. Such encounters were suggested by those judicial combats by which, during the middle ages, disputes in civil courts were actually decided.

To the love of war, and of enterprise, to the extravagant gallantry, united with superstition, by which the order of knighthood was distinguished, may be traced the greater proportion of the adventures delineated in romance.

We will consider at a future period how these adventures and embellishments have been appropriated to individual knights, and turn our attention to the materials which have supplied the leading subjects and the principal characters of romantic composition.

At a time when chivalry excited such universal admiration, and when its effects were at least ostensibly directed to the public good, it was natural that history and fable should be ransacked to furnish examples which might increase emulation.

Arthur and Charlemagne, with their peers, were the heroes most early and most generally selected for this

purpose. The tales concerning these warriors are the first specimens extant of this sort of composition, and from their early popularity, from the beauty of the fictions with which they were in the beginning supported, and from flattering the vanity of the two first nations in Europe, they long continued (diversified indeed, and enlarged by subsequent embellishments) to be the prevalent and favourite topics.

In its earliest signification, the term Romance was appropriated to the dialects spoken in the different European provinces that had been subjected to the Roman empire, and of which Latin was the basis, though other materials might enter into the construction. The romance was at one time the colloquial language of Gaul. Subsequently, indeed, various dialects were introduced into that country, but it was still preserved in Normandy; and thence was again diffused through the other provinces north of the Loire.

It seems, also, unquestionable, that these metrical romances, though written in England, first appeared in the French language.

Before this time the language in which they wrote had passed into England by means of the Norman Conquest. The English, indeed, previous to this event, had been prepared for the reception of the French language. Edward the Confessor had been educated in France, and, on his accession to the throne of England, promoted his continental favourites to the highest dignities. Under their influence the nation began to lay aside its English customs, and to imitate the language and manners of the French. Moreover, the French language, by means of the Norman Conquest, became interwoven with the new political system. The king,

the chief officers of state, and a great proportion of the nobility, were Normans, and understood no tongue but that of their own country. Hence the few Saxons who were still admitted at court had the strongest inducements to acquire the language of their conquerors.

From the early connection of the Normans with the people of Britany, the minstrels had received from the latter those traditions, the remains of which they brought over with them to England.

These they found in a more perfect state among the Welsh of that island. The invasion of the Normans, and the overthrow of the Saxons, were events beheld with exultation by the descendants of the *aboriginal* Britons, who readily associated with those who had avenged them on their bitterest enemies; while to the Normans the legends of the Welsh must have been more acceptable than those of the Saxons. The British lays communicated to the French minstrels in England were seldom committed to writing. Hence the same story was repeated with endless variations, and this system of traditional incident was added to the more stable relations contained in the chronicle of Geoffrey of Monmouth.

From the ancient chronicles and early metrical romances; from the exploits of individual heroes, concentrated in one; from the embellishments added by the imagination of the author, and the charms of romantic fiction, sprung those formidable compilations which form the second division of Romances of Chivalry.

Thus, we find in the heroic romance a great deal of ancient chivalrous delineation. Dragons, necromancers, giants, and enchanted castles, are indeed banished; but heroism and gallantry are still preserved. These attributes, however, have assumed a different station

and importance. In romances of chivalry, love, though a solemn and serious passion, is subordinate to heroic achievement. A knight seems chiefly to have loved his lady, because he obtained her by some warlike exploit; she formed an excuse for engaging in perilous adventures, and he mourned her loss, as it was attended with that of his dearer idol—honour. In the heroic romance, on the other hand, love seems the ruling passion, and military exploits are chiefly performed for the sake of a mistress: glory is the spring of the one species of composition, and love of the other.

Much of the heroic romance has been also derived from the ancient Greek romances. The spirit of these compositions had been kept alive during the middle ages, and had never been altogether extinguished, even by the prevalence and popularity of tales of chivalry.

On the decline of romances of chivalry, it was natural to search for some species of fiction to supply their place with the public. The spiritual and pastoral romances were not sufficiently entertaining nor abundant for this purpose. In pursuance of this new object, the writers of that species of fiction, which may be peculiarly entitled Heroic Romance, resorted in search of characters partly to classical and partly to Moorish heroes.

In the following Essay I shall try to present a faithful analysis of those early and scarce productions which form, as it were, the landmarks of Fiction. I shall endeavour by criticisms to give such a sketch as may enable the reader to form some idea of the nature and merit of the works themselves, and of the transmission of fable from one age and country to another.

HISTORY OF FICTION.

GREEK ROMANCES.

We have already seen that fiction has in all ages formed the delight of the rudest and the most polished nations. It was late, however, and after the decline of its nobler literature, that fictions in prose came to be cultivated as a species of composition in Greece.

The people of Asia Minor, who possessed the fairest portion of the globe, were addicted to every species of luxury and magnificence; and having fallen under the dominion of the Persians, imbibed with the utmost avidity the amusing fables of their conquerors. The Milesians, who were a colony of Greeks, and spoke the Ionic dialect, excelled all the neighbouring nations in ingenuity, and first caught from the Persians this rage for fiction: but the tales they invented, and of which the name has become so celebrated, have all perished. There is little known of them, except that they were not of a very moral tendency, and were principally written by a person of the name of Aristides, whose tales were translated into Latin by Sisenna, the Roman historian, about the time of the civil wars of Marius and Sylla. Huet, Vossius, and the other writers by whom the stories of Aristides have been mentioned, concur in representing them as short amatory narratives in prose.

The tales of Nicenus are about forty in number, but appear to be mere sketches. They chiefly consist of accounts of every species of seduction, and the criminal passions of the nearest relations. The principal characters generally come to a deplorable end, though sel-

dom proportioned to what they merited by their vices. Nicenus seems to have grafted the Milesian tales on the mythological fables of Apollodorus and similar writers, and also to have borrowed from early historians and poets, whose productions have not descended to us. His work is inscribed to the Latin poet Cornelius Gallus, the contemporary and friend of Virgil.

Previous, however, to the age of Alexander the Great, little seems to have been attempted in this style of composition by the European Greeks; but the more frequent intercourse which his conquests introduced between the Greek and Asiatic nations, opened at once all the sources of fiction. Clearchus, who was a disciple of Aristotle, and who wrote a history of fictitious love adventures, seems to have been the first author who gained any celebrity by this species of composition.

The romance of the "Incredible Things in Thule" consisted of twenty-four books, in which Dinias was represented as relating his own adventures, and those he had heard from Dercyllis, to Cymba, who had been sent to Tyre by the Arcadians to prevail on him to return to his native country.

After the composition of the Dinias and Dercyllis of Diogenes, a considerable period seems to have elapsed without the production of any fictitious narrative deserving the appellation of a romance.

Lucius Patrensis and Lucian, who were nearly contemporary, lived during the reign of the emperor Marcus Aurelius. About the time these authors lived, Jamblichus wrote his *Babylonica*.

About two centuries elapsed from the death of Jamblichus, till the composition of the *Theagenes* and *Chariclea* of Heliodorus, Bishop of Tricca, an author who

in every particular, but especially in the arrangement of his fable, far excelled his predecessors.

There are three points chiefly to be considered in a novel or romance, the *Subject*, the *Disposition*, and the *Ornaments*; a classification which may be regarded as comprehending the means of estimating the most material beauties and defects of any fictitious narrative.

In adopting these principles of criticism, I do not mean to affirm that a good work can be written by rule, or that a romance is excellent merely in proportion to its conformity to certain critical precepts. Nothing, for instance, can be more irregular than *Tristram Shandy*, and nothing can be more regular than some of the novels of Cumberland; yet no one prefers the novels of Cumberland to the work of Sterne. A man of genius will produce an interesting composition in defiance of the laws of criticism, while one without talent will compose a work by rule, as a stonecutter may hew out a statue according to the most approved proportions, which will be totally lifeless and insignificant. But though the province of criticism is not to confine genius to one narrow and trodden path, it does not follow that critical rules are to be altogether disregarded. The work of the man of genius would have been still better had he not wantonly transgressed them, and even the labour produced by the person of inferior talents, would have been worse had he not rigidly adhered to them. In estimating all the productions of the fine arts, we are obliged to analyze them, and to describe them by their grosser parts, as the ethereal portion, or that which pervades the heart and feelings, cannot be represented. We judge of the paintings of Raphael, and criticise them under the heads of design and invention and

colouring; but we can no more express the emotions they produce, than we can paint the odours of the rose, though we delineate its form and portray its colours.

The story, or subject, of Theagenes and Chariclea, does not possess any peculiar excellence: of the claims of Heliodorus to originality of invention we are incompetent judges, as the romances that preceded Theagenes and Chariclea have for the most part perished. As to probability of incident, Heliodorus outrages all verisimilitude in different ways; as for example, by the extraordinary interviews which he brings about, and the summary manner in which he disposes of a character which has become supernumerary. When it is convenient for him that two persons should meet, one of them comes to travel in a country where apparently he had nothing to do; and when a character becomes superfluous, the author finds no better resource than informing us that he was bit by an asp, or died suddenly in the night. In the romance of Heliodorus, the changes of Fortune also are too frequent and too much of the same nature, as all the adventures and distresses in the book originate in the hero or heroine falling into the hands of robbers. This, it is true, gives rise to many romantic incidents, but also produces an unvaried and tiresome recurrence of similar misfortunes.

The work of the Bishop of Tricca, however, has received considerable embellishment from the *disposition* of the fable, and the artful manner in which the tale is disclosed. The gradual unfolding of the story of Theagenes and Chariclea, the suspense in which the mind is held, and the subsequent evolution of what seemed intricate, is praised by Tasso, who greatly admired, and was much indebted to Heliodorus.—The work begins in

the middle of the story, in imitation of the epic poems of Greece and Rome, in a manner the most romantic, and best fitted to excite curiosity. Commencing immediately after the contest had taken place among the pirates, near the mouth of the Nile, for the possession of Chariclea, it represents a band of Egyptian banditti, assembled at the dawn of day on the summit of a promontory, and looking towards the sea. A vessel loaded with spoil is lying at anchor. The banks of the Nile are covered with dead bodies, and the fragments of a feast. As the robbers advance to seize the vessel, a young lady of exquisite beauty, whose appearance is charmingly described, and whom we afterwards find to be Chariclea, is represented sitting on a rock, while a young man lies wounded beside her. The narrative proceeds in the person of the author, till the meeting of Cnemon and Calasiris in the house of Nausicles, where Calasiris relates the early history of Chariclea, the rise of her affection for Theagenes, and her capture by the pirates.

The style of Heliodorus has been blamed as too figurative and poetical. All his comparisons are said to be taken from Homer; but Sophocles, whom he often imitates, and sometimes copies, appears to have been his favourite author. Yet, considering the period in which Heliodorus lived, his style is remarkable for its elegance and perspicuity, and would not have disgraced an earlier age.

The reader will perhaps remark as he advances, that pirates and robbers have a principal share in the action of the succeeding Greek romances, as well as in the Ethiopic adventures. In the early ages of Greece, piracy was not accounted a dishonourable employment.

Heliodorus abounds in descriptions, some of which are extremely interesting. His accounts of many of the customs of the Egyptians are said to be very correct, and he describes particular places with an accuracy which gives an appearance of reality to his romance. He seldom, however, delineates the great outlines of nature, or touches on those accidents which render scenery sublime or beautiful—he chiefly delights in minute descriptions of the pomp of embassies and processions, and, as was natural in a priest, of sacrifices, or religious rites.

There can be no doubt that Theagenes and Chariclea has supplied with materials many of the early writers of Romance. It was unquestionably the model of those heroic fictions, which, through the writings of Gomberville and Scuderi, became for a considerable period so popular and prevalent in France. The modern Italian poets have also availed themselves of the incidents that occur in the work of Heliodorus. Thus the circumstances of the birth and early life of Clorinda, related by Arsete in the twelfth canto of the *Jerusalem Delivered*, are taken, with hardly any variation, from the story of the infancy of Chariclea. The proposed sacrifice and subsequent discovery of the birth of Chariclea have likewise been imitated in the *Pastor Fido* of Guarini, and through it in the *Astrea* of D'Urfé.

Racine had at one time intended writing a drama on the subject of this romance, a plan which has been accomplished by Dorat, in his tragedy of *Theagenes and Chariclea*, which was acted at Paris in the year 1762. It also suggested the plot of an old English tragi-comedy by an unknown author, entitled *The Strange Discovery*.

Hardy, the French poet, wrote eight tragedies in verse on the same subject, without materially altering the

ground-work of the romance,—an instance of literary prodigality which is perhaps unexampled.

Two of the most striking incidents that occur in the work of Heliodorus have been finely delineated by Raphael, in separate paintings, in which he was assisted by Julio Romano. In one he has seized the moment when Theagenes and Chariclea meet in the temple of Delphos, and Chariclea presents Theagenes with a torch to kindle the sacrifice. In the other he has chosen for his subject the capture of the Tyrian ship, in which Calasiris was conducting Theagenes and Chariclea to the coast of Sicily. The vessel is supposed to have already struck to the pirates, and Chariclea is exhibited, by the light of the moon, in a suppliant posture, imploring Trachinus that she might not be separated from her lover and Calasiris. Theagenes and Chariclea was received with much applause in the age in which it appeared. The popularity of a work invariably produces imitation ;—and hence the style of composition which had recently been introduced, was soon adopted by various writers.

Of these, Achilles Tatius comes next to Heliodorus in time, and perhaps in merit. In Tatius's romance many of the descriptions are borrowed from Philostratus, and the Hero and Leander of Musæus. Some of the events have also been taken from Heliodorus. Like that author, Tatius makes frequent use of robbers, pirates, and dreams; but the general style of his work is totally different. If there be less sweetness and interest than in Theagenes and Chariclea, there is more bustle in the action. A number of the amorous stratagems, too, are original and well imagined—such as Clitophon's discourse on love with Satyrus, in the hearing of Leucippe; and the beautiful incident

of the bee, which has been adopted by D'Urfé, and by Tasso in his *Aminta*, where Sylvia having pretended to cure Phyllis, whom a bee had stung, Aminta perceiving this, feigns that he too had been stung, in order that Sylvia, pitying his pain, might apply a similar remedy. As the work advances, however, it must be confessed, that it gradually decreases in interest, and that these agreeable incidents are more thinly scattered. Towards the conclusion it becomes insufferably tiresome, and the author scruples not to violate all verisimilitude in the events related.

Tatius has been much blamed for the immorality of his romance, and it must be acknowledged that there are particular passages which are extremely exceptionable; yet, however odious some of these may be considered, the general moral tendency of the story is good;—a remark which may be extended to all the Greek romances. But his principal excellence lies in descriptions; and though these are too luxuriant, they are in general beautiful. As examples of his merit in this way may be instanced, his description of a garden, and of a tempest followed by a shipwreck. We may also mention his accounts of the pictures of Europa of Andromeda and Prometheus in which his descriptions and criticisms are executed with very considerable taste and feeling. The description of the rise and progress of the passion of Clitophon for Leucippe is extremely well executed. Of this there is nothing in the romance of Heliodorus. In point of style, Tatius is said by Huet and other critics to excel Heliodorus, and all the writers of Greek romance. His language has been chiefly applauded for its conciseness, ease, and simplicity. Photius, who wrote tolerable Greek himself, and must have been a

better judge than any later critic, observes, "with regard to diction and composition, Tattius seems to me to excel."

PASTORAL COMPOSITION.

It may be conjectured with much probability, that pastoral composition sometimes expressed the devotion, and sometimes formed the entertainment of the first generations of mankind. The sacred writings sufficiently inform us that it existed among the eastern nations during the earliest ages. Rural images are every where scattered through the Old Testament ; and the Song of Solomon in particular beautifully delineates the charms of a country life, while it paints the most amiable affections of the mind, and the sweetest scenery of nature. A number of passages of Theocritus bear a striking resemblance to descriptions in the inspired pastoral ; and many critics have believed that he had studied its beauties, and transferred them to his eclogues. Theocritus was imitated in his own dialect by Moschus and Bion ; and Virgil, taking advantage of a different language, copied yet rivalled the Sicilian. The Bucolics of the Roman bard seem to have been considered as precluding all attempts of the same kind ; for, if we except the feeble efforts of Calpurnius, and his contemporary Nemesianus, who lived in the third century, no subsequent specimen of pastoral poetry was, as far as I know, produced till the revival of literature.

It was during this interval that Longus, a Greek sophist, who is said to have lived soon after the age of Tattius, wrote his pastoral romance of Daphnis and Chloe, which is the earliest, and by far the finest example that has appeared of this species of composition. Availing himself of the beauties of the pastoral poets who preceded

ed him, he has added to their simplicity of style, and charming pictures of Nature, a story which possesses considerable interest.

Longus has also avoided many of the faults into which his modern imitators have fallen;—he has not loaded his romance with those long and constantly recurring episodes, which in the *Diana of Montemayor*, and the *Astrea of D'Urfé*, fatigue the attention and render us indifferent to the principal story. Nor does he paint that chimerical state of society, termed the golden age, in which the characteristic *traits* of rural life are erased, but attempts to please by a genuine imitation of Nature, and by descriptions of the manners, the rustic occupations, or rural enjoyments, of the inhabitants of the country where the scene of the pastoral is laid. The descriptions of rural scenery and rural occupations are extremely pleasing, and, if I may use the expression, there is a sort of amenity and calm diffused over the whole romance.

There can be no doubt that the pastoral of Longus had a considerable influence on the style and incidents of the subsequent Greek romances, particularly those of Eustathius and Theodorus Prodromus; but its effects on modern pastorals, particularly those which appeared in Italy during the sixteenth century, is a subject of more difficulty. Huet is of opinion, that it was not only the model of the *Astrea of D'Urfé*, and the *Diana of Montemayor*, but gave rise to the Italian dramatic pastoral. It bears, however, a stronger likeness to the more recent dramatic pastorals of Italy. These are frequently founded on the exposure of children, who, after being brought up as shepherds by reputed fathers, are discovered by their real parents by means of tokens fastened

to them when they were abandoned. There is also a considerable resemblance between the story of Daphnis and Chloe and that of the Gentle Shepherd: the plot was suggested to Ramsay by one of his friends, who seems to have taken it from the Greek pastoral. Marmontel, too, in his *Annette and Lubin*, has imitated the simplicity and inexperience of the lovers of Longus. But of all modern writers the author who has most closely followed this romance is Gessner. In his *Idyls* there is the same poetical prose, the same beautiful rural descriptions, and the same innocence and simplicity in the rustic characters. In his pastoral of Daphnis, the scene of which is laid in Greece, he has painted, like Longus, the early and innocent attachment of a shepherdess and swain, and has only embellished his picture by the incidents that arise from rural occupations, and the revolutions of the year. This story of Daphnis and Chloe is related in the person of the author. He feigns, that while hunting in Lesbos, he saw in a grove consecrated to the nymphs a most beautiful picture, in which appeared children exposed, lovers plighting their faith, and incursions of pirates—that, having found an interpreter of this painting, he had expressed in writing what it represented, and produced a gift to Cupid, to Pan, and the nymphs; but which would be pleasing to all men, a medicine to the sick, a solace to the afflicted, which would remind him, who had left the power of love, of his sweetest enjoyments, and teach the inexperienced the nature and happiness of that passion.

Although the work of Longus was much admired by his contemporaries, and although many of the incidents were adopted in the fictitious narratives by which it was succeeded, none of the subsequent Greek fablers attempt-

ed to write pastoral romance, but chose Heliodorus, or rather Tatius, as their model.

Chariton, the earliest of these imitators, has been considered as inferior to Tatius in point of style, in which he exhibits a good deal of the sophist, but he far excels him in the probability and simplicity of his incidents. A considerable part of the commencement of the *Chaereas and Callirhoe* of Chariton has been lost.

About the time of Chariton, there lived three persons of the name of Xenophon, each of whom wrote a romance. These authors were distinguished by the names of Antiochenus, Cyprius, and Ephesius. Antiochenus, in imitation of Jamblichus, called his romance *Babylonica*: the second Xenophon entitled his work (which relates the loves of Cinyras, Myrrhe, and Adonis) *Cypriaca*. The *Ephesiaca* (which has alone been published) consists of ten books, and comprehends the loves of Habrocomas and Anthia.

Donce, in his *Illustrations of Shakspeare*, has pointed out the resemblance between this adventure and the leading incident of the tragedy of *Romeo and Juliet*. The *Ephesiaca*, he acknowledges, was not published at the time when Luigi da Porto wrote the novel, supposed to be Shakspeare's original, but he thinks it very probable he had met with the manuscript of the Greek romance. After the age in which Chariton and the Xenophons are supposed to have lived, more than three centuries elapsed without the production of any fictitious narrative deserving attention. The first romance that appeared at the end of this long interval, was of a totally different nature from those which preceded it. The love it breathes is not of an earthly, but a heavenly nature; and its incidents consist not in the adventures of heroes, but the sufferings of martyrs.

With a view of promoting a taste for monastic seclusion, St John of Damascus (a pious monk of Syria, who lived in the eighth century, during the reign of the emperor Leo Isauricus) appears to have written his *Lives of Barlaam and Josaphat*. He feigns that the incidents had been told to him by certain pious Ethiopians, by which he means Indians, who had found them related by engravings on tablets of unsuspected veracity.

It was probably in consequence of the number and beauty of these parables that Josaphat and Barlaam became so great a favourite, and was so frequently imitated during the middle ages. In a later period it gave rise to more than one of the tales of Boccaccio, as will appear when we come to treat of the Italian novelists; and it was unquestionably the model of that species of spiritual fiction, which was so prevalent in France during the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries.

Josaphat and Barlaam, however, was the last example of this species of composition produced during the existence of the eastern empire; the only Greek romance by which it was succeeded, being formed on the model of *Theagenes and Chariclea*, or rather of the *Clitophon and Leucippe*. Indeed, in this last and feeble example of Grecian fiction, we seldom meet with an incident of which we have not the prototype in the romances of *Heliodorus* or *Tatius*. It is entitled *Ismene and Ismenias*, and was written by *Eustathius*, sometimes called *Eumathius*, who flourished, as *Huet* terms it, in the twelfth century, during the reign of the emperor *Emmanuel Comnenus*.—This romance consists of eleven books.

Eustathius resembles the author of *Clitophon* and *Leucippe*, in his fondness for descriptions of paintings.—Notwithstanding its defects, *Ismene and Ismenias* has

been imitated by subsequent poets and writers of romance. D'Urfé, in particular, has taken the description of the fountain of love introduced in the *Astrea*, from that of Diana at Artycomis; and many of the incidents and names in the work of Eustathius have been transferred to the Spanish pastoral of Montemayor.—Of the other Greek romances the only one deserving of notice or attention, is the History of Apollonius of Tyre, written in barbarous verse.

It was from the metrical version of Godfrey of Viterbo, that the story came to Gower, who has told it with little variation in his *Confessio Amantis*. Gower is introduced as speaking the prologue to each of the five acts of Pericles, prince of Tyre; whence it may be presumed that the author of that play derived his plot from the English poet. The drama of Pericles, as is well known, has been the subject of much discussion; the composition of the whole, or greater part of it, having been attributed to Shakspeare, by some of his commentators, chiefly on the authority of Dryden.

Besides the romances which have been enumerated, there appeared during the existence of the eastern empire, a number of Greek tales, chiefly derived from mythological stories, and resembling those of Parthenius Nicenus, but sometimes combined with long discussions on the nature of love. However, as these are not written according to the rules of romance, but are founded on heathen fables, they are not included in the present plan.

One quality, it is obvious, pervades them all, and it is the characteristic not only of Greek romance, but of the first attempt at prose fiction in every country: The interest of each work almost wholly consists in a succession of strange, and often improbable adventures. For the

creation of these marvels sufficient scope was afforded him, because, as little intercourse took place in society, the limits of probability were not precisely ascertained. The seclusion, also, of females in these early times gave a certain uniformity to existence, and prevented the novelist from painting those minute and almost imperceptible traits of feeling and character, all those developments, which render a well-written modern novel so agreeable and interesting. Still, [amid all their imperfections, the Greek romances are extremely pleasing, since they may be considered as almost the first productions in which woman is in any degree represented as assuming her proper station of the friend and the companion of man. Hitherto she had been considered almost in the light of a slave, ready to bestow her affections on whatever master might happen to obtain her; but, in Heliodorus and his followers, we see her an affectionate guide and adviser—we behold an union of hearts painted as a main-spring of our conduct in life—we are delighted with pictures of fidelity, constancy, and chastity, and are encouraged to persevere in a life of virtue by the happy consequences to which it leads. The Greek romances are less valuable than they might have been, from giving too much to adventure, and too little to manners and character;—but these have not been altogether neglected, and several pleasing pictures are delineated of ancient customs and feelings. In short, these early fictions are such as might have been expected at the first effort, and must be considered as not merely valuable in themselves, but as highly estimable in pointing out the method of awaking the most pleasing sympathies of our nature, and affecting most powerfully the fancy and the heart.

X The MILESIAN FABLES had found their way into Italy even before they flourished in Greece. They had been received with eagerness, and imitated by the Sybarites, the most voluptuous nation in the west of Europe; whose stories obtained the same celebrity in Rome, that the Milesian tales had acquired in Greece and Asia.

Plutarch informs us in his life of Crassus, that when that general was defeated by the Parthians, the conquerors found copies of Milesian and Sybarite tales in the tents of the Roman soldiers; whence Surena expressed his contempt for the effeminacy and licentiousness of his enemies, who, even in time of war, could not refrain from the perusal of such compositions.

The taste for the Sybarite and Milesian fables increased during the reign of the emperors. Many imitators of Aristides appeared, particularly Clodius Albinus, the competitor of the Emperor Severus, whose stories have not reached posterity.

But the most celebrated fable of ancient Rome is the work of Petronius Arbiter, perhaps the most remarkable fiction which has dishonoured the literary history of any nation. It is the only fable of that period now extant, but is a strong proof of the monstrous corruption of the times in which such a production could be tolerated. The work of Petronius is in the form of a satire, and, according to some commentators, is directed against the vices of the court of Nero, who is thought to be delineated under the names of Trimalchio and Agamemnon;—an opinion which has been justly ridiculed by Voltaire. The satire is written in a manner which was first introduced by Varro; verses are intermixed with prose, and jests with serious remarks. It has much the air of a romance, both in the incidents and their dispo-

sition; but the story is too well known, and too scandalous, to be particularly detailed.

The style of Petronius has been much applauded for its elegance—it certainly possesses considerable *naïveté* and grace, and is by much too fine a veil for so deformed a body. Some of the verses also are extremely beautiful. The best part of the prose, however, is the well known episode of the matron of Ephesus, which, I have little doubt, was originally a Milesian or Sybarite fable. The Latin writers of fiction seem to have been uniformly more happy in their episodes than in the principal subject. This remark is particularly applicable to the

ASS OF APULEIUS, to which its readers, on account of its excellence, as is generally supposed, added the epithet of Golden. There is a striking coincidence of the occurrences at the habitation of the robbers with some of the early incidents in Gil Blas. The gloomy habitation of the robbers—the manner in which it is secured—the revelry of the banditti—the old woman by whom they are attended—the arrival of a new troop during the entertainment—the captivity of the young lady and final escape, are, I think, resemblances too strong to have been merely accidental.

The Golden Ass is also enriched with numerous episodes, which are the invention of Apuleius, or at least are not to be found in the work of Lucian. Of these, the best known, and by far the most beautiful, is the story of Cupid and Psyche, which is related by the female servant of the banditti to the young lady whom they had taken captive. After having been subjected to various trials, Jupiter confirms Psyche's union with her forgiving husband. On this occasion the Hours empurple the sky

with roses; the Graces shed aromatic odours through the celestial halls; Apollo accompanies the lyre with his voice; the god of Arcadia touches his sylvan reeds and the muse joins in the chorus. Whatever may be the concealed meaning of the allegory, the story of Cupid and Psyche is certainly a beautiful fiction.—I need not mention the well-known imitation by La Fontaine.

Nor have the fine arts less contributed to the embellishment of this fable: the marriage of Cupid and Psyche has furnished Raphael with a series of paintings, which are among the finest of his works, and which adorn the walls of the Farnese Palace in the vicinity of Rome.

In a gay and luxurious country stories of love became acceptable. Hence the Grecian novels were composed, and as, in relating the adventures of the lovers, it was natural to depict what might really have taken place, the general features of the times, the inroads of pirates, religious ceremonies, etc., were chiefly delineated. The ascetic habits of the monks in like manner gave rise to spiritual romance, and the notion of tranquillity in the fields of Greece may have suggested the beautiful rural images portrayed in the pastoral of Longus.

And here it is proper to divide the prose romances, with which we shall be afterwards engaged, into four classes:—1. Those relating to Arthur and the knights of the Round Table. 2. Those connected with Charlemagne and his Paladins. 3. The Spanish and Portuguese romances, which chiefly contain the adventures of the imaginary families of Amadis and Palmerin. 4. What may be termed classical romances, which represent the heroes of antiquity in the guise of romantic fiction.

When we come to treat of the romances relating to Charlemagne, we shall consider the influence of the

chronicle attributed to Turpin; but our attention is in the first place demanded by the romances of Arthur and the Round Table, as they form the most ancient and numerous class of which any trace remains. These originated in the early and chimerical legends of Armorica and Wales; the ancient Latin chronicles of England, which have been founded on them; and the subsequent metrical romances of the English and Norman minstrels.

The Norman conquerors are said first to have become interested in the history and antiquities of Britain during the reign of Stephen, as by that period they had begun to consider themselves natives.

From the writings of Gildas or Nennius, however, they could not easily have extracted a consistent or probable story.

Gildas, or, as Gibbon has styled him, the British Jeremiah, is the author of Lamentations over the Destruction of Britain, which is a whining elegy, and of an epistle, which is a frantic satire on the vices of his countrymen: he has given exaggerated expressions, and distorted facts, instead of presenting an authentic narrative of the early annals of England, an important object which he might easily have accomplished; as, according to tradition, he was the son of Caw, a British prince, who lived in the sixth century, and was engaged along with his father in the wars carried on by his countrymen against the Northumbrian Saxons. After the defeat of the Britons at Cattraith, he fled into Wales, and acted as schoolmaster at Bangor.

Besides the lachrymal history of Gildas, and the jejune narrative of Nennius, there existed many Welsh traditions, which seem to have occupied the attention of Norman antiquaries.

The annals and poetry of Wales had long laboured in Arthur's commendation. Compelled to yield their country without hope of recovering it, the Welsh avenged themselves on the Saxons by creating, in the person of Arthur, a phantom of glory which towered above every warrior. This apparition seems to have acquired its chief magnitude and terrors in the traditions and legends of Britany. Walter Calenius, or Gualtier, as he is sometimes called, Archdeacon of Oxford, amassed a great collection of these materials during an expedition to Armorica, or Britany, a province from which the royal ancestors of Arthur were believed to have originally issued. On his return to England, the archdeacon presented this medley of historical songs and traditions to Geoffrey of Monmouth, who founded on them a chronicle of Britain, which was written in Latin prose, and is supposed to have been finished about 1140. A notion has been adopted by some authors that Geoffrey composed, or invented, most part of the chronicle which he professed to translate from British originals. This idea was first started by Polydore Virgil, who has been followed by later writers; but Ellis has endeavoured to show that there is no solid reason to doubt the repeated assertions of Geoffrey, that he has merely rendered into Latin the text of Breton authorities. His fabulous relations concerning Brut, Arthur, and Merlin, coincide with those contained in Nennius, or the lives of the Saints, and therefore could not have been invented by Geoffrey. The history, too, bears internal evidence of its Armorican descent, as it ascribes to Hoel, a hero of that country, many of the victories which tradition attributes to Arthur (1).

(1) The Welsh are not the original inhabitants of Wales, they

But whether this celebrated chronicle be the invention of Geoffrey, or whether it presents a faithful picture of the traditions and fables at that period received as history, there can be no doubt, according to the expression

were a people the Welsh called *Gaoideal*, the very name given by them to the Irish at the present day, and to the Gauls in the days of Cæsar. The Cymri and Gaul or Celtæ, are distinct nations; they seem to have come by distinct routes to Britain; the Cymri from the North, and the Gael by one to the south of mount Hæmus and the Alps.—The arguments and dicta of all the most eminently learned, judicious and respectable of the Welsh writers, in a most extraordinary and effectual way, assist in prostrating the fabric of received Welsh history by proving that the Welsh were not Celts, had nothing to do with Druids, and instead of being the suffering and pusillanimous roman Britons, enervated, as Gildas says, by luxury and wickedness, were the descendants of the barbarous but gallant Caledonian Picts, who invaded the roman province at the fall of the empire, and having exterminated the inhabitants, made themselves masters of Wales and Cornwall, and subsequently of the Armorican provinces of Gaul.

Lhuyd and Rowland, two of the most eminent *Welsh* writers, had unwillingly been coerced into the opinion, that a people, who spoke the Irish language, were the predecessors of the Welsh in Wales, and gave names to most of the places in that country and all parts of England; and that Welsh names of rivers and places, were only to be found in the eastern and southern parts of Scotland; therefore, it appears clear, that the Picts, who inhabited that country, must have been the ancestors of the Welsh, and that they conquered Wales, Cornwall, and Britany, on the fall of the Roman empire; and, calling themselves *Cymbri*, they were a colony of the *Cimbri*, a people who once inhabited the neighbouring coasts of Jutland, the ancient Cimbric Chersonesus, the country opposite the land of the Picts.

Thus, is the origin and history of the Gael and Cymbri, placed on its true basis, and that is now in harmony, which, heretofore, was confused, anomalous, and contradictory. The false statements respecting the received history of the Welsh, had their origin in the fabrications of Geoffrey of Monmouth, in the early part of the twelfth century. Of the previous writers, Gildas is totally inconsistent with Geoffrey's statement, and such parts of the book ascribed to Nennius, as were really written by him, clearly support Gildas, and go to establish the fact, that the ancient Britons were Gael.

The *Welsh triads* are modern fictions, grounded on the more ancient fabrications of Geoffrey of Monmouth, and are totally unworthy of credit as monuments of British history.

The difference in the construction of the Irish and Welsh languages is sufficient of itself to demonstrate the origin of the two nations could not have been the same.

of Ellis, who has given an analysis of the whole work, that it is one of the corner-stones of romance.

The work of Geoffrey of Monmouth, and such traditional fables, were the foundation of those tales which

The radical difference existing between these languages was well known to Lhuyd and Rowland, who felt and admitted it, but wanted nerve openly to declare their conviction of that important fact. They were fully sensible that its promulgation would destroy all their cherished and darling pretensions of their country: and, therefore, with a cowardice or subserviency, unworthy of their high character, endeavoured to smooth over the surface, and hide the defect, by special pleading, and specious expedients. Lhuyd, in order to conceal the flaw in their title to a Celtic origin, took, as before alluded to, the extraordinary precaution of *publishing his opinion in the Welsh language*, perfectly certain that his own countrymen were too much devoted to their supposed traditional history to expose it. Rowland endeavours, by a species of frivolous and trifling arguments, even below contempt to account for a total and radical change *in the construction* of the Welsh language, *since the Roman conquest, by the agency of the Druids*, an order of men who had ceased to exist, for they were abolished in Britain as soon as the Roman sway was well established.

Roberts, alone, of all his countrymen, honestly declared what he knew to be true, that there is no affinity whatever between the two languages; but he did so, evidently, with the apprehension of exciting against him the national prejudices and animosity of his countrymen.

The Bishop of Dromore who saw the incongruity of the idea, that two specimens of the *Pater noster*, so different in construction as the Gaelic and Welsh, could ever have proceeded from the same source, conceded to the opinions which learned antiquaries had long received as unquestionable truth, having its origin in the frauds and forgeries of Geoffrey of Monmouth, and Walter, his coadjutor—bolstered and kept up by the subsequent fabrication of the Triads—supported by all the Welsh writers, and entrenched in national vanity and credulity. It was, therefore, a subject which no Welshman dare approach; like the dogmas of the church, it must be received without doubt or investigation, on pain of the severest censure. To question the truth of the Welsh received tradition, was nearly equal in culpability to doubting Holy Writ. No Welshman had yet ventured to proceed so far. Roberts knocks from under this fabric, the only support it had, its key stone, without which it must collapse, when he asserts that the Welsh language is not Celtic. But he stops there; he clings to the ruins he has caused, and manfully defends the breach, or rather prostration, he himself had effected.

Had the Roman Britons been driven into Wales, where, ac-

appeared in a metrical form, the shape in which, it is acknowledged, romance was first exhibited.

It seems to be generally believed that French romances in rhyme appeared in England and Normandy pre-

cording to Welsh writers, *they preserved their independence and their language*, they would have carried with them the language, manners, customs, institutions, literature, and civilisation of the Romans; and as the Welsh maintained their independence for several centuries against the Saxon and Norman kings of England, it is not to be questioned but they would have had abundance of written evidence of their true history, so as to rescue it from all doubt or question. Their language would also have been Latin, or a compound of that tongue like the French, Spanish, Portuguese, and English; it ought, and would, no doubt, have been more pure Latin, than any of these, because no subsequent political convulsion or conquest affected any change. What is the fact? The Welsh has less of Latin, than the language of any nation that passed under the Roman sway, which is a strong evidence that they never were in permanent subjection to the Romans. The same may be said of their kindred tribes, the Cornish and Armorican, particularly the latter, who, had they been the Roman Britons who followed Maximin to Gaul, would have more Latin in the composition of their language than their neighbours the French; *but the reverse is the fact*, they have scarcely any, and they call the modern French of the neighbouring provinces, *Galek*, which they never would do if they themselves were originally Gael. They call themselves *Brezonek*, or Britons, and their language is essentially Welsh.

At the time of the Roman invasion there were three distinct nations inhabiting Britain, the *Gael*, the *Cymbri*, and the *Belgæ*. The former were those who inhabited south Britain, including Wales, and fought with Cæsar; the second were the Caledonians found in north Britain by Agricola; and the third were the people from Belgic Gaul who had formed trifling settlements on the coasts, but were not either numerous or powerful.

The Welsh were then in all probability the same people as the Cymbri who invaded Gaul; if they lose any thing by being deprived of their supposed Celtic ancestry, they acquire as ancient and glorious a one. Their ancestors, the Cymbri, were always illustrious in arms—often a terror to the mistress of the world, and, eventually, one of her conquerors. It will give them what their triads claim for them—the honour of being the first settlers of Britain; it will restore to them the undisputed possession of their cherished hero Arthur; it will shew that the existence and acts of that illustrious champion of his country were not fabulous; in short, it will give the Cymbri an existence in real history, while it only deprives them of an imaginary position which they never really occupied. If they were, in a very

vious to any attempt of this nature at the court of Paris. This is evinced by the more liberal patronage of the English princes, the style and character of the romances themselves, and the persons to whom the poems were originally addressed.

The oldest of these French metrical romances is one founded on the chronicle of Geoffrey of Monmouth, and entitled *Le Brut* : it was written in the year 1155, by Robert Wace, a native of Jersey, who brought down his work from the time of the imaginary Brutus to the death of Cadwallader, the æra where Geoffrey ends ; but it was subsequently carried on by Gaimar and others to the age of William Rufus. Wace is also the author of *Le Roman le Rou*, a fabulous and metrical history of the Dukes of Normandy from the time of Rollo. These metrical histories soon introduced compositions professedly fictitious, in which the indefatigable Wace first led the way. His *Chevalier au Lion* seems to be one of the earliest romances in rhyme which has descended to our knowledge. In the end of the twelfth and beginning of the thirteenth century, an infinite variety of French metrical romances on the subject of Arthur and his knights of the Round Table appeared in England and

early age, conquered and expelled from the southern parts of Britain, and driven to the northern extremity of the island, by the intruding Phenician Gael, who, in their turn, were subdued and amalgamated with their conquerors, the indomitable Romans, they had the honour of resisting, with effect and success, the invincible legions of that haughty and encroaching people, and preserved their independence by their vigorous arms and unconquerable hearts ; and when the time of retribution arrived, their descendants rushed on the Roman province—extended the bounds of Pictavia beyond the wall—reconquered a part of their ancient possessions, Cumberland, the northern part of England, the beautiful and romantic Cambria and Cornwall, and even secured a part of the province of Gaul, which their descendants have kept to this day, from them called Britany.

Normandy, as the *Sangreal*, *Perceval*, etc., written by Chrestien de Troyes, Menessier, and others.

About the same period a great number of French romances, in which classical heroes are celebrated, were founded on the history of the Trojan war. Few of these, however, at least at an early period, were converted into prose, while the metrical romances relating to the Round Table, either from accident or from flattering the vanity and prejudices of a nation by the celebration of its fictitious heroes, have, for the most part, been reduced into prose, and constituted, thus transformed, a formidable compilation, which came in time to supersede the metrical originals.

These prose romances, which form the proper subject of our enquiry, were mostly written in the course of the thirteenth, fourteenth, and fifteenth centuries.—Nor was this doubted by the simplicity of the readers; and the fables which had been disbelieved while in verse, were received without suspicion on their conversion into prose. “Those,” says Ritson, “whose names appear as the authors of the old prose romances, are mostly men of straw : Of this sort are Robert de Borron, the pretended author, or rather translator, of *Lancelot*; Lucas Sieur de Gast, the translator from Latin into French of the romance of *Tristrem*”.

Any information that can be elsewhere derived is in the highest degree inconsistent. Thus the metrical *Perceval*, according to the authors of the *Bibliothèque des Romans*, was written by Raoul de Beauvais. According to Tyrwhitt it was composed previous to 1191, in sixty thousand verses, by Chrestien de Troyes, and from this, he says, was formed the French prose translation printed in 1530. Ritson informs us, that, according to some, Menessier was

the author of the metrical *Perceval* : now, if we believe the authors of the *Bibliothèque*, this Menessier was the prose translator. The Abbé de la Rue says that *Perceval* was written in prose by Chrestien de Troyes. I may add to these elucidations, that Warton alleges it was written in rhyme by Chrestien de Troyes, but that it also appeared in a metrical shape by Menessier, and that the prose version is formed from the latter poem.

It will not excite surprise that the earliest of the French romances should be devoted to the celebration of a British monarch, when we consider that they were not written for the amusement of the French, but of the English nation. From the popularity of the British tales among the Norman minstrels, they obtained, as has been already shown, an early and extensive acquaintance with the traditional history of Arthur. He was the theme of their metrical compositions, and hence became the favourite hero in the prose romances of chivalry. Of these, the earliest relating to that fabulous monarch, is the romance or book of

MERLIN. Nor have the fables connected with Merlin been confined to romances of chivalry, but have contributed to the embellishment of the finest productions. In the romantic poems of Italy, and in Spenser, Merlin is chiefly represented as a magical artist. The fountain of love in the *Orlando Innamorato* (l. 3), is said to have been the work of Merlin; and in the 26th canto of the *Orlando Furioso*, there is described a fountain, one of four which the enchanter formed in France. Merlin who long continued a court favourite and who rendered such signal services to Arthur, was said to have transported, by magic art, enormous stones from Ireland to form the sepulchre of Pendragon: he prepared the round table at

Carduel, at which he seated fifty or sixty of the first nobles in the country, leaving a place vacant for the

ST GRAAL, the vessel from which our Saviour was supposed to have drunk at the last supper, and which was afterwards filled with the blood which flowed from the wounds with which he was pierced at the crucifixion. The early history of this relic, the quest of which is the most fertile source of adventures to the knights of the Round Table, is related in the romance entitled St Graal, or Sangreal, so called from Grasal, which signifies a cup in old French, or from the *Sanguis Realis*, with which it was supposed to have been filled. It was first written in verse by Chrestien de Troyes, towards the end of the 12th century; it was thence translated into Latin prose in the 13th, and, finally, in the 14th century, into French prose, by Gautier Map, by order, as he informs us, of his lord Henry, by whom, as he was an Englishman, the authors of the Bibliothèque suppose that he means Henry III. The editions are so rare, that the Sangreal is the scarcest romance of the Round Table.

From the extract given by Barbazan, of the poetical Sangreal, it appears to commence with the genealogy of our Saviour, and to detail the whole of the Sacred History. The prose romance does not go so far back. It begins with Joseph of Arimathea, who was long believed in this country to have existed for many centuries after the crucifixion.

The history of the Sangreal is the commencement of a series of romances, in which the acquisition of that relic is a leading object. Its quest and attainment is continued in PERCEVAL, a romance of the fifteenth century, where a great deal is written concerning its utility and final disappearance.

The romance of Perceval is almost the only one which relates the story of a raw and inexperienced countryman's first entrance into the world, and his immediate admission into the order of knighthood. In other romances the heroes are introduced to our acquaintance in the plenitude of glory, or we follow them through their gradual initiation, while they are bred up among arms, and pass through the regular steps in their advancement to knighthood. The first pages of Perceval are also by much the most comic of the Round Table romances; in none of the other knights of Arthur do we meet with the same bluntness and *naïveté* as in the young Welshman.

Arthur returns to his usual residence, and Perceval, soon after his accession, retires to a hermitage, taking with him the Sangreal, which provided for his sustenance till the day of his death. The moment he expired, says the romance, the Sangreal, the sacred lance, and silver trencher, were carried up to the holy heavens in presence of the attendants, and since that time have never any where been seen on earth.

Many incidents of the life of Perceval are related in other romances of the Round Table, especially in Lancelot du Lac, where a full account, but with considerable variation, is given of the early part of his career; he is brought to the court of Arthur by an elder brother; and a lady, who had not spoken, in place of not having smiled, for ten years, foretells his future eminence, and expires on having uttered the prediction.

But the chief difference is in the circumstances connected with the acquisition of the Sangreal, the conquest of which is a leading incident in

LANCELOT DU LAC, and occupies a considerable portion

of that romance.—The account of the earliest years of his life is the most romantic, and his intrigue with Queen Geneura the most curious part of the composition.

Lancelot, however, has been perhaps the most popular of all the romances of the Round Table. On the French playing cards one of the knaves bears the name of Lancelot; a proof of the estimation in which the work was held at the time this game was invented.

There is a metrical romance on the subject of Lancelot, entitled *La Charrette*, which was begun by Chretien de Troyes in the twelfth century, and finished by Geoffrey de Ligny. This work is more ancient than the prose Lancelot; but, as the incidents are different, it cannot be regarded as the original of that composition. Warton, and the authors of the *Bibliothèque*, seem to agree in thinking that this work was originally written in Latin; but Warton ascribes the French version to Robert de Borron, on the authority of a MS. *Lancelot du Lac*.

We have now discussed the romances which have been considered as relating more particularly to the matter of the Sangreal. The family history of the princes of Leonnoys, which is comprised in the romances of Meliadus and Tristan, who were knights of the Round Table, and contemporary with Arthur, and of their descendant Isaïe le Triste, is next to be considered.

Of the romances relating to the heroes of the country which has been thus overflowed, the first in the order of events, though not the earliest written, is

MELIADUS OF LEONNOYS, which was printed at Paris 1528. Rusticien de Pise, the original author of this romance, commences his prologue by returning thanks

to the Trinity, for having enabled him to finish the romance of Brut, and to have thus acquired the favour of King Henry of England, whom his work had so greatly pleased that he had ordered him to write another of the same sort, because his former one had not comprehended every thing relating to the subject.

Towards the conclusion, the romance is occupied with the exploits of the son of Meliadus, whose adventures form the subject of a separate romance, called

TRISTAN, from the name of its hero. This composition has been the most popular of all the romances of the Round Table, and is considered as the work which best characterises the ancient spirit of French chivalry.

The story of Tristan seems to have been current from the earliest times. It was the subject of a number of metrical tales in the romance language, which were versified by the French minstrels from ancient British authorities. The fabulous history of Tristan has generally been considered as the most beautiful of the romances of the Round Table.

Whatever may be its beauties or defects, the romance was well known and popular in all the countries of Europe; it was repeatedly printed in France in its original form, and modernized into the language of that country by Jean Maugin dit le petit Angevin, 1554, under the title of *Le Nouveau Tristan*.

A translation of Tristan was printed in Spanish, at Seville, 1528; and a romance, somewhat different in the adventures it contains, was published in 1552, in Italian, entitled *I due Tristani*.

Nor has any romance of the Round Table furnished such ample materials of imitation, to the Italian novelists and poets.

It is now time that we proceed to the romance of YSAIE LE TRISTE, in which is related the history of their son. It is the introduction of fairies, and the frequently recurring descriptions of those splendid wonders they produce, or by which they are attended, that induce me to place the composition of this romance in the end of the fourteenth or beginning of the fifteenth century, which is a century and a half later than the date of Tristan. In that work, in Lancelot du Lac, and other romances of the Round Table, there are no doubt fairies, but they are of a different species from the protectresses of Ysaie. They are merely women, as Morgain or Vivian, instructed in magic. They indeed have all hell at their command, can perform the greatest miracles and occasion to any one the severest misfortunes. All this, however, is accomplished by intermediate agency, and they are only formidable by the intervention of demons, with whom they have formed advantageous connections : but the second class of fairies, as those in the romance of Ysaie, were self-supported beings—they were a species of nymph or divinity, and possessed a power inherent in themselves. Nor were these creatures merely the offspring of the imagination of romancers, but were believed to exist in the age in which they wrote.

At a period much later than the composition of Ysaie, the first question asked of the Maid of Orleans, in the process carried on against her, was, if she had any familiarity with those who resorted to the Sabat of the fairies, or if she had ever attended the assemblies of the fairies held at the fountain near Dompren, round which the evil spirits danced ; and the Journal of Paris, in the reigns of Charles VI and VII, states, that she acknowledged that, in spite of her father and mother, she

had frequented the beautiful fountain of the fairies in Lorraine, which she named the good fountain of the fairies of our Lord. The romance of

ARTHUR contains little more than the events of which we have already given an account in the preceding fabulous stories of the knights of the Round Table. The incidents, however, are better arranged, and presented in one view. It comprehends the history of the Round Table, and gives an account of that monarch from his birth to the period of his tragical death.

But though Arthur was universally believed to have been discomfited, and was by some supposed to have perished in the battle with Mordret; the expectation of his return to restore the Round Table, and to rule over Britain, was long and fondly cherished in Wales. Alanus de Insulis, who was born in 1109, says, that if any one were heard in Bretagne to deny that Arthur was yet alive, he would be stoned. This tradition formed a favourite subject of the legends of the bards; and on his imaginary tomb there was inscribed :

Hic jacet Arthurus, rex quondam, rex futurus.

The belief in Arthur's return probably originated with the stories in the romance of Lancelot, and other tales of chivalry, concerning his disappearance with his sister Morgana, after the battle; some of which bear a striking resemblance to what Homer tells us of Sarpedon, that Apollo washed his wounds in a stream, anointed them with ambrosia, and having clothed him in ambrosial garments, delivered him to the care of Sleep, to be conveyed to Lycia. But though no doubt was entertained as to the re-appearance of Arthur, very different notions prevailed with regard to his state of intermediate being.

According to some traditions, he drove through the air in a chariot with prodigious noise and velocity; while, according to others, he had assumed the shape of a raven, a bird which it became a capital crime in Wales to destroy. It was more generally fabled that he remained in subterraneous existence.

The various traditions concerning the disappearance and coming of this fabulous monarch, have been embodied in Warton's *Grave of King Arthur* (1), and are represented as sung by the Welch bards, for the amusement of Henry II, when he passed through their country on an expedition to Ireland. The romances of the fabulous history of Britain, as far as Arthur and his knights are concerned, form by far the largest proportion of the number.

There are two romances connected with the imaginary history of Britain, preceding the time of Arthur, and two which relate the fabulous incidents posterior to his reign. One of these relates the adventures of

GYRON LE COURTOIS, a romance which chiefly hinges on the disinterested friendship of Gyron for Danayn the Red, and the ungrateful return he receives.

This work was written by Rusticien de Pise, who was also the author of *Meliadus*, and lived during the reigns of Henry III and Edward I of England.

The earlier part, however, of the romance is uncommonly interesting, and the style is perhaps the finest of all the old fabulous histories of Britain; accordingly it was extremely popular in England and France, and was translated at an early period into many different languages of Europe. It is the subject of an Italian

(1) See the volume of *Standard Ballads*.

poem of the 16th century, entitled *Girone Cortese*, versified in ottava rima, and containing 24 cantos. This poem was written by the celebrated Alamanni, author of the *Coltivazione*, but never obtained much popularity, owing to an injudicious imitation of the ancient epic poems in a romantic subject. That part of the romance which relates to the adventures of Gyron with the lady of Maloanc, has been beautifully versified by Wieland, the German poet, well known as the author of *Oberon*. The second romance concerning events preceding the reign of Arthur, to which I alluded, and which exhibits a different set of heroes from the tales of the Round Table, is

PERCEFOREST, which comprehends the fabulous history of Britain, previous to the age of Arthur. It is the longest and best known romance of the class to which it belongs, and is the work which Sainte Palaye, and similar writers, have chiefly selected for illustrations and proofs of the manners of the times, and institutions of chivalry. It is impossible to conceive two works more completely different than *Perceforest* and *Meliadus*, of which we have formerly given an account. The latter is almost entirely filled with descriptions of battles and tournaments, and is adorned with no supernatural ornaments. *Perceforest*, on the other hand, abounds with evil spirits, fairies, enchanter, and all those specious wonders which constitute the soul of romance. Dreams, too, and visions, which we have seen were so much used by Heliodorus, Tatius, etc., and so little in the other romances of chivalry, are common in *Perceforest*. From the endless variety of enchantments it contains, this romance is perhaps the most entertaining, and has become the most popular of the class with which it has been ranged.

It has already been mentioned that there are two romances which recount events subsequent to those concerning Arthur or his knights—*Artus de la Bretagne*, and *Cleriadus*, both of which may be regarded as continuations of the fabulous history of the Round Table.

ARTUS DE LA BRETAGNE, which, I think, is the earliest of the two, is supposed by the authors of the *Bibliothèque des Romans*, to have been written during the reign of Charles the Sixth of France, who died in 1422.

The subject of the romance is the adventures of a duke of Britany, and the disgrace of Peronna, an Austrian princess, whose alliance having been solicited, was finally rejected by the heir to that dukedom, under circumstances by no means creditable to the lady, after she had arrived at his court.

The great object of Arthur is the quest of this incomparable princess; but he is frequently diverted from his chief design by the enticements held out to him in the destruction of monsters and giants. His exploits, however, principally consist in disenchanting castles.

The chief excellence of the romance of *Artus de la Bretagne* is, that it possesses more unity of design than the works of the same nature by which it was preceded.—Accordingly, the chief employment of Arthur is the search of Florence, and her deliverance from the power of the emperor; and though these objects be occasionally lost sight of by the irresistible temptations thrown out by giants or monsters, they are never entirely abandoned. But in *Tristan*, *Meliadus*, *Perceforest*, and the older romances, there is no permanent motive that inspires the action. In them the momentary gratification of passion, an occasional display of valour, and a concluding paroxysm of devotion, comprise the *vive éveil* of the romance.

Neither is there any romance of the Round Table in which so great a war is carried on for the sake of a single woman, as in that just analyzed. We do not behold two knights occasionally tilting for the heart or favours of a lady, but the whole forces of India ranged against the chivalry of France. A single knight, in a paroxysm of valour, overthrows the army of an empire; and though the combats are usually described more circumstantially than intelligibly, the slaughter is always conducted on a magnificent scale, and tends to one purpose.

It can hardly be doubted that the leading incident of the romance of Arthur of Britany suggested to Spenser the plan and outline of his *Faery Queene*; where Arthur, the hero, sees in a vision, and, seeing, falls in love with the fairy queen, whose quest is the great object through the whole of that romantic poem.

CLERIADUS is the last romance that has been ranked among those of the Round Table. It does not strictly belong to that class of fictions, but has been numbered with them, as a great proportion of the adventures happen in England, and as the hero was married to a princess descended from the great Arthur.

Besides the metrical romances from which the prose compilations above analyzed have been chiefly formed, there are a number of others which existed in MS. in the library of Sainte-Palaye. None of them have been printed at full length, but of those which were written by the *Trouveurs* of the north of France an abridged version has been given in the admirable selection of Le Grand. A great proportion of the metrical romances concerning Arthur and his knights was written in the twelfth century by Chrestien de Troyes, and many

of them were afterwards continued by Huon de Mery. Some of these relate new adventures concerning knights of the Round Table, and others introduce new heroes.

1. One of the most beautiful of these metrical tales is Erec and Enide, by Chrestien de Troyes.

2. La Charrette, the first part of which was written by Chrestien de Troyes, and the conclusion by Geoffrey de Ligny, relates the early adventures of Lancelot, and the commencement of his amour with Queen Geneura.

3. The Chevalier au Lion has been generally attributed to Chrestien de Troyes, but the Abbé de la Rue ascribes it to Wace. This romance must not be confounded with another of the same name, of which Perceval is the hero.

There are a great number of fabliaux relating to the knights of Arthur, of which Gauvain is generally the hero, but which also contain a vast deal about Queux, the seneschal of Arthur.

4. In le Chevalier à l'Epée, erroneously ascribed by some to Chrestien de Troyes, Gauvain is received in a splendid castle, where it was a rule that every person should be put to death who found fault with any thing he saw in the habitation.

5. La Mule sans Frein has by some been attributed to Paysans Maisiriers, and by others to Chrestien de Troyes.

6. The well-known story of le Court Mantel, printed in the 16th century, and analyzed by Le Grand, under the title of Le Manteau mal Taillé.

7. History of the adventures of four brothers, Agravain, Gueret, Galheret, and Gauvain, all of whom set out in different directions, in quest of Lancelot du Lac.

An account has now been presented of the romances

of the Round Table, the most ancient class of chivalrous composition. Of the usual tone of incident in these works, I trust the reader may have formed some idea from the abstracts already given. In many of those points that have been laid down, as constituting excellence in the materials of fictitious narrative, they will be found extremely defective. The novelty of adventure is not great, as most of the events related were drawn from those metrical romances, by which the prose ones were preceded. But, if we at one view consider the originals and imitations, the incidents are of such a nature as were never before presented in combination to the world, and form in every particular a complete contrast to the Greek romances. As the fictions concerning the Round Table, in common with all other tales of chivalry, are full of stories of giants and enchanters, they have no claim to probability of incident in one sense of the term, and even that species of verisimilitude, which we expect in the actions and machinations of unearthly beings, is more often violated than preserved. A modern reader, too, is shocked by the glaring anachronisms and geographical blunders which deform the romances of chivalry.

The story is invariably told in the person of the author, and in this the writers of romance have perhaps acted judiciously. As the exploits of so many knights were to be related, it would not have suited to put the account of them in the mouth of the principal character, as he could not be minutely acquainted with adventures, in which, for the most part, he had no concurrence. The story is never carried on, as in the Greek romances, in the form of an epic poem, commencing in the middle of the action, but truly begins with the egg of Leda—the

adventures of the father or grandsire of the hero. After being protracted through a period of twenty or thirty years, the romance concludes with the death of the principal character, or his retirement into a hermitage; or drags us through a long list of descendants. The interest, also, is too much divided, and the part of the titular hero is not always the most considerable. He appears and vanishes like a spirit, and we lose sight of him too soon to regard him as the most important character in the work. In the Greek romances, all the adventures accelerate or impede the solution of the fable; but in the tales of chivalry there is a total want of unity of design, which prevents our carrying on the story in our mind, and distracts the attention.

With respect to those excellencies which have been termed the ornaments of fictitious narrative, the *characters* of the heroes are not well shaded nor distinguished. The knight, however, is always more interesting than the heroine, which must appear strange when we reflect that these romances were composed in an age when devotion to the ladies formed the essence of chivalry, and that it is quite the reverse in the Greek romances, though, at the time in which they were written, women acted a very inferior part in society. In the romance of *Perceval*, he appears a great deal, and *Blanchefleur* very little. Some romances, as *Meliadus*, have no heroine at all, and the ladies of *Lancelot* and *Tristan* are women of abandoned character.

In all these works the *sentiments* are thinly scattered, and perhaps a greater number would not have been appropriate in that species of composition. During the chivalrous ages, as *Madame de Staël* has well remarked, "*L'honneur et l'amour agissaient sur le cœur de l'homme*

comme la fatalité chez les anciens, sans qu'on réfléchît aux motifs des actions, ni que l'incertitude y fût admise."

The charm of style and beauty of description form the most pleasing features of the romances of chivalry. There is something in the simplicity of the old French tongue which surpasses that of all other nations, and, from an assiduous perusal of romances, where it is exhibited in its greatest richness and beauty, we may receive much additional insight into the etymology of the English language.

Those, too, who have been accustomed to associate the highest purity of morals with the manners of chivalry, will be greatly deceived. Indeed, in their moral tendency, many of the romances are highly reprehensible. In some, as *Perceforest*, particular passages are exceptionable, and the general scope in others. "The whole pleasure of these bookes," says Ascham, with some truth and *naïveté*, "standeth in two specyall poyntes, in open mans slaughter and bolde indecencies, in which bookes those be counted the noblest knights that doe kill most men without any quarrell, and commit fowlest adoulteries by sutlest shifts, as this is good stuffe for wise men to laugh at, or honest men to take pleasure at."

It was formerly shown that the romances relating to Arthur and the knights of the Round Table were in a great measure derived from the History of Geoffrey of Monmouth. It now remains for us to investigate what influence the chronicle falsely attributed to Turpin, or Tilpin, Archbishop of Rheims, the contemporary of Charlemagne, exercised over the fabulous stories concerning that prince and his paladins.

The chronicle of Turpin is feigned to be addressed

from Vienne, in Dauphiny, to Leoprandus, dean of Aquisgranensis (Aix-la-Chapelle), but was not written, in fact, till the end of the eleventh or beginning of the twelfth century. Its real author seems not to be clearly ascertained, but is supposed by some to have been a Canon of Barcelona, who attributed his work to Turpin.

This production, it is well known, turns on the expedition of Charlemagne to the Peninsula. Some French writers have denied that Charlemagne ever was in Spain, but the authority of Eginhart is sufficient to establish the fact. It seems certain, that about the year 777, the assistance of Charlemagne was invoked by one of those numerous sovereigns, among whom the Spanish provinces were at that time divided; that, on pretence of defending this ally from the aggressions of his neighbours, he extended his conquests over a great part of Navarre and Aragon; and, finally, that on his return to France he experienced a partial defeat from the treacherous attack of an unexpected enemy. These simple events have given rise to the famous battle of Roncevalles, and the other extravagant fictions recorded in the chronicle of Turpin.

In consequence of these successive admonitions, Charles entered Spain with a large army, and invested Pampeluna. He lay three months before this town, but could not take it; because, says the chronicle, it was impregnable. At the end of this period, however, he bethought himself of prayer, on which the walls followed the example of their tottering prototypes of Jericho. The Saracens who chose to embrace Christianity were spared, but those who persisted in infidelity were put to the sword. Charles then paid his respects to the sarcophagus of James, and Turpin had the satis-

faction of baptizing a great proportion of the Gallicians in the neighbourhood.—Charlemagne passed the Pyrenees in safety with part of his troops; but the second division, commanded by Orlando, consisting of 20,000 men, was unexpectedly attacked in the defiles of Roncesvalles, by a guerilla of 50,000 Saracens, and was cut to pieces, except Orlando and a few knights.

Turpin concludes his history with a remark, which seems to be intended as the moral of the whole work, that he who builds a church on earth cannot fail of obtaining a palace in Heaven.

I have given this minute analysis of the absurd chronicle of Turpin in deference to the common opinion, that it had a remarkable influence on the early romances relating to Charlemagne, and thence on the splendid monuments of human genius that have been erected by the Italian poets.

It must, however, be remarked, that there are few incidents in this work which breathe the spirit of romantic fiction. There are no castles nor dragons, no amorous knights, and no distressed damsels. The chronicle is occupied with wars on an extensive scale, and with the theological controversies of chiefs in the Saracen and Christian armies. Many wonders, it is true, are related in the chronicle of Turpin, but they do not resemble the beautiful fables that decorate romance.

But whatever may have been its effect on the Italian poems, it is probable, from its wide circulation and great popularity, that the chronicle of Turpin had some influence on the romances of Charlemagne, or at least the metrical tales from which they were immediately formed. The work was very generally read in the fourteenth

century, and was several times translated into French with variations and additions.

There were also many rhythmical French romances on the subject of the *paladins* of Charlemagne. The northern bards, who followed Rollo to France, introduced their native traditions; those, for instance, relating to Ogier the Dane, and other northern heroes, who were afterwards enlisted into the tales of chivalry. The earliest French metrical romances related, as we have seen, to Arthur; but when Normandy had fallen under the dominion of the kings of France, and that country began to look on England with an eye of jealousy, which was the prelude to more open hostility, the native minstrels changed their theme of the praises of the Round Table knights to the more acceptable subject of the paladins of Charlemagne. In the 13th century, Adenez, who was a kind of poet laureat to Henry III, duke of Brabant, wrote the metrical romance, *L'Enfance d'Ogier le Danois*; and about the same period, Huon de Villeneuve produced the still more celebrated compositions of Regnault de Montauban, Doolin de Mayence, Maugis d'Aigremont, and Quatre Fils Aymon.

The ancient chronicles and metrical romances may be considered as sources which supplied with materials the early writers of the prose romances relating to Charlemagne; but though they may have suggested his expedition to Spain and the Holy Land, with several other circumstances, the authors of the prose romances of Charlemagne seem to have written more from fancy, and less slavishly to have followed the metrical tales by which they were preceded, than the compilers of the fables concerning Arthur. They added incidents which were the creatures of their own imagi-

nation, and embellished their dreams with the *speciosa miracula*, derived from the fables of Arabia, or from northern and classical mythology. Heroes of romance, besides, are frequently decorated with the attributes belonging to their predecessors or descendants. Many of the events related in the romantic story of Charlemagne are historically true with regard to Charles Martel. When the fame of the latter was eclipsed by the renown of Charlemagne, the songs of the minstrels, and legends of the monks, transferred the exploits of the Armorican chief to his more illustrious descendant.

It is still more difficult to fix the dates of the fabulous tales relating to Charlemagne than of those of the Round Table.

HUON DE BORDEAUX, though written in verse by Huon de Villeneuve, as far back as the 13th century, is not, in its present form, supposed to be long anterior to the invention of printing, as there are no manuscripts of it extant.

As the incidents in the Oberon of Wieland are nearly the same with those in the old French romance, and are universally known through the beautiful translation of Sotheby, it will not be necessary to give so full an analysis of the work as it would be otherwise entitled to, from its antiquity, singularity, and beauty.

In many of the romances of Charlemagne, the fable hinges on the assistance given by Saracen princesses to Christian knights, and the treasons practised for their lovers' sake against their fathers or brothers. Huon de Bordeaux contains also the adventures of the Duchess Clairette, the daughter of Huon and Esclarmonde, from whom was descended the illustrious family of Capet.

There are few romances of chivalry which possess

more beauty and interest than Huon of Bordeaux ;—the story, however, is too long protracted, and the first part seems to have exhausted the author's stores of imagination. Huon is a more interesting character than most of the knights of Charlemagne.

The early part of the romance of Huon bears a striking resemblance to the adventures of Otnit, king of Lombardy, related near the commencement of the Teutonic metrical romance of *The Book of Heroes*, which was written by the knight Wolfram of Bavaria early in the 13th century, and of which an entertaining analysis has been given in the illustrations of *Northern Antiquities*.

Some analogy also subsist between the second part of Huon and the second and sixth voyages of Sindbad ; but its resemblance to the voyages of Alboufaouaris, in the *Persian Tales*, is much more striking. — The works of eastern fable are full of traditions concerning the punishments of Cain, one of which, it is somewhere said, was, that he could not be killed by spikes piercing his body. The author of the Arabic *Catena*, a collection of oriental commentaries on scripture, makes him proof against all the elements ; a sword could not drown, nor lightning strike him, a curse resembling that which was imposed by Kehama. The next romance relating to knights, contemporary with Charlemagne, is that of

GUÉRIN DE MONTGLAVE. “A l'issue de l'yver que le joly temps d'esté commence, et qu'on voit les arbres florir et leurs fleurs espanyr, les oysillons chanter en toute joye et doulceur tant que leurs tons et doulx chants retentissent si melodieusement que toute joye et lyesse est de les escouter et ouyr ; tant que cueurs tristes pensifs et dolens s'en esjouissent et esmeuvent a dellaisser dueil et toute tristesse, et se perforcent de valoir mieux—en

celuy temps estoit a Montglave le noble Duc Guerin, qui tant fut en son temps preux et vaillant chevalier." This romance contains the adventures of the four sons of Montglave. During the combat with Olivier, grand son of de Montglave, Roland had been at one time in imminent danger, and Charlemagne had vowed a pilgrimage to Jerusalem. The account of that expedition is detailed in the commencement of the romance of

GALYEN RHETORÉ, which was first printed at Paris in the year 1500.

The two following romances are believed to have been written in the beginning of the fifteenth century. In the prologue to

MILLES ET AMYS, which shall be first mentioned, the work is said to be extracted from ancient chronicles. "Il est assavoir que ceste hystoire icy a esté extraicte de l'une des trois gestes du royaume de France, et ne furent que trois gestes audit pays qui ont eu honneur et renommé, de quoy le premier a esté Doolin de Mayence, l'autre Guerin, la tierce si a esté de Pepin de quoy est issu le Roy Charlemagne." The romance of

JOURDAIN DE BLAVES may in one respect be regarded as a continuation of Milles and Amys; Jourdain, who gives name to the work, being the son of Girard of Blaves, one of the children of Amys.

In this work the leading incident bears a striking resemblance to the history of Apollonius of Tyre, whose queen, to appease a storm, was thrown over board in a chest, which floated to the coast of Ephesus. The romance of

DOOLIN DE MAYENCE is supposed to have been written during the reign of Charles VIII of France, that is about the end of the 15th century.—The romancers

who wrote a few centuries after his death did justice to his talents and virtues; but their successors have painted him as an unreasonable monarch, and sometimes even as a cowardly knight.

The exploits of Doolin are the subject of a German poem, by Alxinger, in the style of Oberon, and which, next to the work of Wieland, is accounted the best in the mixed class of heroic and comic poetry. But whatever may be the merit of the poem, the *Histoire de Doolin* is not an interesting romance, and its hero is chiefly remarkable as the ancestor of a long race of Paladins, particularly Ogier the Dane, so frequently mentioned by the Italian poets. The fabulous history of

OGIER LE DANOIS, though not printed till about the same period with that of Doolin, was written at a much earlier date, or at least the incidents were earlier imagined. The fairies, who only act a part in the more recent romances of the Round Table, appear in the earliest tales relating to Charlemagne.

Ogier le Danois is certainly one of the most interesting stories of the class to which it belongs, and has accordingly gone through a great number of editions, of which the earliest was printed at Paris, in folio, by Verard, without date, and the next at Lyons, in 1525.

The hero of this popular work has been the subject of two romantic poems in Italy, *Il Danese Uggieri*, and *La Morte del Danese*. He is also frequently mentioned by Ariosto and Boiardo.

There exists a romance which gives an account of the exploits of the son of Ogier and Morgane, called *Meurvin*, from whom the celebrated Godfrey of Bouillon is feigned to have been descended. This work has gone through many editions, but seems totally uninteresting.

A fourth son of Doolin was Beuves, count of Aigremont, who was father of Vivian and the Christian enchanter Maugis, the Malagigi of Ariosto. Aymon, count of Dordogne, the youngest son of Doolin, left a posterity still more illustrious, having been the parent of Renaud de Montauban and his three brothers, whose names suggest every thing that is splendid and romantic in poetry or fiction.

There are different French romances, both in prose and verse, concerning the adventures and exploits of the four sons of Aymon. In these the same circumstances are frequently repeated, which renders a separate analysis of each superfluous.

The story of the enchantments and amours of Maugis is prosecuted in *The Conquest of Trebizond*, by Rinaldo. This romance opens with an account of a magnificent tournament proclaimed by Charlemagne, to which Rinaldo comes incognito, and bears away all the honour and prizes.

Maugis continues to act a distinguished part in the popular romance of the *Four Sons of Aymon*, which was taken from a metrical tale written by Huon de Villeneuve as far back as the 13th century. In the prose work there is detailed the events of a war carried on by Charlemagne against the four brothers, in revenge for the loss of his nephew, who had been slain by Rinaldo, a contest in which Maugis renders, by his usual arts, the most powerful assistance to his rebellious kinsmen.

There also exists a French romance concerning Charlemagne and the family of Aymon, entitled *Morgant le Ggant*, the incidents of which correspond precisely with those of the *Morgante Maggiore* of Pulci (1).

(1) With the class of romances relating to Charlemagne we may

The romances of the second class, or those which relate to Charlemagne, so closely resemble the fictions concerning Arthur and his knights of the Round Table, that the same, or nearly the same, observations apply to both. The foundations of each are laid from supposed histories : Arthur wars against the Saxons, and Charlemagne against the Saracens ; both princes are unhappy in their families, and sometimes unsuccessful in their undertakings. In each class of compositions the characters of these sovereigns are degraded below their historical level, for the purpose of giving greater dignity and relief to their paladins and chivalry ; since otherwise the monarchs would have been the only heroes, and the different warriors would not have appeared in their proper light. But, by lowering as it were the sovereign princes, the writers of romance delineated the manners of their times, and pleased perhaps those haughty barons, who took delight in representations of vassals superior in prowess and in power to their lords. The authors of the romances concerning Charlemagne wrote under considerable disadvantages :

range the well-known story of Valentine and Orson, which was written during the reign of Charles VIII, and was first printed in 1495, at Lyons, in-folio.

There are a few romances of chivalry concerning French knights, which cannot properly be classed among those connected with Charlemagne and his paladins. Of these the only one worth mentioning is *Le Petit Jehan de Saintré*, which was composed in the middle of the fifteenth century by Anthony de la Sale, a Burgundian author, and printed in 1517 and 1723. Tressan says, that this work gives a great deal of insight into the manners of the age and customs of the French court ; in short, that it may be considered as the most national of all the French romances. "I have not seen", says Warton, "any French romance which has preserved the practices of chivalry more copiously than *Saintré*. It must have been an absolute masterpiece for the rules of tilting, martial customs, and public ceremonies prevailing in the authors's age." — *WARTON'S Hist. of Eng. Poet.* vol. I, p. 334.

the ground had been already occupied by their predecessors, and they could do little more than copy their pictures of tented fields, and their method of dissecting knights and giants. On the other hand, circumstances were in some degree more favourable to them than to the authors of the fictions concerning Arthur and the companions of the Round Table. The Saracens were a more romantic people than the Saxons; and tales of eastern fairies and eastern magnificence offered new pictures to delight and astonish the mind. "The knights of Charlemagne," says Sismondi, "no longer wandered, like those of the Round Table, through gloomy forests, in a country half civilized, and which seemed always covered with storms and snow. All the softness and perfumes of regions most favoured by nature were now at the disposal of romancers; and an acquisition still more precious was the imagination of the east,—that imagination so brilliant and various, which was employed to give animation to the sombre mythology of the north. Magnificent palaces now arose in the desert: enchanted gardens or groves, perfumed with orange trees and myrtles, bloomed amidst burning sands, or barren rocks surrounded by the sea." All these are much less agreeable than genuine pictures of life and nature; but they are better, at least, than descriptions of continual havoc, and the unprovoked slaughter of giants.

SPIRITUAL ROMANCE.

Mr. Dunlop's anti-catholic prejudices preclude the possibility of giving even an abstract of his observations on spiritual romance (1).

(1) See my Essay on Irish literature for a vindication of the illustrious solitaries and cœnobites of the ninth, tenth, eleventh

LEGENDA AUREA—Contes dévots — Guerino Meschino — Lycidas et Cléorithe — Romans de Camus, etc., were the most celebrated spiritual romances.—Some of these tales invented and propagated partly with pious and partly with political designs, have served as the basis of French and English dramas.—But of the various spiritual romances which have appeared in different countries, no one has been so deservedly popular as

The PILGRIM'S PROGRESS : it was written while the author was in prison, where he lay from 1660 to 1672. This celebrated allegory is introduced in a manner which bears a striking resemblance to the commencement of the Vision of Dante. The author then describes the awakening spiritual fears of his hero, Christian—his resolution to depart from the city of Destruction, his ineffectual attempts to induce his wife and family and neighbours to accompany him—his departure, and all the incidents which he encountered on his journey.

On the whole, according to the author's views of Christianity, the work is admirably conceived ; and the difficulties of his task are a sufficient excuse for those incongruities which, it must be confessed, occasionally occur. The emblematic representation of heavenly joys under figure of a magnificent city, so frequent in spiritual romance, probably originated in a scriptural similitude, which was readily adopted by the monks and anchorites

and twelfth centuries, who were so conspicuous for their solicitude in the collection and preservation of roman literature.—Every candid and equitable man should spurn away former prejudices, whether they rest upon the contemptible authority of petty scriblers, who retail slander, or the more imposing testimony of popular and distinguished writers, who deal in wholesale calumny, who corrupt the sources of historical information, and whom, so far as their views of the middle-ages are concerned, we do not hesitate to pronounce either ignorant, or bigoted and superficial.

of the early ages. It was natural enough for men who were clad in hair-cloth, and who dwelt in solitary caverns or gloomy cells, to imagine that supreme bliss consisted in walking in parade, attired with glittering garments, through streets which shone like gold (1).

COMIC ROMANCE.

All men have, more or less, a propensity to satire and ridicule.—In nothing is the superiority of the moderns over the ancients more apparent than in the higher excellence of their ludicrous compositions. Modern ridicule, as has been shown by Dr Beattie, is at once more copious, and more refined, than the ancient. Many sources of wit and humour, formerly unknown, are now open and obvious, and those which are common to all ages have been purified by improvement in courtesy and taste.

RABELAIS, whom Sir William Temple has styled the Father of Ridicule, is certainly the first modern author who obtained much celebrity by the comic or satirical romance. His romance may be considered as a mixture, or olio, of all the merry, satirical, and comic modes of writing that had been employed previous to the age in which he wrote. There are four things which Rabelais seems principally to have proposed to ridicule in his work: 1. The refined and crooked politics of the period in which he lived. 2. The clergy, and the religious controversies at that time agitated. 3. The lying and extravagant tales then in vogue. 4. The pedantry and philosophical jargon of the age.

To us who are unacquainted with the follies and im-

(1) See The Book of standard Ballads, for an analysis of the Spanish Romances and Italian Tales.

picties of the Greek sophists, nothing can appear more wretched than the ridicule with which these pretended philosophers were persecuted by Aristophanes, yet it is said to have acted with wonderful effect among a people distinguished for wit and refinement of taste. The humour, which in *Hudibras* transported the age which gave it birth with merriment, is lost, in a great degree, to a posterity unaccustomed to puritanical moroseness.

No satirical writings have suffered more by lapse of time than those of Rabelais ; for, besides being in a great measure confined to temporary and local subjects, he was obliged to write with ambiguity, on account of the delicate matters of which he treated, the arbitrary and persecuting spirit of the age and country in which he lived, and the multitude of enemies by whom he was surrounded. Accordingly, even to those who are most minutely acquainted with the political transactions and ecclesiastical history of the sixteenth century, there will be many things from which no meaning can be deciphered, and to most readers the works of Rabelais must appear a mass of unintelligible extravagance. The advantages which he formerly derived from temporary opinions, personal allusions, and local customs, have long been lost, and every topic of merriment which the modes of artificial life afforded, now only "obscure the page which they once illumined."

Few writers have been more reviled and extolled than Rabelais; he has been highly applauded by De Thou, but bitterly attacked by the poet Ronsard, and also by Calvin, who thought to have made a convert of him. Subsequent critics are equally at variance: Boileau has called him *La Raison habillée en Masque*, while Voltaire, in his *Temple du Goût*, pronounces, that all the sense and

wit of Rabelais may be comprised in three pages, and that the rest of the work is a mass of incoherent absurdity.

In chronological order, the next comic romance, subsequent to the work of Rabelais, is the

VITA DI BERTOLDO, written in Italian towards the end of the 16th century by Julio Cesare Croce, surnamed Della Lyra. The Life of Bertoldo describes the elevation of a peasant to the highest situation in his country, by a species of grotesque humour, and a singular ingenuity in extricating himself from the difficulties into which he is thrown by the malice of his enemies.

By far the most celebrated romance of the class with which we are at present engaged, is the Life and Exploits of

DON QUIXOTE, which first appeared in the beginning of the 17th century, a few years posterior to the composition of the Life of Bertoldo.

A work of the popularity of Don Quixote could not fail to produce numerous imitations. Of these, by far the most distinguished is Hudibras, the hero of which is a presbyterian justice, who, accompanied by a clerk of the sect of Independants, ranges the country in the rage of zealous ignorance, with the view of correcting abuses and repressing superstition. But much closer imitations have appeared in a more recent period. In Pharsamon ou les Nouvelles Folies romanesques, the earliest work of the celebrated Marivaux, and the Sir Launcelot Greaves of Smollet, the heroes are struck with the same species of phrenzy with Don Quixote, which makes the resemblance too striking. In other imitations, a different species of madness is represented. As in the Female Quixote, by Mrs Lennox, published

in 1752, which is a satire on the romances of the school of Gomberville and Scuderi.

In the *Berger Extravagant* of Sorel, pastoral romance is ridiculed on a similar system : but perhaps the most agreeable imitation of *Don Quixote* is the *History of Sylvio de Rosalva*, by the German poet Wieland. In the beginning of the last century, the taste for fairy tales had become as prevalent, particularly in France, as that for romances of chivalry had been in Spain a century before. This passion Wieland undertook to ridicule.

About the period of the publication of *Don Quixote*, the Spaniards, whose works of fiction fifty years before were entirely occupied with *Soldans of Babylon* and *Emperors of Trebizond*, entertained themselves chiefly with the adventures of their swindlers and beggars. All works of the 16th century, which treat of the Spanish character and manners, particularly the *Letters of Cleonardus*, represent, in the strongest colours, the indolence of the lower classes, which led them to prefer mendicity and pilfering to the exercise of any trade or profession ; and the ridiculous pride of those *hidalgos*, who, while in want of provisions and every necessary of life at home, strutted with immense whiskers, long rapiers, and ruffles without a shirt, through the streets of Madrid or Toledo. The miserable inns, the rapacity of officers of justice, and ignorance of medical practitioners, also afforded ample scope for the satire contained in the romances of this period, most of which are perhaps a little overcharged, but, like every other class of fiction, only present a highly coloured picture of the manners of the age. The work which first led the way to those compositions which were written in the *Gusto Picaresco*, as it has been called, was the *Lazaro de Tormes*, attributed

to Diego Hurtado de Mendoza, who, as governor of Sienna and ambassador to the Pope from Spain, became the head of the imperial party in Italy during the reign of Charles V. Stern, tyrannical, and unrelenting, he was the counter-part of the Duke of Alva in his political character ; but as an amatory poet, he was the most tender and elegant versifier of his country, and every line of his sonnets breathes a sigh for repose and domestic felicity. After his recall from Sienna he retired to Granada, where he wrote a history of the revolt of the Moors in that province, which, next to the work of Mariana, is the most valuable which has appeared in Spain.

Of those Spanish romances which were composed in imitation of Lazaro de Tormes, the most celebrated is the Life of

GUSMAN D'ALFARACHE, which was written by Matthew Aleman, and was first printed in 1599, at Madrid. This impression was followed by twenty-five Spanish editions, and two French translations, one of which is by Le Sage.

Whether this romance has suggested any notions to the author of Gil Blas or not, it was at least the origin of a swarm of Spanish works concerning the adventures of beggars, gypsies, and the lowest wretches. The *Picara Justina*, which bears the name of the licentiate Lopez de Ubeda as its author, but is generally attributed to Fra Anton Perez, seems to have been written to correspond with *Gusman d'Alfarache*.

The Life of Paul the Sharper, by Quevedo, is of a similar description.—Indeed, in most of the Spanish romances in this style of composition, we occasionally meet with stories of which the author of *Gil Blas* has availed himself. But of all the works in the *Gusto Picaresco*, Le Sage has been chiefly indebted to the *Rela-*

ciones de la Vida del Escudero Marcos de Obregon;—not merely that the character of Gil Blas is formed on that of Obregon, but many of the incidents have been closely imitated.

Le Sage has only imitated the more polite knavery of those Spanish novels which were written in the *Gusto Picaresco*. The deeper scenes of vice and wretchedness depicted in such forcible, though not very pleasing colours, in *Paul the Sharper*, and *Lazarillo de Tormes*, form a species of sombre gaiety peculiar to the Spaniards. The works which in England approach nearest to that taste, are, De Foe's *Bampfylde*, Moore's *Carew*, and the *Jonathan Wild* of Fielding.

It may now be proper to mention a few of the comic romances which appeared in France in the course of the seventeenth century. The earliest and most celebrated is Scarron's

ROMAN COMIQUE, so called from its relating the adventures of a troop of comedians, or strolling players, during their residence in Mans, and its neighbourhood.

They continue to act for some time at Mans, and at length are invited to perform at a villa in the neighbourhood, but a short while before the entertainment commences, one of the actresses is forcibly carried off while rehearsing her part in the garden. The other performers set out in quest of her, and the second half of the work chiefly consists of the adventures they meet with in their pursuit.

There are also a number of episodes in the *Roman Comique*, as *L'Amante Invisible*—*A Trompeur Trompeur et demi*, etc., which bear a strong resemblance to the *Nouvelles Tragi-Comiques*, by the same author. The scene of these episodes is invariably laid in Spain;

they are always declared to be translated from the language of that country, and many of them are so in fact.

In the representations of Scarron, the provincial manners of the age in which the author lived are delineated, and he has exhibited, in lively and striking colours, what has been termed *le Ridicule Campagnard*. The absurdities of the citizens of Paris have been painted by Furetière, in his

ROMAN BOURGEOIS, which, in the commencement, describes the ridiculous courtship by a counsellor, called Nicodemus, of Javotte, the daughter of a rascally attorney. In this romance there are some spirited sketches, considerable fertility of delineation, and knowledge of the human character; but the portraits, like those in the Roman Comique, too often degenerate into caricatures.

POLITICAL ROMANCE.

The origin of this species of romance has been traced as far back as the Cyropædia of Xenophon. Whether that celebrated performance be intended as a romance or history, has been the subject of much controversy. I am not certain whether under this class of romances I should comprehend the UTOPIA of Sir Thomas More. The Utopia, like the Commonwealth of that philosopher, is the ideal picture of a nation which would indeed be poor and wretched, but which in the representation of the author is perfectly happy. By the detail of its institutions, he obliquely censures the defects of existing governments, and proposes a more perfect model as a subject of imitation.

The interest of the Utopia arises solely from the classic elegance of its style, and the curiosity which is naturally felt concerning the sentiments of distinguished

characters. Sir Thomas More's *Utopia* suggested many speculative works, somewhat in the form of a romance, concerning perfect systems of government. Of this description is Harrington's *Oceana*, which appeared in England about the middle of the 17th century, and though it be the model of a perfect republic, is perhaps the most rational of all similar productions. The

ARGENIS of Barclay is usually numbered among political romances. It is generally believed that all the incidents in the *Argenis* have an allusion to the political transactions which took place in France during the War of the League, but it is difficult to determine with precision what are the particular events or characters represented.

Though the beautiful fiction of *Telemachus* be rather an epic poem in prose, than a romance, it seems to have led the way to several political romances, or, at least, to have nourished a taste for this species of composition.

The *Cyropædia* of Xenophon, which may be considered perhaps as the origin of all political romance, seems more particularly to have suggested two works, which appeared in France about the commencement of the 18th century,

LES VOYAGES DE CYRUS and *LE REPOS DE CYRUS*. Of these the former work is by the Chevalier Ramsay, the friend of Fenelon, and tutor to the sons of the Pretender. *Le Repos de Cyrus* embraces the same period of the life of the Persian prince as the work of Ramsay, and comprehends his journey into Media, his chase on the frontiers of Assyria, his wars with the king of that country, and his return to Persia.

Most of the works which come under the class of political romances, are but little interesting in their story.

SETHOS, which was first published in 1731, was written by the Abbé Terrasson, a *Savant*, who in his *éloge*, pronounced by D'Alembert, is represented as at the head of the practical philosophers of his age.

After bestowing due praise on the *Télémaque*, and perhaps more than due on the *Voyages de Cyrus*, he observes, that his romance does not merely contain, like these works, a course of education, but the practical application of its principles to the varied events of life. Another object of Terrasson was to exhibit whatever has been ascertained concerning the antiquities, manners, and customs of the ancient Egyptians, or the origin of sciences and arts. It is in this view, perhaps, that Sethos is chiefly valuable, and in fact there would be few antiquarian works more precious, had the author, who was profoundly learned, appended in notes the original authorities from which he derived his information.

PASTORAL ROMANCE.

We have already seen that Pastoral Romance occupied a place among the comparatively few and uninteresting prose fictions of the ancients, and that one very perfect specimen of this sort of composition, the *Daphnis and Chloe* of Longus, was presented to the world in the earliest ages of romance.

During the middle ages, indeed, pastoral compositions had been frequent, but they partook more of the nature of the eclogue, or drama, than of romance. The vapid productions of the Troubadours contained, not the adventures of rural characters, but insipid or affected descriptions of nature. Among the works of the Trouveurs, there are some pastorals on the loves and adventures of shepherds and shepherdesses. In these there is

often a good deal of nature and *naïveté* in the dialogue, but they differ little from each other. A poet goes out to walk, it is always in spring, and meets a beautiful shepherdess. Sometimes she calls in to her assistance the surrounding shepherds, who come up with all expedition, and put the lover to flight; but she more commonly accepts his propositions, of which the fulfilment is often very circumstantially described.

The *Ameto* of Boccaccio, which is a prose idyllium with poetical sprinklings, bears a strong resemblance to the pastorals of the Troubadours, but is more rich in rural description. The scene is laid in ancient Etruria.

Boccaccio's Idyllium may be justly regarded as the prototype of the *Arcadia* of Sannazzaro, which was written towards the end of the 15th century, and which, though it cannot itself be considered as a pastoral romance, yet appears to have first opened the field to that species of composition. Like the *Ameto*, it consists partly of verse and partly of prose, a mode of writing which was adopted in all subsequent pastoral romances.

In the *Arcadia*, the eclogues are chiefly written in what are called *Versi sdrucchioli*, the invention of which has by some been attributed to Sannazzaro. They consist, for the most part, of lamentations for the death of a shepherd, or cruelty of a shepherdess. Sometimes, too, the swains contend in alternate strains for a reward which is a crook, a lamb, or an obscene picture. These eclogues are, in a great measure, imitated from Virgil and other classics, with whose writings Sannazzaro had early rendered himself familiar, as a preparatory study to his admirable Latin compositions.

The pastoral dramas of Italy seem also to have suggested many incidents and fancies to the authors of

pastoral romance. Thus, for example, Politian, in his *Orfeo*, which is the prototype of that elegant species of comedy, has employed the responsive Echo :—

Che fai tu Echo mentre ch' io ti chiamo?—*Amo*.

This conceit, of which there are some examples in the Greek Anthologia, and which Martial ridicules in his contemporary poets, has been frequently introduced by the Italian imitators of Politian, and with more or less absurdity by all pastoral romancers.

In the *Pastor Fido* there is the incident of a lover disguising himself as a female at a festival, in order to obtain a species of intercourse with his mistress, which, in his own character, he could not procure. This is a leading event in the principal subject of the *Astrea*, and is also introduced in one of the episodes of the

DIANA, which was written in Spanish by George of Montemayor, about the middle of the 16th century, and is the earliest regular romance of a pastoral description.

A mistress serving her lover in capacity of a page, and employed by him to propitiate an obdurate fair one, is a common love adventure with the old novelists. There is a tale, founded on this incident, in the *Ecatomithi* of Cinthio, and another in *Bandello*, from which Shakspeare took the plot of *Twelfth Night* (1).

(1) Ferdinand of Spain having conquered a considerable district of the kingdom of Granada, appointed Rodrigo of Narvas to be Alcaide of the Moorish fortresses that had been recently acquired. One night this chief quitted his residence in Alora to inspect the enemy's frontiers. Having arrived at the banks of a stream, he passed with four of the knights who had accompanied him, and left the other five at the ford. Those that remained behind soon heard a soft voice from a distance, and, placing themselves in concealment, they perceived, by the light of the moon, a young Moor, superbly mounted, and arrayed in splendid armour, who sung, as he advanced, the most amorous and impassioned verses in the language of Arabia. The Spanish knights

Cervantes condemns the continuation of Diana by Alonzo Perez, but bestows extravagant commendation on that of Gaspar Gil Polo, which he seems to consider as superior even to the original by Montemayor.

attacked him on all sides. Though thus unequally opposed, the stranger had nearly overpowered his assailants, when the sound of the horn, a signal agreed on in case of any emergency, recalled Don Rodrigo, as yet not far distant, to the succour of his friends. He defied the Moor to a single combat, which he readily accepted, but, exhausted by his former encounter, he became the prisoner of the Christian leader. While conducting his captive to Alora, Rodrigo remarked his deep despondency, and begged to be intrusted with the cause of his affliction, which, he added, he could not attribute to any want of firmness to remain. In compliance with this request, the Moor informs his conqueror that he is the last survivor of the family of the Abencerrages, once so powerful and popular in Granada. All his relatives having fallen under the displeasure of the king, and having been in consequence beheaded, he was sent, while a child, to Cartana, a fortress on the Christian frontier, of which the governor had been a secret friend of his father, and now brought him up as the brother of his daughter Xarifa. The early attachment of these young persons, and their change of behaviour on discovering that they were not related, is described with much truth and tenderness. But the happiness of the lovers was of short duration, as Xarifa was obliged to depart with her father to the government of Coyn, to which he had been appointed by his sovereign. The day before he encountered the Spaniards, the Moor had received a billet from his mistress, informing him that her father had set out for Granada, and that she awaited her lover in his absence. To this rendez-vous accordingly he was on his way, when he had been detained by the attack of the Christians. Having related this story, Don Rodrigo granted the prisoner his freedom for three days, and he immediately set out to visit his mistress. The joy of the interview was complete, till he informed her of his adventures, and his obligation to return to captivity. Xarifa insisted on accompanying him to Alora, and they departed at day-break. Rodrigo, on their arrival, not only gave them their freedom, but wrote in their favour to the king of Granada, who, though the request was made by the most formidable of his foes, agreed to pardon this last survivor of the race of the Abencerrages.

On the day which followed the recital of this story, the priestess of Diana, who knew by inspiration all the misfortunes of her guests, and had traced in her mind a plan for their future happiness, conducted them to the interior of the temple, and filled three cups from an enchanted stream. This beverage having been quaffed by Sereno, Sylvanus, and Sylvania, they instantly fell into a profound sleep, in which they remained for a conside-

What is chiefly remarkable in the *Diana* of Montemayor, and its continuations, is the multitude of episodes with which they are encumbered, and the inartificial manner in which these are introduced.

The *GALATEA* of Cervantes, which was formed on the model of the *Diana*, is also reported to have been written with the intention of covertly relating the anecdotes of the age in which the author flourished, by a representation of the lives, the manners, and occupations of shepherds and shepherdesses, who inhabited the banks of the Tagus and Henares. Thus, under Damon, Cervantes is understood to represent himself, and by Amarillis, the obdurate nymph he courted. This romance, which, with the exception of a few unsuccessful poems, was the earliest work of its author, and was first printed in 1584, is now well known through the imitation of Florian.

As the *Diana* of Montemayor became the most popular romance which had appeared in Spain since the time of *Amadis de Gaule*, there were many imitations of it, besides the *Galatea* of Cervantes.

These Spanish compositions resemble in nothing the pastoral of Longus (which has been regarded as the prototype of this species of romance), except that the scene is laid in the country, and that the characters are shepherds and shepherdesses. Their authors have not rivalled the beauty and harmony of the rural descriptions

in the *Idylls* of Theocritus. Sereno awaked in a state of most perfect indifference for his once much loved *Diana*, while *Sylvanus* and *Sylvania*, forgetting their former attachments, arose deeply enamoured of each other, and employed the most ardent expressions of affection. Some of the most entertaining scenes in Shakespeare's *Midsummer Night's Dream* appear to have been suggested by the transference of love occasioned by the potion of the priestess.

of the Grecian, and the simplicity of his characters and sentiments they have not attempted to imitate.

Subsequent writers unfortunately chose for their model the Spanish instead of the Grecian style of pastoral composition.

In imitation of Montemayor and Cervantes, whose romances had been so popular in the Peninsula, Honoré D'Urfé, a French nobleman, wrote his

ASTRÉE, a work, which, under the disguise of pastoral incidents and characters, exhibits the singular history of his own family, and the amours at the court of Henry the Great. The first volume, dedicated to that monarch, appeared in 1610, the second fifteen years afterwards, and the third, which is addressed to Lewis XIII, was given to the world four or five years subsequent to the publication of the second. The duke of Savoy was depositary of the fourth part, which remained in manuscript at the death of the author, and was transmitted on that event to Mademoiselle D'Urfé. She confided it to Baro, the secretary of her deceased relative, who published it two years after the death of his master, with a dedication to Mary of Medicis, and made up a fifth part from memoirs and fragments, also placed in his hands.

From these elucidations, it appears that Honoré D'Urfé was of an illustrious family in France, that he was the fifth of six brothers, and was born near the spot where he has placed the scene of his *Astrea*.

Besides the two stories which represent the family adventures of the D'Urfés, there are thirty-three long episodes containing the history of shepherds and shepherdesses, whom the more important characters meet while tending their flocks. Some of these are resident in the vicinity, others have come from a distance by

command of an oracle, to consult the Druid on their amorous doubts and misfortunes.

It is well known that in these episodes and disquisitions, the author has represented the gallantries and fashionable scandal of the court of Henry IV.

To such temporary topics and incidents of real life, the *Astrea* was chiefly indebted for its popularity. The remembrance of these having passed away, the work must rest on its intrinsic merits, which, it would appear, are not such as to preserve it from oblivion.

The *ARCADIA* of Sir Philip Sidney was at one time much read and admired, not less perhaps on account of the heroic character and glorious death of its author, than its own intrinsic merit.—As it was written in an age when the features of the ancient Gothic romance were not entirely obliterated, it is of a mixed nature, being partly of a heroic description; and it also contains a considerable portion of what was meant by the author as comic painting. It is in the epic form, beginning in the middle of the action, and, by the usual contrivances, rehearsing, in the course of the work, those events by which its opening had been preceded (1).

(1) It would be tedious, and could serve no good purpose, to analyze minutely the different books of the *Arcadia*. The heroic part of the romance consists in a detail of the exploits of Pyrocles and Musidorus, previous to their arrival in *Arcadia*; and in the description of a war carried on against Basilius, by his nephew Amphialus, whose mother had, at one time, craftily seized and confined the princesses. There are also some happy descriptions of jousts and tournaments. But the work is on the whole extremely tiresome, and its chief interest consists in the stately dignity, and often graceful beauty, of the language.

There is not probably in any other work in the English language a greater portion of execrable poetry, than may be found in the *Arcadia*, and this, perhaps, less owing to want of poetical talent in the author, than to his affectation and constant attempts to versify on an impracticable system. At the period in which he

HEROIC ROMANCE.

Boileau, and several other French writers, have deduced the origin of the heroic from the pastoral romance, especially from the *Astrea* of D'Urfé; and indeed Mad. Scuderi, in her preface to *Ibrahim*, one of her earliest productions, affirms that she had chosen the *Astrea* as her model. To that species of composition may, no doubt, be attributed some of the tamest features of the heroic romance, its insipid dialogues and tedious episodes; but many of the elements of which it is com-

posed, it was thought possible to introduce into English verse all the different measures that had been employed in Greek and Latin, and accordingly we have in the *Arcadia*, Hexameters, or, at least, what were intended by the author as such; Elegiacs, Sapphics, Anacreontics, Phalæciacs, Asclepiades, and, in short, every thing but poetry. The effect, indeed, is perfectly abominable.

The *Arcadia* was also much read and admired by Waller and Cowley, and has been obviously imitated in many instances by early English dramatists. The story of Plangus in the *Arcadia* is the origin of Shirley's *Andromana* or *Merchant's Wife*, and of *Cupid's Revenge*, by Beaumont and Fletcher. That part of the pastoral where Pyrocles agrees to command the Helots, seems to have suggested those scenes of the *Two Gentlemen of Verona*, in which Valentine leagues himself with the outlaws. An episode in the second book of the *Arcadia*, where a king of Paphlagonia, whose eyes had been put out by a bastard son, is described as led by his rightful heir, whom he had cruelly used for the sake of his wicked brother, has furnished Shakspeare with the under-plot concerning Gloster and his two sons, in *King Lear*. There are in the romance the same description of a bitter storm, and the same request of the father, that he might be led to the summit of a cliff, which occur in that pathetic tragedy.

The *Arcadia* was also, as we learn from Milton, the companion of the prison hours of Charles I, whom that poet, in his *Iconoclastes*, reproaches with having stolen a prayer of Pamela to insert in his *Ikon Basiliké*. But whether the author of that production actually fell into this inadvertence, or whether his antagonist, who seems to have believed in its authenticity, procured the interpolation of the passage, that he might enjoy an opportunity of reviling his sovereign for impiety, and of taunting him with literary plagiarism, has been the subject of much controversy among the biographers of the English bard.

pounded must be sought in anterior and more spirited compositions.

The adoption of the former may, perhaps, have been owing to Amyot's translation of Plutarch, in which there were many interpolations savouring of the author of "*La vie et faits de Marc Antoine le triumvir et de sa mie Cléopâtre, translaté de l'historien Plutarque pour très illustre, haute et puissante dame Mad. Françoise de Fouez, dame de Chateaubriand.*"

It was the well-known History of the Dissensions of the Zegrís and Abencerrages that brought the Moorish stories and characters into vogue in France. The Spanish writers attribute this work to a Moor, who retired into Africa after the conquest of Granada.

This production may be regarded as historical in some of the leading political incidents recorded, but the harangues of the heroes, the loves of the Moorish princes, the games and the festivals, are the superstructure of fancy. In these, however, national manners are faithfully preserved, and in the romance of Hita more information is afforded concerning the customs and character of the Moors than by any of the Spanish historians (1).

(1) The work commences with the early history of Granada, but we soon come to those events that preceded and accelerated its fall—the competitions for the sovereignty, and dissensions of the factions of the Zegrís and Abencerrages. Of these the former race sprung from the kings of Fez and Morocco; the latter descended from the ancient princes of Yemen. In this work, and all those which treat of the factions of Granada, the Zegrís are represented as a fierce and turbulent tribe. On the other hand, the Abencerrages, while their equals in valour, are painted as the most amiable of heroes, endowed with graceful manners and elegant accomplishments. The Zegrís, however, remained faithful to the cause of their country, while the Abencerrages, by finally enlisting under the banners of Ferdinand, were the chief instruments of the downfall of Granada. The Spanish monarch,

But though the works above-mentioned may have supplied incidents to the writers of heroic romance, many of the pictures in that, as in every other species of fiction, have been copied from the manners of the age. That devotion, in particular, to the fair sex, which exalted them into objects rather of adoration than of love, and which forms the chief characteristic of the heroic romance, was a consequence of the peculiar state of feeling and sentiment in the age of Louis XIV.

We find, accordingly, that whether classical or Moorish heroes be introduced, the general tone of the heroic romance is nearly the same.

I shall now, according to my plan, present the reader with a short account of some of the most celebrated of the Romans de longue Haleine, as they have been termed which may be vulgarly translated *long-winded* romances.

Nearly all of these were written by three authors, Gomberville, Calprenede, and Madame Scuderi. The

POLEXANDRE of Gomberville, which was first published in 1632, and enjoyed a high reputation in the age of Cardinal Richelieu, was the earliest of the heroic romances, and seems to have been the model of the works of Calprenede and Scuderi. This ponderous work may be regarded as a sort of intermediate production between these later compositions and the ancient fables

availing himself of the Moorish dissensions, and of the valour of Don Rodrigo of Arragon, Grand Master of the Order of Calatrava, vigorously attacked Granada, and finally accomplished its ruin by means of the Abencerrages, who revolted to him in revenge for the unheardof cruelties exercised on their race by one of their native princes. This work also presents the strange, though not uncommon, spectacle of a nation expiring in the midst of revelry and amusement: the gates of its capital were assaulted by a foreign enemy—the energy of the people was employed, and their valour wasted in internal war, but nothing could interrupt the course of festivity.

of chivalry. It has, indeed, a closer affinity to the heroic romance; but many of the exploits of the hero are as extravagant as those of a paladin or knight of the Round Table. In the episode of the Peruvian Inca, there is a formidable giant, and in another part of the work we are introduced to a dragon, which lays waste a whole kingdom. An infinite number of tournaments are also interspersed through the volumes. In some of its features *Polexandre* bears a striking resemblance to the Greek romance; the disposition of the incidents is similar; as in the Greek romance, the events, in a great measure, arise from adventures with pirates; and the scene is chiefly laid at sea or in small islands, or places on the sea coast. Gomberville, the author of *Polexandre*, also commenced the story of

LE JEUNE ALCIDIANE, the son of *Polexandre* and *Alcidiana*, which was subsequently finished by *Mad. Gomez*. Soon after the birth of this prince, a hermit, who piqued himself on inspiration, revealed that he was destined to slay his father. The romance is occupied with the means adopted to prevent the completion of this prediction. Gomberville, besides his *Polexandre* and *Le Jeune Alcidiane*, is also the author of two romances, of no great merit or celebrity, entitled *Caritée* and *Cytherée*.

Of the writers of the description with which we are now occupied, *Calprenede* is certainly the best. The French critics are divided concerning the superiority of his *Cleopatra* or *Cassandra*, but to one or other the palm of the heroic romance is unquestionably due.

CLEOPATRA was first published in parts, of which the earliest appeared in 1646, and when completed, the whole was printed in twelve volumes 8vo. The capacity of the author in extending his work to such unmer-

ciful length need not be wondered at, as it, in fact, comprehends three immense, and, in a great measure, unconnected romances, with about half a dozen minor stories or episodes, which have little relation to the three main histories, or to each other. Indeed the plan of the author is nearly the same as if Richardson, instead of forming three novels of his *Pamela*, *Sir Charles Grandison*, and *Clarissa*, had chosen to interweave them in a single work, giving the name of any one of them to the whole composition.

The great fault, however, of the romance, is the prodigious number of insulated histories, which prevent the attention or interest from fixing on any one object. *Cleopatra* is different from all heroic romances in this, that the others have one leading story, and a number of episodes; but in the work with which we have just been engaged, though there is no want of episodes, there are three main stories, which have no intimate connection with each other, and which claim an equal share of the reader's attention.

In the innumerable stories of which the romance is compounded, there is, I think, but, little variety. Thus in all of them incomparable princes are eternally enamoured of divine princesses, to whom they pay a similar species of adoration, and for whose sake they perform similar exploits. In the character of the heroines there is little discrimination. The only distinction is in the species of personal perfection attributed to each of them; thus the majestic graces of the Ethiopian princess are contrasted with the softer charms of *Elisa*. The vast number of lovers attached to every one of the heroines fatigues the attention and perplexes the story. Besides inferior slaves, each of the chief female charac-

ters has three or four important and passionate admirers. Cleopatra is beloved by Tiberius, Coriolanus, and Artaxus; Candace, the Ethiopian queen, by Cæsario, Tyribasus, Gallus, and the pirate Zenodorus; Elisa, by Artaban, Tigranes, and Agrippa.

Cleopatra, like most of the other heroic romances of this period, has given rise to several English dramas, as *The Young King*, by Mrs Behn; *Gloriana, or the Court of Augustus Cæsar*, by Lee; and several others, all which partake of the fustian and forced elevation of the work from which they are derived. Calprenede also wrote

CASSANDRA, a romance which possesses nearly similar beauties and defects with his former production.

Rousseau informs us, in his *Confessions*, that in his boyhood much time was devoted by him to the perusal of heroic romance. He acknowledges that he and his father used to sit up during night poring over the adventures of Oroondates, till warned by the chirping of the swallows at their window of the approach of day. Accordingly, many incidents of the *Héloïse* may be traced in these romances. Thus in the *Cassandra*, with which we have been last engaged, there may be found the origin of that part of the *Héloïse*, where St-Preux, while his mistress lies ill of the small-pox, glides into the room, and approaches the bed, that he too may partake of the infection and danger. Julia, when she recovers, is impressed with a confused idea of having seen him, but whether in a vision or in reality she cannot determine.

Calprenede is also author of the romance of

PHARAMOND, which turns on the love of that founder of the French monarchy, for the beautiful Rosemonde, daughter of the king of the Cimbrians, and the cruel

necessity to which he saw himself reduced, of defending his dominions from her invasions, and those formidable rivals she had raised up against him, who were enamoured of her beauty, or ambitious of the Cimbrian throne. Lee's tragedy of Theodosius, or the Force of Love, is taken from the romance of Pharamond. The story of Varanes, which forms the chief plot of that drama, may be found in the third book of the third part.

The whole romance, however, which bears the title of Pharamond, is not the work of Calprenede: he only wrote the seven first volumes, the remaining five having been added by Pierre de Vaumoriere, who was also author of several romances of his own, as *Le Grand Scipion*, which is reckoned the best of his productions.

It is no doubt extraordinary, that such tedious and fantastic compositions as the romances of Gomberville and Calprenede should have attained the popularity they so long enjoyed; but while readers could be procured, we cannot wonder that authors were willing to persist in this species of writing; for, as Dr Johnson has remarked, "when a man by practice had gained some fluency of language, he had no farther care than to retire to his closet, let loose his invention, and heat his mind with incredibilities. A book was thus produced without the toil of study, without knowledge of nature, or acquaintance with life."

The most voluminous writer of heroic romance is Madame Scuderi, of whose productions the earliest is

IBRAHIM, OU L'ILLUSTRE BASSA, first published in 1635. The whole romance is loaded with tedious descriptions of the interior of Turkish and Italian palaces, which has given rise to the remark of Boileau, that when one of Mad. Scuderi's characters enters a house

she will not permit him to leave it till she has given an inventory of the furniture. An English tragedy, entitled *Ibrahim, or the Illustrious Bassa*, is founded on this romance.

No hero of antiquity has been so much disfigured as Cyrus by romance. Ramsay, we have already seen, has painted him as a pedantic politician. The picture represented in the

ARTAMENES, OU LE GRAND CYRUS, of Mad. Scuderi, bears still less resemblance to the hero of Herodotus, the sage of Xenophon, or the king announced by the Hebrew prophets. The romance of which the Persian monarch is the principal character, is the second written by Mad. Scuderi, and, like *Ibrahim*, passed on its first publication under the name of her brother.

The episodes in this romance are very numerous, and consist of the stories of those princes who are engaged as auxiliaries on the side of Cyrus or the king of Pontus. This is the romance which has been chiefly ridiculed in Boileau's *Les Héros de Roman*.

CLÉLIE, HISTOIRE ROMAINE, is a romance also written by Mad. Scuderi, though it was originally published under the name of her brother. It consists of ten volumes 8vo, of about eight hundred pages each.

This work enjoyed for some time considerable reputation, but has finally acquired, and perhaps has deserved, the character of being the most tiresome of all the tedious productions of its author. It comprehends fewer incidents than the others, and more detail relating to the heart, and is filled with those far-fetched sentiments so much in fashion in the early age of Lewis XIV.

This incongruous plan of taking personages from ancient history, and attributing to them manners and sen-

timents of modern refinement, especially with regard to the passion of love, is repeatedly censured and ridiculed by Boileau in his *Art Poétique*. The romance of

ALMAHIDE, also by Mad. Scuderi, is founded on the dissensions of the Zegris and Abencerrages, and opens with an account of a civil broil between these factions in the streets of Granada. The contest was beheld from the summit of a tower, by Roderic de Narva, a Spanish general, who had been taken prisoner by the Moors, and Fernand de Solis (a slave of Queen Almahide), who, at the request of the Christian chief, related to him the history of the court of Granada.

It will be perceived that the romance is left incomplete, and the part of which an abstract has been given, though published in eight volumes 8vo., can only be regarded as a sort of introductory chapter to the adventures that were intended to follow.

Mathilde d'Aguilar, the last romance of Mad. Scuderi, is also a Spanish story, and is partly founded on the contests between the Christians and Moors.

Of the analogies that subsist between all the departments of Belles Lettres, none are more close than those of romance and the drama. Accordingly, as the Italian tales supplied the materials of our earliest tragedies and comedies, so the French heroic romances chiefly contributed to the formation of what may be considered as the second great school of the English drama, in which a stately ceremonial, and uniform grandeur of feeling and expression, were substituted for those grotesque characters and multifarious passions, which had formerly held possession of the stage. From the French romances were derived the incidents that constitute the plots of those tragedies which appeared in the days of Char-

les II and William, and to them may be attributed the prevalence of that false taste, that pomp and unnatural elevation, which characterize the dramatic productions of Dryden and Lee. The popularity of heroic romances, particularly those of Madame Scuderi, may, I think, be in some measure attributed to the number of living characters that were delineated. All were anxious to know what was said of their acquaintance, and to trace out a real or imaginary resemblance. The court ladies were delighted to behold flattering portraits of their beauty in Ibrahim or Clelia, and perhaps fondly hoped that their charms were consecrated to posterity. Hence the fame of the romance was transitory as the beauty, or, at least, as the existence, of the individuals whose persons or characters it portrayed. Mankind are little interested in the eyes or eye-brows of antiquated coquettes, and the works in which these were celebrated, soon appeared in that intrinsic dulness which had received animation from a temporary and adventitious interest. This charm being lost, nothing remained but a love so spiritualized, that it bore no resemblance to a real passion, and manners which referred to an ideal world of the creation of the author. The sentiments, too, of chivalry, which had revived under a more elegant and gallant form during the youth of Lewis XIV had worn out, and their decline was fatal to the works which they had called forth and fostered. The fair sex were now no longer the objects of deification, and those days had disappeared, in which the duke of La Rochefoucault could thus proclaim the influence of the charms of his lady :

Pour mériter son cœur, pour plaire à ses beaux yeux,
J'ai fait la guerre au roi, je l'aurais faite aux dieux.

Besides, the size and prolixity of these compositions had a tendency to make them be neglected, when literary works began to abound of a shorter and more lively nature, and when the ladies had no longer leisure to devote the attention of a year and a half to the history of a fair Ethiopian.

In addition to all this, the heroic romance, when verging to its decline, was attacked by genius almost equal to that by which the tales of chivalry had formerly been laughed out of countenance. Molière's *Précieuses Ridicules* appeared in 1659, when the heroic romance was too much in vogue to be easily brought into discredit; but the satire of Boileau, entitled *Les Héros de Roman*, though written about the same period, was not published till after the death of Madame Scuderi, in 1701, by which time the reputation of her romances was on the wane, and was probably still farther shaken by the ridicule of Boileau. That poet informs us, that in his youth, when these works were in fashion, he had perused them with much admiration, and regarded them as the master-pieces of the language. As his taste, however, improved, he became alive to their absurdities, and composed the dialogue above-mentioned, which he declares to be "Le moins frivole ouvrage qui soit encore sorti de ma plume." In this work the scene is laid in the dominions of Pluto, who complains to Minos, that the shades which descend from earth no longer possess common sense, that they all talk *galanterie*, and upbraid Proserpine with having *l'air bourgeois*. During this conversation, Rhadamanthus announces that all hell is in commotion; that he had met Prometheus at large, with his vulture on his hand, that Tantalus was intoxicated, and that Ixion had just

ravished one of the furies. Cyrus, Alexander, and other heroes, are summoned from the Elysian fields to quell the insurrection. They appear accompanied by their ladies, and the satire on the heroic romances is contained in the extravagance and affectation of their sentiments and language (1).

It seems unnecessary to search farther into the reasons of the decay of heroic romance, of which the temporary favour may to a modern reader appear more unaccountable than the decline. Similar causes contributed to render pastoral romance unpopular; and, except in the works of Florian, there have been no recent imitations, of any note, of that species of composition. Spiritual fictions, of which the object was to inculcate a taste for the ascetic virtues, came to be disregarded. Political romances had never formed an extensive class of fiction, nor, in modern times, have there been many imitations of such works as the *Utopia* or *Argenis*.

FRENCH NOVELS.

The human mind seems to require some species of fiction for its amusement and relaxation, and we have seen in the above survey, that one species of fable has scarcely disappeared, when it has been succeeded by another. The decline of tales of chivalry produced those various classes of romantic composition with which we have been recently engaged, and the concurrent causes which hastened their decay, were indirectly the origin of those new sorts of fiction, which became prevalent in France towards the close of the 17th, and during the first half of the 18th century.

(1) The fiction of Boileau seems equally absurd as the works which he ridicules; but the classics were now coming into vogue, and a satire, composed after the manner of Lucian, was, of course, regarded as elegant and witty.

These, I think, may be reduced into *four* classes.

1. That which is founded on a basis of historical events, as the Exiles of the court of Augustus, and those numerous works concerning the intrigues of the French monarchs, from the first of the Merovingian race to the last of the Bourbons. 2. Novels, such as Marianne, Gil Blas, Heloise, etc., of which the incidents, whether serious or comical, are altogether imaginary. 3. A species of romance of a moral or satirical tendency, where foreigners are feigned to travel through the different states of Europe, and describe the manners of its inhabitants. This class comprehends such works as the Turkish Spy, and is partly fictitious and partly real. The journey and characters are the offspring of fancy, but a correct delineation of manners and customs is at least intended. 4. Fairy Tales, to which may be associated the French imitations of the Oriental Tales, and the *Voyages Imaginaires*.

LES INTRIGUES GALANTES DE LA COUR DE FRANCE contain a history of the amours of the French sovereigns, from the commencement of the monarchy to the reign of Lewis XIV. To a passion, which has, no doubt, especially in France, had considerable effect in state affairs, there is assigned throughout this work a paramount influence. It is represented as alone prompting the Merovingian family to unbounded atrocities, as the motive which stimulated Charles VII to achieve the freedom of his country, and in future reigns as regulating the decisions of the cabinet, and distribution of the favours of the crown.

Besides this general history, the reign of almost every individual monarch has formed the subject of an amorous romance.

All these works are built on history, conjecture, and imagination. There is little display of sentiment or character. Truth and fiction are unpleasantly blended. The

PRINCESSE DE CLEVES forms, as it were an era in literature. Madame La Fayette, the author of this celebrate novel, at length brought the human passions into play. Her heroes and heroines, indeed, are still princes and princesses, and the catastrophe of the piece is perhaps too much in the manner of the old school, but she has produced a work at once dignified and tender, full of interesting portraits and of pleasing incidents.

The scene of events is laid at the court of Henry II of France, towards the conclusion of the reign of that monarch. The author begins with an account of the different personages of the court, and she delineates their characters, and unfolds their political views, with all the truth of history. Among those who appear in this romance, is Mary Stewart, the unfortunate queen of Scotland, and we are so accustomed to contemplate her in affliction and misery, that we feel a certain sympathy and satisfaction while viewing her in the gaiety and frivolity of youth. This admirable work has all the dignity of the old romance, without its prolixity or ridiculous inflation, and unites all the delicacy and minuteness of delineation of the modern novel to a certain feudal stateliness and majesty, such as, in a higher path of literature, appears in the works of Bossuet and Corneille. Madame La Fayette is also author of Zayde, a novel of considerable beauty and interest.

The story of Zayde is somewhat inferior to that of the princess of Cleves, but these two works united may justly be regarded as forming a new æra in fiction, and as effecting the most fortunate revolution we have wit-

nessed in the course of our survey. The novels of Mad. La Fayette were, according to the expression of Voltaire, “*Les premiers où l’on vit les mœurs des honnêtes gens et des aventures naturelles décrites avec grace. Avant elle on écrivait d’un style ampoulé des choses peu vraisemblables.*”

Subsequent to this important revolution in taste, the most celebrated novels which appeared in France are the *Vie de Marianne*, and *Paysan Parvenu* of Marivaux. Of these the first has been deservedly the most popular. It is the display of the noble pride of virtue in misfortune, and the succour it at length receives from enlightened beneficence.

It is chiefly in what I have formerly styled the Ornaments of Romance that Marivaux excels. In portrait painting, indeed, he is unrivalled. The author is never so happy as when he exposes the false pretences of assumed characters, the insolence of wealth, the arrogance of power or grandeur, the devices of mere formal or exterior religion, and the dissimulation of friends. He has also well represented the harshness of benefactors, their still more revolting compassion, and the thin veil of delicacy which they sometimes assume. But of all subjects, he has most happily depicted the stupid curiosity and offensive kindness of the vulgar. A chief defect of Marivaux lies in the singularity and affectation of his style. Marivaux’ *Paysan Parvenu* resembles his *Marianne* (to which, however, it is wonderfully inferior) in many of its features.

The Abbé Prevot, who holds the second rank among French novelists, is as much distinguished for imagination, as Marivaux for delicacy and knowledge of the heart. He was the first who carried the terrors of tra-

gedy into romance; and he has been termed the Crebillon of this species of composition, as he is chiefly anxious to appal the minds of his readers by the most terrifying and dismal representations.—The story of *Manon Lescaut* has usually been appended to the *Memoirs of a Man of Quality*, though it was written long after, and has also been published separately. It is the history of a young man possessed of many brilliant and some estimable qualities, but who, intoxicated by a fatal and almost irresistible attachment, is hurried into the violation of every rule of conduct, and finally prefers the life of a wretched wanderer, with the worthless object of his affections, to all the advantages presented by fortune and nature.

A chief defect of the novels of Prevot consists in a perplexed arrangement of the incidents: he has an appearance of advancing at hazard, without having fixed whither he is tending; he heaps one event on another, and frequently loses sight of his most interesting characters. These faults are less apparent in *Manon Lescaut* than most of his other works, but are very remarkable in his *Dean of Coleraine* (1) and the *Life of Cleveland*.

(1) It comprehends the story of a Catholic family of Ireland, consisting of three brothers and a sister, who pass over to France after the Revolution, in order to push their fortunes in that country. The dean, who is the eldest, though against this experiment, agrees to accompany his relatives, that they may receive the benefit of his wisdom and counsel, which he, on all occasions, most liberally imparts to them. Accordingly, the novel consists of the numerous adventures, embarrassments, and afflictions which this family encounters in a foreign land, and which chiefly originate in the singular beauty of the sister, the ambition of the second, and the weakness of the youngest brother. The dean, who is a Christian of the most rigorous virtue, is entirely occupied with the present and future welfare of his family. His admonitions, however, are so frequent and tedious, that, as the Abbé Desfontaines has remarked, he is as insufferable to the reader as to his brothers and sister.

The novels of Madame Riccoboni, which were chiefly written about the middle of the 18th century, are distinguished by their delicacy and spirit.

Le Marquis de Cressy contains the picture of a man of rank and talents, but of unbounded ambition and worthless heart.

In the *Letters of Lady Catesby*, are exhibited the mental struggles of a woman who had been forsaken by a man she adored, but who now sought pardon and reconciliation.—The novel, or rather story, of *Ernestine*, also possesses exquisite grace and beauty. The other compositions of Mad. Riccoboni, *Christine de Suabe*, *Histoire d'Aloïse de Livarot*, etc., are, I think, considerably inferior to the productions that have been mentioned.

Rousseau's *Héloïse* is generally regarded as the most eloquent and pathetic of French novels; but it seems more deserving of admiration for the passion and feeling displayed in particular passages, than for the excellence of the fable. The pathos and eloquence of Rousseau, the delicacy of Mad. Riccoboni, the gloomy, but forcible paintings of Prevot, and knowledge of the human nature displayed in the works of Marivaux, have raised the French to the highest reputation for the composition of novels of the serious class. In many of these, however, though admirable in point of talent, there is too often a contest of duties, in which those are adhered to which should be subordinate, and those abandoned which ought to be paramount to all others. Thus, they sometimes entice us to find, in the subtilty of feeling, a pardon for our neglect of the more homely and downright duties, and lead us to nourish the blossoms of virtue more than the root or branches.

La Gaïeté Françoise had become proverbial among all the nations of Europe, and, as the fictions of a people are invariably expressive in some degree of its character, corresponding compositions naturally arose. Of these, the most distinguished are the works of LE SAGE, whose *Gil Blas* is too well known to require here any detail of those incidents, in which all conditions of life are represented with such fidelity and animation. The originality, however, of this entertaining novel has been much questioned, in consequence of its resemblance to the Spanish romance *Marcos de Obregon*, of which an account has already been given. Many of the stories in *Gil Blas* are also derived from the plots of Spanish comedies; but they have in turn suggested the scenes of many of our English dramas: Cibber's comedy *She Would and She Would Not*, is taken from the story of *Aurora*, and Thomson's *Tancred and Sigismunda* is from the *Mariage de Vengeance*.

The leading idea of the *Diabre Boiteux* is also borrowed from the Spanish, as the author indeed has acknowledged in his dedication. The *Bachelor of Salamanca*, possesses much of the same style of humour which characterizes *Gil Blas* and the *Diabre Boiteux*, though it is greatly inferior to either of these compositions.

During the minority of Lewis XV, and the regency of that duke of Orléans who published the splendid edition of the *Pastoral of Longus*, the court of France assumed an appearance of gay and open profligacy, resembling that which half a century before had prevailed in England, in the days of Charles, and forming a striking contrast to the austere and sombre manners which characterized the latter years of the reign of Lewis XIV. About that period, when libertinism had become fashion-

able from the sanction of the highest names in the state, CREBILLON, the son of the celebrated tragic poet of that name, became the founder of a new species of comic novel. His works enjoyed at one time a high but not a long-continued reputation. They chiefly owed their popularity to satire and personal allusions, and the elegant garb in which pictures of debauchery were attired (1).

An author who had already exhausted all the sources of tragic pathos and sympathy, also opened all the floods of satire and ridicule on the institutions of his country. In most of the romances of VOLTAIRE, there is a philosophical or rather an impious object in view ; but from the reader being carried away by the poignant charms of the author's pleasantry and style, the full scope of the incidents is seldom perceived till the conclusion. The most frequent aim of this sceptical writer is to level a masked battery against the Providence and Administration of the Supreme Being, by invidiously placing in opposition, what ought to be, and what is ; by contrasting pedantry with ignorance—the power of the great with their unworthiness (2).

(1) Crebillon was imitated by Bastide, afterwards the conductor of the *Bibliothèque des Romans* ; and also by Dorat, in his *Malheurs de l'Inconstance* and in *Les Sacrifices de l'Amour*. The style of composition, however, introduced by Crebillon, was only popular for a moment, and fell into disrepute, when the manners of the French court became, if not more pure, at least less openly licentious.

(2) *Memnon* is intended to show, that it is folly to aspire to the height of wisdom, and *Zadig*, that the events of life are placed beyond our controul. *L'Homme aux quarante écus* was meant to ridicule the system of the economists, and *Bacbouc* to correct the disposition of the French nation, to behold every thing in a ridiculous point of view, of which among all his countrymen Voltaire was himself the most guilty. But, though the object of this celebrated author, and the charms by which his incidents are adorned, be peculiar to himself, there is seldom much novelty in the incidents themselves. In *Micromegas* he has imitated an idea of *Gulliver's Travels* ; in the *Ingénu*, the principal situation is derived from the *Baronne de Luz*, a romance by

That war, and vice, and disease, are productive of extensive and complicated misery among mankind, cannot indeed be denied, but another arrangement, it must be presumed, was impracticable; nor can we conceive a more glaring rebellion against the authority of the divine maxims, than for the beings of a day to sit in judgment upon the Eternal, and apply their paltry experience to the counsels of his high and unfathomable wisdom.

M. Duclos. The origin of almost every chapter in *Zadig* may be easily traced; thus the story of *Le Nez* has been suggested by the Matron of Ephesus: in Ariosto may be found *Les Combats*, or the story of the man in green armour, and in one of the *Contes Dévots*, that of the hermit and angel introduced towards the conclusion; the pursuit of the bitch and horse is from the search of the Cynogefore, in the *Soirées Bretonnes* of Gueulette, who had it from an Italian work, *Peregrinaggio di Tre Figliuole del Re de Serendippo*. The tale, however, had been originally told in an Arabic work of the 13th century, entitled *Nighiaristan*, which was written to show the acuteness of the Arabian nation. In the *Nighiaristan*, three brothers, of the family of Adnan, set out on their travels. They are met by a camel-driver, who asks if they had seen a camel he had lost. One brother says that the animal was blind of an eye; the second that he wanted a tooth; the last that he was lame, and was loaded with oil on one side, and honey on the other. Being thus suspected of having stolen the camel, the brothers are sent to prison, and afterwards explain to the judge by what observations they had discovered all these circumstances. Another of Voltaire's novels, *La Princesse de Babylone*, has been suggested by a French tale, entitled *Le Parisien et la Princesse de Babylone*, inserted in *La Nouvelle Fabrique des excellens Traits de vérité*, par Philippe Alcripe. The name here assumed is fictitious, but the author is known to have been a monk of the abbey of Mortemer, who lived about the middle of the 16th century. In his tale *Le Parisien*, etc., the beautiful princess of Babylon has a disgusting and unwelcome suitor in the person of the Sophi of Persia. The son of a French jeweller hearing of her beauty, sends her an amatory epistle, by means of a swallow, and receives a favourable answer by a similar conveyance; and this bird, which corresponds to Voltaire's phoenix, becomes the friend and confidant of the lovers. Afterwards the Parisian repairs to Babylon, and the princess, by feigning sickness, effects an elopement.

In *Candide*, the most celebrated of Voltaire's romances, the incidents seem to possess more novelty. The object of that work, as every one knows, is to ridicule the notion that all things in this world are for the best, by a representation of the calamities of life artfully aggravated.

The next class of fictions, according to the arrangement adopted, comprehends those works of local satire in which remarks on the history, manners, and customs of a nation, are presented through the supposed medium of a foreigner (1).

These works gave rise to the more modern productions, *L'Espion Anglais*, *L'Espion Américain en Europe*, and in England to Goldsmith's *Citizen of the World*.

In most of these compositions, particularly in the *Chinese Spy* and *Persian Letters*, a great number of which are of an immoral tendency, every thing is seen with a disapproving and satirical eye.

(1) The *Turkish Spy* (*L'Esploratore Turco*) seems to have been the prototype of this species of composition.

The work attributed to Marana was succeeded by the *Persian Letters* of Montesquieu, which is the most popular production of the class with which we are now engaged.—European customs and opinions are contrasted with those of Asia, and the vices and follies of the western world are attacked in an oriental tone and manner. There are also a good many speculations on political economy, especially on the subject of population.

In the *Jewish Spy*, by D'Argens, which followed the *Persian Letters*, there is much sarcasm and invective; the author thinks strongly, but his style is ungraceful.

The *Peruvian Letters*, by Madame de Graffigny, are somewhat different from the works of this class which I have hitherto mentioned. There is a private and domestic story, interwoven with reflections on manners, and, according to some critics, these letters should be accounted the earliest epistolary novel of France.

The *Chinese Spy* was written about the middle of the 18th century. It contains the letters of three Mandarins, who were commissioned by their emperor to examine into the state of the religious opinions, policy, and manners of the Europeans.

There is a good deal of liveliness and *naïveté* in some of the remarks, and the mode in which things are viewed by these Mandarins: “Une chose surtout nous surprit étrangement; c'était de voir marcher de jeunes femmes découvertes dans les rues, sans qu'aucun homme les insultât.” And again, “Les négocians d'Europe acquièrent de grands biens, avec beaucoup d'aisance.—Voici comme ils amassent des trésors: on attire chez soi autant de richesses que l'on peut; quand on en a fait une bonne provision, l'on ferme sa porte et l'on garde ce que l'on a: cela s'appelle ici faire banqueroute.” !!!

The fourth class of French fictions of the 18th century, recalls us from those works in which the real events of human life are represented, to incidents more stupendous, and enchantments more wonderful, even than those portrayed in the brightest ages of chivalry (1).

(1) The nymphs and dryads of classical antiquity owed their existence to the same principles of belief which afterwards peopled the elements with fairies, and adventures have been related concerning them which have a considerable analogy to that class of stories on which we are now entering. A scholiast on Apollonius Rhodius relates, that one called Rhoecus, observing a beautiful oak ready to fall, ordered it to be supported. The nymph of the tree, whose existence depended on its preservation, unexpectedly appeared to him, and bade him demand from her whatever he pleased in return. This dryad being handsome, Rhoecus asked to be entertained as her lover, which she readily promised to her preserver, and soon after sent a bee to summon him : but the young man being engaged at the time, and provoked at its unintelligible buzz, drove the insect from him. The nymph, offended at this uncivil treatment of her ambassador, deprived Rhoecus of his sight. The ancients, too, had goddesses, who, like fairies, presided over infants at birth ; and like fairies, the female deities of mythology, avenged themselves on those who treated them with disrespect, when they appeared in a degraded condition. Latona changed the rustics of Lycia into frogs, because they drove her from a fountain at which she attempted to slake her thirst, when flying from the rage of Juno ; and Ceres metamorphosed a saucy boy who mocked her, for the greediness with which she supped some barley broth, when she came weary and in disguise to a cottage. On the other hand, we are told by Palaephatus, that Venus having appeared in shape of a deformed old woman to a poor ferryman, who was himself in the decrepitude of age, and being ferried over by him without reward, she converted him for this service into the beautiful youth so much beloved by Sappho.

Fairies of modern times are of different classes, and have been well divided into the Gothic and Oriental. The former were an appendage of the Scandinavian mythology, and had their origin in the wish to fill up the void and uniformity of external nature. Their attributes, like those of their eastern sisters, were supernatural power and wisdom, but they were malevolent and revengeful in disposition, and disagreeable in person. They inhabited the heath-clad mountains, the chill lakes, or piny solitudes of the north, and their lineal descendants were long in this country the objects of popular superstition.

The ærial beings, or Peris of the east, owed their imaginary existence to that warmth of fancy which induces us to communicate life to every object in nature. Beneficence and beauty

Hitherto European fairies had not been sufficiently imposing in their attributes, nor gorgeous in their decorations, to attain universal popularity; but the Italian poets of the 15th and 16th centuries arrayed these creatures of imagination in all the embellishments which could be bestowed by poetical genius. They became more splendid and more interesting, and were prepared for that state in which they formed during some years a principal amusement of the most polished nation of Europe (1).

were their characteristics. They lived in the sun or the rainbow, and subsisted on the odour of flowers. Their existence was not interminable, but was of unlimited duration.

A knowledge of these creatures of imagination, was introduced into Europe by the crusaders, and the Moors of Spain. Their attributes and qualities were blended with those of the northern elfe, though, as in every other species of romantic fiction, the eastern ideas were predominant.

Hence, a being was compounded for behoof of the poets and romancers of the age, which, according to local circumstances, to the information or fancy of the author, partook more or less of the Oriental or Gothic ingredients.

The notion of fairies was preserved during the middle ages. They act a conspicuous part in the *Fabliaux* of the *Trouveurs*, as the *Lai de Launval* and *Gruelan*.—*Lancelot du Lac*, one of the most popular tales of chivalry, and in which the Lady of the Lake is the most interesting character, gave an *éclat* to the race of fairies in France. In the subsequent romance of *Isaïe le Triste*, we have already seen that they came to act a part still more important and decisive. The story, too, of *Melusina*, which was written about the close of the 14th century, is a complete fairy tale. It was composed by Jean d'Arras, at the desire of the duke de Berri, son of John, king of France, and is founded on an incident recorded in the archives of the family of Lusignan, which were in possession of the duke.

(1) In the *Nights of Straparola*, which were translated from Italian into French with considerable embellishments, in 1585, we find examples not only of this mode of composition, but outlines of the best known and most popular of the Fairy Tales, as *Le Chat Botté*, *Le Prince Marcassin*, *Blanche-Belle*, *Fortunio*, etc.

The immediate forerunner and prototype, however, of the French Fairy Tales, was the *Pentamerone* of Signor Basile, written in the Napolitan jargon, and published in 1672. This work is divided into five days, each of which contains ten stories. The third of the first day, which is slightly altered from the first

The tales of Perrault are the best of this sort that have been given to the world. They are chiefly distinguished for their simplicity, for the *naïve* and familiar style in which they are written, and an appearance of implicit belief on the part of the relater, which perhaps gives us additional pleasure, from our knowledge of the profound attainments of the author, and his advanced age at the period of their composition.

Soon after the appearance of the tales of Perrault, and towards the close of the reign of Louis XIV, the court of France assumed a serious and moral aspect, and

of the third of Straparola may serve as an example of the close analogy that subsists between this work and the productions of Perrault and his imitators.

All that is contained in each of these stories will be remembered by every one on the mere mention of their titles. Barbe Bleue has a striking resemblance to the story in the Arabian Nights of the third Calendar, who has all the keys of a magnificent castle intrusted to him, with injunctions not to open a certain apartment; he gratifies his curiosity, and is punished for his disobedience. It has been said, however, that the original Blue Beard was Gilles, Marquis de Laval, a general in the reigns of Charles VI and VII, distinguished by his military genius and intrepidity, and possessed of princely revenues, but addicted to magic, and infamous by the murder of his wives, and his extraordinary debaucheries. La Belle au Bois Dormant seems to have been suggested by the sleep of Epimenides; it is the best of the tales of Perrault, and first brought that species of writing into fashion. Le Chat Botté is from the 1st of the 11th night of Straparola, where the cat of Constantine procures his master a fine castle, and the heiress of a king. Riquet à la Houpe is also from Straparola, and the notion has been adopted and expanded by Madame Villeneuve, in the celebrated story La Belle et la Bête. In Le Petit Poucet, the residence with the ogre is taken from Ulysses in the cave of Polyphemus, or the 4th story of the first young man in the Bahar Danush, and the mode of extrication, from the mythological fable of Theseus and Ariadne. To each of these tales a moral is added in bad verse, and some sort of lesson may, no doubt, be extracted from most of them; thus, the scope of Le Petit Chaperon Rouge is to warn young people to distrust flatterers; and that of Barbe Bleue to repress curiosity. In Le Maître Chat ou le Chat Botté, we learn that talents are equivalent to fortune; and from Le Petit Poucet, that, with spirit and address, the most defenceless of mankind may escape from the oppression of the most powerful.

it became fashionable to write libraries for the instruction and amusement of his young and royal descendants. At the same time there were a number of ladies of considerable rank and fortune, who lived much together, and cultivated literature with some success.

The Countess D'Aulnoy, Madame Murat, and Mademoiselle de la Force, who were nearly contemporaries, and wrote in the very commencement of the 18th century, were the ladies chiefly eminent for this species of composition (1).

(1) The tales of the Countess D'Aulnoy, who is the most voluminous of all fairy writers, want the simplicity of those of Perrault, but possess a good deal of wit and liveliness. Her best stories are *L'Oiseau Bleu*, and *Le Prince Lutin*, which is perhaps the most airy and sprightly tale in the *Bibliothèque Bleue*. She has also written *La Belle aux Cheveux d'or*, *Le Rameau d'or*, and *Gracieuse et Percinet*, which seems to have been suggested by the tasks imposed on Psyche, in the story of Cupid and Psyche in Apuleius. A good many, as *Fortunée*, *Le Nain Jaune*, *La Biche au Bois*, are introduced as episodes of two Spanish novels, entitled *Ponce de Léon*, and *don Ferdinand de Tolède*, of which the first is a most beautiful and romantic story. Still more numerous are the tales inclosed in the frame of a story, entitled *Le Gentilhomme Bourgeois*, of which *La Chatte Blanche* is the best, though also the most wonderful. In the incidents of these tales there is little invention, most of them being taken, with scarce any variation, from the *Pentamerone* of Basile, or the *Nights of Straparola*.

In the tales of Madame Murat, there is neither the simplicity of those of Perrault, nor the liveliness of those of Mad. D'Aulnoy. She wrote *Le Parfait Amour—Anguilette—Jeune et Belle*. Her best is *Le Palais de Vengeance*, where an enchanter, being enamoured of a princess who refused to requite his affection, shut her up in a delicious palace, with the lover for whose sake she had rejected his suit. Here, as the magician expected, they were speedily reduced to a state of *ennui*, resembling that of Mad. du Deffand and the President Hénault, during the day which they had agreed to devote to each other's society.

Mademoiselle de la Force, who is author of *Plus belle que Fée*, *L'Enchanteur*, *Tourbillon*, *Vert et Bleu*, has outdone all her competitors in marvellous extravagance. Enchanted palaces of opal or diamond were becoming vulgar accommodations, and this lady introduced the luxury of a palace flying from place to place, with all its pleasure grounds and gardens along with it.

Though the tales of the three ladies above-mentioned are

Of all eastern stories, the most celebrated, at least in very different in point of style, there runs through them a great uniformity of incident. The principal characters are in the most exalted situations of life, they are either paragons of beauty or monsters of deformity; and if there be more than one princess in a family, the youngest, as in the case of Psyche, is invariably the most amiable and most lovely. Fairies, who aid or overturn the schemes of mortals, are an essential ingredient. The tale usually begins with the accouchement of a queen, at which some fairy presides, or is indignant at not having presided, and generally ends with the nuptials of an enamoured prince and princess. It commonly happens that the lady is shut up in an enchanted palace. Hence the sagacity and valour of a prince are employed for her deliverance, and in this enterprise he must be aided by a benevolent fairy, whom he has most likely propitiated by services unwittingly performed when she was in the shape of some degraded animal.

About the same period with these ladies, a number of inferior writers, as the authors of *La Tyrannie des Fées détruite*, and *Contes moins contes que les autres*, attempted similar compositions. They were more recently followed in the *Boca ou la Vertue récompensée*, of Mad. Marchand, written in 1755; as also in *Le Prince invisible* and *le Prince des Aigues Marins* of Mad. Leveque, whose tales are remarkable for the fine verses introduced, and the delicacy of the sentiments. *Les Féeries Nouvelles* is the title of a number of tales by the Count de Caylus. The best known of these tales is *La Belle et la Bête*, the first part of which, perhaps, surpasses all that has been produced by the lively and fertile imaginations of France or Arabia. *Les Soirées Bretonnes*, by Gueulette, so well known by his numerous imitations of the eastern tales, also possessed considerable reputation. The *Cynogefore*, in the *Soirées Bretonnes*, and which also occurs in the Italian work, has given rise to the pursuit of the bitch and the horse, a well known incident in Voltaire's *Zadig*.

Besides those that have been enumerated, there were an infinite number of tales inserted in the *Mercure de France*, many of which were anonymous, and afterwards appeared in different collections, as *La Bibliothèque des Fées et des Génies*, by the Abbé de la Porte. The most eminent men in France disdained not to contribute to these collections, as appears from *La Reine Fantastique* of Rousseau, the *Aglæ ou Nabotine* of the Painter Coypel, and the *Acajou et Zirphile* of Duclos.

I may here mention, though they can hardly be denominated fairy tales, the *Veilles de Thessalie* of Mad. de Lussan, which are chiefly stories of incantation and magic.

Every person is aware of the wonderful popularity which those productions, known by the name of *Contes des Fées*, enjoyed far many years in France. The Comte de Caylus says, in his preface to *Cadichon*, written in 1768: "Les Contes des Fées ont

Europe, are the Arabian Tales, or the Thousand and one Nights (1).

été long-temps à la mode, et dans ma jeunesse on ne lisait guère que cela dans le monde."

A species of tale of a totally different tone from that with which we have been engaged, and which had its foundation in eastern manners and mythology, was also prevalent in France at the same period with the fairy tales of European birth. These oriental fictions had their origin in the encouragement extended to Asiatic literature in the reign of Lewis XIV, the eagerness with which the translations of the Arabian and Persian tales were received by the public, and the facility afforded to this species of composition by the information concerning eastern manners, communicated in the *Bibliothèque Orientale* of D'Herbelot, and the *Travels* of Chardin.

In the eastern mythology, those imaginary beings, believed to be intermediate between God and man, are more numerous, and their attributes more striking, than in the superstitions of any other region. It was believed that before the creation of Adam the world was inhabited by genii, of whom some were called *Peris* and others *Dives*. Of these, the former were beautiful in person and amiable in disposition, and were contrasted with the latter, who were of inauspicious appearance and malevolent temper. After the formation of man, these beings retired in a great measure from earth to a region of their own, called *Ginnistan*, a very remote empire, but continued occasionally to intermeddle in sublunary affairs—the *Peris* employing themselves for the benefit, and the *Dives* for the ruin, of mankind. Both frequently instructed mortals in their arts or knowledge, who thus became enchanters or magicians, and were evil or well disposed, according to the frame of mind of their teachers. This mythology is the foundation of those eastern tales, which produced so many imitations in France.

(1) These are supposed to have been written after the period of the Arabian conquests in the west, and probably between the end of the 13th and close of the 14th century. It may indeed be fairly conjectured that they were not composed till the military spirit of the Arabians had in some degree abated. Heroes and soldiers perform no part in these celebrated tales of wonder, and the only classes of men exhibited are *cadis*, merchants, *calenders* and slaves. Whether the *Arabian Nights* are a collection of oriental romances, or the production of a single genius, has been much disputed. It is most likely that they were written in their present form by one individual, but that, like the *Decameron*, or *Cent Nouvelles Nouvelles*, the incidents were borrowed from various sources—the traditions of Arabia and even of Persia, Hindostan, and Greece.

The Arabian and Persian tales were translated into French, the former by Galland, the latter by Petis de la Croix and Le Sage, and were published in the beginning of the 18th century. Both

Their chief merit consists in the admirable delineation of eastern manners, the knavery of slaves, the hypocrisy of dervises, the corruption of judges, the baneful influence of that despotism which has remained the same amid all Asiatic revolutions, and the boldness and artifice of the women, who risk so much the more in proportion to the rigour with which they are confined.

In the Persian Tales, on the other hand, where there is a princess as much prepossessed against the male sex as the sultan in the Arabian Nights against the female, the scope of all the stories is to persuade the fair one that there exist no such things as lasting attachment and conjugal felicity (1).

have been manufactured for the European market, and additional wonders and enchantments woven into them.

Petis de la Croix is also the translator of *L'Histoire de la Sultane de Perse et des Visirs, Contes Turcs*, a work founded on the story of Erastus, or the Seven Wise Masters, and attributed to Cheezade, preceptor of Amurath the second.

(1) The imitators of oriental fiction have given us abundance of jewels and eunuchs, cadis, necromancers, and slaves. Their personages are all Mahometans or Pagans, who are subject to the despotic sway of caliphs, bashaws, and viziers, who drink sherbet, rest on sophas, and ride on camels or dromedaries. — Gueulette is the principal French imitator of oriental tales. He is the author of *Les Mille et un quarts d'heure, Contes Tartares*, which resemble the Persian and Arabian tales, both in the frame by which they are introduced, and the nature of the stories themselves. — Gueulette is also author of *Les Contes Chinois, ou les Aventures merveilleuses du Mandarin Fum-Hoam*. — *Les Sultanes de Guzaratte, ou les Songes des Hommes éveillés, Contes Mogols*, are from the same prolific pen as the Chinese and Tartar Tales. — The tales of Count Hamilton, *Fleur d'Epine* and *Les quatre Facardins*, are chiefly intended as a satire on the taste then prevalent for oriental fiction. — To the class of fairy and oriental tales may be referred that species of composition which in France was known under the title of *Voyages Imaginaires*, and which, in an historical account of fictitious writing, it would not be proper altogether to neglect. These productions bear the same relation to real voyages and travels as the common novel or romance to history and biography. They have been written with different views, but are generally intended to exhibit descriptions, events, and subjects of instruction, which

We have already seen that, during the reigns of our Henrys and Edwards, the English nation was chiefly entertained with the fables of chivalry. The French romances concerning Arthur and his knights continued to be the most popular productions during the rule of the Plantagenet monarchs. In the time of Edward IV the fictions of chivalry were represented in an English garb in the *Morte Arthure*, which is a compilation from

are not furnished by the scenes or manners of the real world.—The inclination for the marvellous, which prevailed during the dark ages, was not confined to romances of chivalry, but pervaded every department of literature and science. — Many ages elapsed before any direct imitation appeared, either of the *True History of Lucian*, or the mystical production of Ebn-Tophail. At length, during a period when the physical theory of the world was yet unsettled, and the Cartesian hypothesis was struggling with other systems for victory, different works of this kind appeared.—The *Histoire comique des estats et empire de la Lune* of Cyrano Bergerac, and *Les Estats et empire du Soleil* by the same author, appear to have had both these objects in view.—To those who are acquainted with the history of philosophy, and the state of opinions in the days of Bergerac, there will appear considerable merit in his satire. The supporters of the systems of Aristotle had at one time (ridiculous as it may seem) procured an *Arrêt* at Paris, to prevent his doctrines being contested; and some of his admirers, enraged at the shock which Descartes, Gassendi, and other philosophers in France at this time gave to his opinions, were desirous of resorting to a similar expedient.—The interest which it excites must, to an English reader, be increased by its having served in many respects as a prototype to the most popular production of a writer so celebrated as Swift.—There are also some imaginary expeditions through the interior of the earth, the most celebrated of which, is the *Mundus Subterraneus* of Kircher.—Of this sort also is the *Voyage de l'Isle d'Amour, du Royaume de Coquetterie*, etc.—The class of *Songes et Visions* resembles the *Yoyages Imaginaires*, and only differs from them in this, that the body is in repose while the mind ranges through the whole chimerical world.—The *Romans Cabalistiques* form the last species of this division of fiction, which it will be necessary to mention.—About the middle of the seventeenth century, when the partizans of this philosophy were hardly yet laughed out of countenance, the Abbé Villars undertook to expose its absurdities in a satire entitled *Le Comte de Gabalis, ou Entretiens sur les Sciences Secrètes*, a work which was very popular in France, and perhaps instrumental in discrediting the reveries which it ridiculed.

the most celebrated French romances of the Round Table; while, at the same period, the romantic inventions concerning the history of Troy and classical heroes were translated and printed by the indefatigable Caxton. Artus de la Bretagne and Huon of Bordeaux were *done* into English by Lord Berners in the reign of Henry VIII, and continued, along with the Morte Arthure, to be the chief delight of our ancestors during the sway of the family of Tudor. In the age of Queen Elizabeth, the Spanish romances concerning Amadis and Palmerin were translated, and a few imitations of the romances of chivalry were also written in English.

A new state of society and manners had sprung up, and hence the nation eagerly received those innumerable translations and imitations of the Italian tales, which were now widely diffused.

The exploits of chivalry—the atrocities and intrigues of the Italian tales, are now alike neglected; and while such works as those of Richardson and Fielding interpose between, they can scarcely be regarded by the present age or posterity. Yet it should not be forgotten that the images and characters of chivalry bestowed additional richness and variety on the luxuriant fancy of Spenser, while the incidents of the Italian tales supplied materials even for the inexhaustible imagination of Shakspeare, and gave birth to that peculiar turn of tragic as well as comic interest adopted by the most numerous and noble race of English dramatic poets.

N. B. See the *Introductory Essay to, and Biographical Sketches of, my Elegant Extracts for a list and analysis of the most esteemed English Novels.*

THE BOOK OF LEGENDS.

THE PRIDE OF THE VILLAGE.

May no wolf howl ; no screech-owl stir
A wing about thy sepulchre !
No boisterous winds or storms come hither,
To starve or wither
Thy soft sweet earth ! but, like a spring,
Love keep it ever flourishing !

HERRICK.

In the course of an excursion through one of the remote counties of England, I had struck into one of those cross-roads that lead through the more secluded parts of the country, and stopped one afternoon at a village, the situation of which was beautifully rural and retired. There was an air of primitive simplicity about its inhabitants, not to be found in the villages which lie on the great coach-roads. I determined to pass the night there, and, having taken an early dinner, strolled out to enjoy the neighbouring scenery.

My ramble, as is usually the case with travellers, soon led me to the church, which stood at a little distance from the village. Indeed, it was an object of some curiosity, its old tower being completely overrun with ivy, so that only here and there a jutting buttress, an angle of gray wall, or a fantastically carved ornament, peered through the verdant covering. It was a lovely evening. The early part of the day had been dark and showery, but in the afternoon it had cleared up; and

though sullen clouds still hung over head, yet there was a broad tract of golden sky in the west, from which the setting sun gleamed through the dripping leaves, and lit up all nature into a melancholy smile. It seemed like the parting hour of a good Christian, smiling on the sins and sorrows of the world, and giving, in the serenity of his decline, an assurance that he will rise again in glory.

I had seated myself on a half-sunken tombstone, and was musing, as one is apt to do at this sober-thoughted hour, on past scenes and early friends—on those who were distant and those who were dead—and indulging in that kind of melancholy fancying, which has in it something sweeter even than pleasure.

Every now and then, the stroke of a bell from the neighbouring tower fell on my ear; its tones were in unison with the scene, and, instead of jarring, chimed in with my feelings; and it was some time before I recollected that it must be tolling the knell of some new tenant of the tomb.

Presently I saw a funeral train moving across the village green; it wound slowly along a lane, was lost, and re-appeared through the breaks of the hedges, until it passed the place where I was sitting. The pall was supported by young girls, dressed in white; and another, about the age of seventeen, walked before, bearing a chaplet of white flowers; a token that the deceased was a young and unmarried female. The corpse was followed by the parents. They were a venerable couple of the better order of peasantry. The father seemed to repress his feelings; but his fixed eye, contracted brow, and deeply-furrowed face, showed the struggle that was passing within. His wife hung on his arm, and

wept aloud with the convulsive bursts of a mother's sorrow.

I followed the funeral into the church. The bier was placed in the centre aisle, and the chaplet of white flowers, with a pair of white gloves were hung over the seat which the deceased had occupied.

Every one knows the soul-subduing pathos of the funeral service; for who is so fortunate as never to have followed some one he has loved to the tomb? But when performed over the remains of innocence and beauty, thus laid low in the bloom of existence—what can be more affecting? At that simple, but most solemn consignment of the body to the grave—"Earth to earth—ashes to ashes—dust to dust!" the tears of the young companions of the deceased flowed unrestrained.

The father still seemed to struggle with his feelings, and to comfort himself with the assurance, that the dead are blessed which die in the Lord; but the mother only thought of her child as a flower of the field cut down and withered in the midst of its sweetness; she was like Rachel, "mourning over her children, and would not be comforted."

On returning to the inn, I learnt the whole story of the deceased. It was a simple one, and such as has often been told. She had been the beauty and pride of the village. Her father had once been an opulent farmer, but was reduced in circumstances. This was an only child, and brought up entirely at home, in the simplicity of rural life. She had been the pupil of the village pastor, the favourite lamb of his little flock. The good man watched over her education with paternal care; it was limited, and suitable to the sphere in which she was to move; for he sought only to make her an ornament to her station in

life, not to raise her above it. The tenderness and indulgence of her parents, and the exemption from all ordinary occupation, had fostered a natural grace and delicacy of character, that accorded with the fragile loveliness of her form. She appeared like some tender plant of the garden, blooming accidentally amid the hardier natives of the fields.

The superiority of her charms was felt and acknowledged by her companions, but without envy; for it was surpassed by the unassuming gentleness and winning kindness of her manners.

It might be truly said of her,

“ This is the prettiest low-born lass that ever
Ran on the green sward: nothing she does or seems,
But smacks of something greater than herself;
Too noble for this place. ”

The village was one of those sequestered spots, which still retain some vestiges of old English customs. It had its rural festivals and holiday pastimes, and still kept up some faint observance of the once popular rites of May. These, indeed, had been promoted by its present pastor, who was a lover of old customs, and one of those simple Christians that think their mission fulfilled by promoting joy on earth and good-will among mankind. Under his auspices the Maypole stood from year to year in the centre of the village green; on May-day it was decorated with garlands and streamers; and a queen or lady of May was appointed, as in former times, to preside at the sports, and distribute the prizes and rewards. The picturesque situation of the village, and the fancifulness of its rustic fêtes, would often attract the notice of casual visitors. Among these, on one May-day, was a young officer, whose regiment had

been recently quartered in the neighbourhood. He was charmed with the native taste that pervaded this village pageant; but, above all, with the dawning loveliness of the queen of May. It was the village favourite who was crowned with flowers, and blushing and smiling in all the beautiful confusion of girlish diffidence and delight. The artlessness of rural habits enabled him readily to make her acquaintance; he gradually won his way into her intimacy; and paid his court to her in that unthinking way in which young officers are too apt to trifle with rustic simplicity.

There was nothing in his advances to startle or alarm.—As to her, she loved almost unconsciously; she scarcely inquired what was the growing passion that was absorbing every thought and feeling, or what were to be its consequences. She, indeed, looked not to the future. When present, his looks and words occupied her whole attention; when absent, she thought but of what had passed at their recent interview. She would wander with him through the green lanes and rural scenes of the vicinity. He taught her to see new beauties in nature; he talked in the language of polite and cultivated life, and breathed into her ear the witcheries of romance and poetry.

Perhaps there could not have been a passion, between the sexes, more pure than this innocent girl's. The gallant figure of her youthful admirer, and the splendor of his military attire, might at first have charmed her eye; but it was not these that had captivated her heart. Her attachment had something in it of idolatry. She looked up to him as to a being of a superior order. She felt in his society the enthusiasm of a mind naturally delicate and poetical, and now first awakened to a keen per-

ception of the beautiful and grand. Of the sordid distinctions of rank and fortune she thought nothing ; it was the difference of intellect , of demeanour , of manners , from those of the rustic society to which she had been accustomed, that elevated him in her opinion. She would listen to him with the charmed ear, and downcast look of mute delight, and her cheek would mantle with enthusiasm ; or if ever she ventured a shy glance of timid admiration, it was as quickly withdrawn, and she would sigh and blush at the idea of her comparative unworthiness. —

What was he to do ? There were the old obstacles which so incessantly occur in these heedless attachments, his rank in life—the prejudices of tit'ed connexions—his dependence upon a proud and unyielding father—all forbade him to think of matrimony :—but when he looked down upon this innocent being, so tender and confiding, there was a purity in her manners, a blamelessness in her life, and a beseeching modesty in her looks, that awed down every licentious feeling. In vain did he try to fortify himself by a thousand heartless examples of men of fashion ; and to chill the glow of generous sentiment, with that cold derisive levity with which he had heard them talk of female virtue : whenever he came into her presence, she was still surrounded by that mysterious but impassive charm of virgin purity, in whose hallowed sphere no guilty thought can live.

The sudden arrival of orders for the regiment to repair to the continent completed the confusion of his mind. He remained for a short time in a state of the most painful irresolution ; he hesitated to communicate the tidings, until the day for marching was at hand ;

when he gave her the intelligence in the course of an evening ramble.

The idea of parting had never before occurred to her. It broke in at once upon her dream of felicity; she looked upon it as a sudden and insurmountable evil, and wept with the guileless simplicity of a child. The confidence of his power over her, and the dread of losing her for ever, all conspired to overwhelm his better feelings—he ventured to propose that she should leave her home, and be the companion of his fortunes.

He was quite a novice in seduction, and blushed and faltered at his own baseness; but so innocent of mind was his intended victim, that she was at first at a loss to comprehend his meaning; and why she should leave her native village, and the humble roof of her parents. When at last the nature of his proposal flashed upon her pure mind, the effect was withering. She did not weep—she did not break forth into reproach—she said not a word—but she shrunk back aghast as from a viper; gave him a look of anguish that pierced to his very soul; and clasping her hands in agony, fled, as if for refuge, to her father's cottage.

The officer retired, confounded, humiliated, and repentant. It is uncertain what might have been the result of the conflict of his feelings, had not his thoughts been diverted by the bustle of departure. New scenes, new pleasures, and new companions, soon dissipated his self-reproach, and stifled his tenderness; yet, amidst the stir of camps, the revelries of garrisons, the array of armies, and even the din of battles, his thoughts would sometimes steal back to the scenes of rural quiet and village simplicity—the white cottage—the footpath along the silver brook and up the hawthorn hedge, and the

little village maid loitering along it, leaning on his arm, and listening to him with eyes beaming with unconscious affection.

The shock which the poor girl had received in the destruction of all her ideal world, had indeed been cruel. Faintings and hysterics had at first shaken her tender frame, and were succeeded by a settled and pining melancholy.

She had beheld from her window the march of the departing troops. She had seen her faithless lover borne off, as if in triumph, amidst the sound of drum and trumpet, and the pomp of arms. She strained a last aching gaze after him, as the morning sun glittered about his figure and his plume waved in the breeze; he passed away like a bright vision from her sight, and left her all in darkness.

It would be trite to dwell on the particulars of her after story. It was, like other tales of love, melancholy. She avoided society, and wandered out alone in the walks she had most frequented with her lover. She sought, like the stricken deer, to weep in silence and loneliness, and brood over the barbed sorrow that rankled in her soul. Sometimes she would be seen late of an evening sitting in the porch of the village church; and the milkmaids, returning from the fields, would now and then overhear her singing some plaintive ditty in the hawthorn walk. She became fervent in her devotions at church; and as the old people saw her approach, so wasted away, yet with a hectic bloom, and that hallowed air which melancholy diffuses round the form, they would make way for her, as for something spiritual, and, looking after her, would shake their heads in gloomy foreboding.

She felt a conviction that she was hastening to the tomb, but looked forward to it as a place of rest. The silver cord that had bound her to existence was loosed, and there seemed to be no more pleasure under the sun : if ever her gentle bosom had entertained resentment against her lover, it was extinguished. She was incapable of angry passions ; and, in a moment of saddened tenderness, she penned him a farewell letter. It was couched in the simplest language, but touching from its very simplicity. She told him that she was dying, and did not conceal from him that his conduct was the cause. She even depicted the sufferings which she had experienced ; but concluded with saying, that she could not die in peace until she had sent him her forgiveness and blessing.

By degrees her strength so declined, that she could no longer leave the cottage. She could only totter to the window, where, propped up in her chair, it was her enjoyment to sit all day and look out upon the landscape. Still she uttered no complaint, nor imparted to any one the malady that was preying on her heart. She never even mentioned her lover's name ; but would lay her head on her mother's bosom and weep in silence. Her poor parents hung in mute anxiety over this fading blossom of their hopes, still flattering themselves that it might again revive to freshness, and that the bright unearthly bloom which sometimes flushed her cheek might be the promise of returning health.

In this way she was seated between them one Sunday afternoon ; her hands were clasped in theirs, the lattice was thrown open, and the soft air that stole in brought with it the fragrance of the clustering honeysuckle which her own hands had trained round the window.

Her father had just been reading a chapter in the Bible : It spoke of the vanity of worldly things, and of the joys of heaven : it seemed to have diffused comfort and serenity through her bosom. Her eye was fixed on the distant village church ; the bell had tolled for the evening service ; the last villager was lagging into the porch, and every thing had sunk into that hallowed stillness peculiar to the day of rest. Her parents were gazing on her with yearning hearts. Sickness and sorrow, which pass so roughly over some faces, had given to hers the expression of a seraph's. A tear trembled in her soft blue eye.—Was she thinking of her faithless lover ?—or were her thoughts wandering to that distant churchyard, into whose bosom she might soon be gathered ?

Suddenly the clang of hoofs was heard—a horseman galloped to the cottage—He dismounted before the window—the poor girl gave a faint exclamation, and sunk back in her chair : it was her repentant lover : he rushed into the house ; but her wasted form—her death-like countenance—so wan, yet so lovely in its desolation,—smote him to the soul, and he threw himself in an agony at her feet. She was too faint to rise—she attempted to extend her trembling hand—her lips moved as if she spoke, but no word was articulated—she looked down upon him with a smile of unutterable tenderness,—and closed her eyes for ever.

Such are the particulars which I gathered of this village story. They are but scanty, and I am conscious have little novelty to recommend them. In the present rage, also, for strange incident and high-seasoned narrative, they may appear trite and insignificant, but they interested me strongly at the time ; and, taken in

connexion with the affecting ceremony which I had just witnessed, left a deeper impression on my mind than many circumstances of a more striking nature. I have passed through the place since, and visited the church again, from a better motive than mere curiosity. It was a wintry evening, the trees were stripped of their foliage; the churchyard looked naked and mournful, and the wind rustled coldly through the dry grass. Evergreens, however, had been planted about the grave of the village favourite, and osiers were bent over it to keep the turf uninjured.

The church door was open, and I stepped in. There hung the chaplet of flowers and the gloves, as on the day of the funeral: the flowers were withered, it is true, but care seemed to have been taken that no dust should soil their whiteness. I have seen many monuments, where art has exhausted its powers to awaken the sympathy of the spectator, but I have met with none that spoke more touching to my heart, than this simple but delicate memento of departed innocence.

JEANIE DEANS'S INTERVIEW

WITH QUEEN CAROLINE.

The Duke of Argyle made a signal for Jeanie to advance from the spot where she had hitherto remained watching countenances, which were too long accustomed to suppress all apparent signs of emotion, to convey to her any interesting intelligence. Her Majesty could not help smiling at the awe-struck manner in which the

quiet demure figure of the little Scotchwoman advanced towards her; and yet more at the first sound of her broad northern accent. But Jeanie had a voice low and sweetly-toned, an admirable thing in woman, and also besought "her Ladyship to have pity on a poor misguided young creature," in tones so affecting, that, like the notes of some of her native songs, provincial vulgarity was lost in pathos.

"Stand up, young woman," said the Queen, but in a kind tone, "and tell me what sort of a barbarous people your country-folks are, where child-murder is become so common as to require the restraint of laws like yours?"

"If your Ladyship pleases," answered Jeanie, "there are many places beside Scotland where mothers are unkind to their own flesh and blood."

It must be observed, that the disputes between George the Second and Frederick Prince of Wales, were then at the highest; and that the good-natured part of the public laid the blame on the Queen. She coloured highly; and darted a glance of a most penetrating character first at Jeanie, and then at the Duke. Both sustained it unmoved; Jeanie from total unconsciousness of the offence she had given, and the Duke from his habitual composure. But in his heart he thought, My unlucky protégée has, with this luckless answer, shot dead, by a kind of chance-medley, her only hope of success.

Lady Suffolk good-humouredly and skilfully interposed in this awkward crisis. "You should tell this Lady," she said to Jeanie, "the particular causes which render this crime common in your country." "Some think it's the Kirk Session—that is—it's the *cutty-stool*,

if your Ladyship pleases," said Jeanie, looking down, and curtseying.

"The what?" said Lady Suffolk, to whom the phrase was new and who beside was rather deaf.

"That's the stool of repentance, Madam, if it please your Ladyship," answered Jeanie, "for light life and conversation, and for breaking the seventh commandment." Here she raised her eyes to the Duke, saw his hand at his chin, and, totally unconscious of what she had said out of joint, gave double effect to the inuendo, by stopping short, and looking embarrassed.

As for Lady Suffolk, she retired like a covering party, which, having interposed betwixt their retreating friends and the enemy, have suddenly drawn on themselves a fire unexpectedly severe.

The deuce take the lass, thought the Duke of Argyle to himself, there goes another shot—and she has killed with both barrels, right and left.

Indeed, the Duke had himself his share of the confusion; for, having acted as master of ceremonies to this innocent offender, he felt much in the circumstances of a country squire, who, having introduced his spaniel into a well-appointed drawing-room, is doomed to witness the disorder and damage which arises to china, and to dress gowns, in consequence of its untimely frolics.

Jeanie's last chance hit, however, obliterated the ill impression which had arisen from the first; for her Majesty had not so far lost the feelings of a wife in those of a queen, but what she could enjoy a jest at the expense of her good Suffolk. She turned towards the Duke of Argyle with a smile, which marked that she enjoyed the triumph, and observed, "the Scotch are a rigidly moral people." Then again applying herself to Jeanie, she asked, how she travelled up from Scotland?

“Upon my foot mostly, Madam,” was the reply.

“What! and all that immense way upon foot? How far can you walk in a day?”

“Five-and-twenty miles and a *bittock*.”

“And a what?” said the Queen, looking towards the Duke of Argyle.

“And about five miles more,” replied the Duke.

“I thought I was a good walker,” said the Queen, “but this shames me sadly.”

“May your Ladyship never have so weary a heart, that you cannot be sensible of the weariness of the limbs,” said Jeanie.

That came better off, thought the Duke; it’s the first thing she has said to the purpose.

“And I did not just altogether walk the whole way neither, for I had sometimes the cast of a cart; and I had the cast of a horse from Ferrybridge, and divers other *easements*,” said Jeanie, cutting short her story, for she observed the Duke made the sign he had fixed upon.

“With all these accommodations,” answered the Queen, “you must have had a very fatiguing journey, and, I fear, to little purpose; since, if the King were to pardon your sister, in all probability it would do her little good, for I suppose your people of Edinburgh would hang her out of spite.”

She will sink herself now outright, thought the Duke.

But he was wrong. The shoals on which Jeanie had touched in this delicate conversation lay under ground, and were unknown to her; this rock was above water, and she avoided it.

“She was confident,” she said, “that both town and country would rejoice to see his Majesty taking compassion on a poor unfriended creature.”

“His Majesty has not found it so in a late instance,” said the Queen; “but I suppose my Lord Duke would advise him to be guided by the votes of the rabble themselves, who should be hanged and who spared.”

“No, Madam,” said the Duke; “but I would advise his Majesty to be guided by his own feelings and those of his royal consort; and then, I am sure, punishment will only attach itself to guilt, and, even then, with cautious reluctance.”

“Well, my Lord,” said her Majesty, “all these fine speeches do not convince me of the propriety of so soon showing any mark of favour to your—I suppose I must not say rebellious?—but, at least, your very disaffected and intractable metropolis. Why, the whole nation is in a league to screen the savage and abominable murderers of that unhappy man; otherwise, how is it possible but that, of so many perpetrators, and engaged in so public an action, for such a length of time, one at least must have been recognized? Even this wench, for aught I can tell, may be a depositary of the secret. Hark you, young woman, had you any friends engaged in the Porteous mob?”

“No, Madam,” answered Jeanie, happy that the question was so framed that she could, with a good conscience, answer it in the negative.

“But I suppose,” continued the Queen, “if you were possessed of such a secret, you would hold it matter of conscience to keep it to yourself?”

“I would pray to be directed and guided what was the line of duty, Madam,” answered Jeanie.

“Yes, and take that which suited your own inclinations,” replied her Majesty.

“If it like you, Madam,” said Jeanie, “I would have

gone to the end of the earth to save the life of John Porteous, or any other unhappy man in his condition ; but I might lawfully doubt how far I am called upon to be the avenger of his blood, though it may become the civil magistrate to do so. He is dead and gone to his place, and they that have slain him must answer for their own act. But my sister—my poor sister Effie, still lives, though her days and hours are numbered ;—she still lives, and a word of the King's mouth might restore her to a broken-hearted old man, that never, in his daily and nightly exercise, forgot to pray that his Majesty might be blessed with a long and prosperous reign, and that his throne and the throne of his posterity might be established in righteousness. O, Madam, if ever ye knew what it was to sorrow for and with a sinning and suffering creature, whose mind is so tossed, that she can be neither called fit to live or die, have some compassion on our misery !—Save an honest house from dishonour, and an unhappy girl, not eighteen years of age, from an early and dreadful death !—Alas ! it is not when we sleep soft and wake merrily ourselves, that we think on other people's sufferings. Our hearts are waxed light within us then, and we are for righting our own wrongs, and fighting our own battles. But when the hour of trouble comes to the mind or to the body—and seldom may it visit your Ladyship—and when the hour of death comes, that comes to high and low—long and late may it be yours—O, my Lady, then it is not what we have done for ourselves but what we have done for others, that we think on most pleasantly. And the thoughts, that ye have intervened to spare the poor thing's life, will be sweeter in that hour, come when it may, than if a word of your mouth could hang the whole Porteous mob."

Tear followed tear down Jeanie's cheeks, as, her features glowing and quivering with emotion, she pleaded her sister's cause with a pathos which was at once simple and solemn.

"This is eloquence," said her Majesty to the Duke of Argyle. "Young woman," she continued, addressing herself to Jeanie, "I cannot grant a pardon to your sister—but you shall not want my warm intercession with his Majesty. Take this housewife-case," she continued, putting a small embroidered needle-case into Jeanie's hands; "do not open it now, but at your leisure you will find something in it which will remind you, you have had an interview with Queen Caroline."

Jeanie, having her suspicions thus confirmed, dropped on her knees, and would have expanded herself in gratitude; but the Duke, who was upon thorns lest she should say more or less than just enough, touched his chin once more.

"Our business is, I think, ended for the present, my Lord Duke," said the Queen, "and, I trust, to your satisfaction. Hereafter I hope to see your Grace more frequently, both at Richmond and St James's.—Come, Lady Suffolk, we must wish his Grace good-morning."

They exchanged their parting reverences, and the Duke, so soon as the ladies had turned their backs, assisted Jeanie to rise from the ground, and conducted her back through the avenue, which she trod with the feeling of one who walks in her sleep.

THE STRANGER PATRON.

“This is no mortal business.”—SHAKESPEARE.

The setting sun tinted with his golden beams the bright vine leaves that clustered luxuriantly round the little window of the studio in which Giulio Arnolfo, the ablest sculptor in Florence, studied and practised those principles of art, by means of which he hoped to gain, at last, that far distant and uncertain reward of Genius—the admiration of posterity; and the valley by which Florence is surrounded, lighted by his gorgeous splendor, presented a scene so perfectly beautiful and picturesque, that it had succeeded in withdrawing for a time Giulio's attention from the model which he was then about to finish, and his thoughts from that dearer object on which they were more frequently employed—his beloved Berta.

While he gazed with the passionate intensity of an artist on the surrounding landscape, glowing in the brilliancy of departing day, and on the distant hills, whose various heights and situations contributed by the diversity of their colors to complete the beauty of a scene calculated to inspire deep feelings of poetry and devotion, the hum of the busy city, the gentle murmur of the Arno meandering in its peaceful course, and the vesper chimes of the neighbouring churches and monasteries, plunged him into a deep and sorrowful reverie. He at length aroused himself. “It is indeed very beautiful, and yet I cannot gaze on it without sadness :

something oppresses me, some undefinable feeling of sorrow mysteriously arises, from this vast field of beauty, to weigh down my natural buoyant spirits. Strange, that the contemplation of such magnificence should at once delight the eye by its brightness, and plunge the soul into despondency by the dark and hidden fancies which it gives rise to! But a truce to such folly, I must to Berta; if she miss her walk, I shall return ungladdened by her smiles and thanks, which outvalue all the fine feelings in Italy." So saying, he was about to leave the apartment, when the door opened, and he was prevented by the entrance of a stranger.

He was a man of noble appearance, who, by the dignity and refinement of his manners more than by his commanding figure and richness of apparel, impressed upon his beholders the conviction of his superior rank. Though somewhat past the prime of life, his step had not lost its elasticity, nor was the original vigor of his frame diminished; and his countenance, which bespoke a calm and philosophic endurance of the ills of this world, possessed at the same time an indescribable expression of power and benevolence, calculated to procure for him alternately fear and reverence. He was dressed in mourning, but the materials of his habit were of the most costly nature; and a diamond cross, which was suspended to a broad crimson riband round his neck, shone in mournful though brilliant contrast to his otherwise sombre costume. Giulio, who at first imagined the interruption might have proceeded from the arrival of one of the many idlers who frequented the studio of the artist, apparently less for the purpose of purchasing than of retarding their productions, was about to protest against being detained, when he was

arrested by the superior demeanour of his visitor, whose appearance seemed to promise the only recompence which could be made for delaying his visit to Berta—the probability of his becoming a patron, and one of rank and affluence.

The stranger commenced the conversation : “ Signor Arnolfo, though hitherto personally unknown to me, I am acquainted with you through your productions, more especially one which has established your claim to the character of an enlightened and accomplished artist. ”

Arnolfo bowed—“ I mean the Wounded Cupid in the collection of the Palazzo.—Impressed with admiration of your abilities, I have selected you as the artist by whom a sepulchral group, solemn in its design, and sad in its import, must be executed. ” “ Must be!—there is little need of *must be*, when both fame and gold are to be had for the trial, ” responded Arnolfo to himself ; but his visitor proceeded. “ The design is that of a youth mourning over the dead body of his betrothed—the figures are to be the size of life, the price five thousand crowns, and the time of completion this day twelve month. Any alterations you may suggest, except as regards that latter point, I am not only willing but anxious to receive, but upon that I am determined. By this day next year the figures must be completed. ”

“ Plague on his *must be*, ” again muttered Arnolfo. Then addressing the stranger, said : “ Signor, proud as I am of the task which you have been pleased to assign to me, I am still more so from the consciousness of having obtained that distinction by the former exertion of my humble talents, and will endeavour to prove my sense of your kindness by the punctuality and zeal with

which I will obey your behest."—"I do not doubt it, Signor Arnolfo, but as I leave Florence immediately, and shall not return till the twelve months are expired, pray give me your ideas upon the interesting work which I have proposed to you." "Willingly; and the more so as I should prefer for a subject, should you concur with me, a lover watching his expiring mistress; for, of two distressing ideas, an amiable and affectionate maiden sunk in a placid sleep, the type and harbinger of death, eagerly and attentively watched by an afflicted lover in whose countenance is painted the horrible conflicts of love, anguish, hope, and despair, is less heart-rending, than to see the pallid corpse of all of earthly that he ever loved, gazed on by the chosen of her heart, with love for what it has been and with horror at what it is—cold unfeeling clay, a tenant for the noisome grave, and food for the worms of earth. I am perhaps, however, hazarding a conjecture on the arrangement of the group, which may not accord with the object to which it is intended to apply it when finished.—Pray, Signor, what may that be?" "Time will show," replied the stranger, "in the mean while let it be as you propose; there is but little difference between the glazed eye of the dying and the closed eye of the dead; yet slight as it is, the here and the hereafter wait upon the change. I will now show you my idea of the positions into which I think the figures should be thrown."—So saying, he took up a crayon, and hastily sketched upon the wall a rough but masterly outline of the design. The spirit which pervaded this trifling performance increased the astonishment which seized the youthful artist, when he remarked, that though every line was correct and expressive of the action of the

group, the heads of both figures were wanting. "I fear me, Signor," said Arnolfo, "that my work will fall far short of what so great a master of the art would wish, yet, spite of my fears, I must acknowledge myself greatly obliged for this specimen of your skill, and for the study which it will save me; believe me, I do not mean to flatter you, but I feel that in embodying that idea I shall produce a master-piece."

"Your commendation is flattering," replied the stranger. "I had but intended to assist, not to dictate your management of the work."—"Pardon me," continued Giulio, whose admiration and wonder increased as he contemplated the sketch; "pardon me, but I would fain know why one so talented has omitted the heads of the figures: surely you who have told the subjects by the headless trunks, have other reasons than fear of failure in the countenances for this omission."—"Oh! there are many and good reasons for that, Signor Arnolfo; and perhaps none better than that I have improved upon the Grecian who veiled the face, whose passions he dared not attempt to paint, and so have left them entirely to the imagination of the spectator. But the evening is fast closing; are my terms such as you could wish?" Giulio, who was overwhelmed by his liberality, expressed himself in the warmest terms of gratitude, and promised that his wishes should be attended to in every respect. "Here then is thy reward, Signor Arnolfo, but remember thy task must be finished by this day twelve month. Fare thee well!" So saying, and having thrown a purse well filled with gold upon the table, the stranger took his departure.

The astonished Giulio immediately returned to the examination of the drawing on the wall, the beauty and

truth of which plunged him into an ecstasy of admiration and delight. The more he gazed, the greater was the wonder which it produced in him; but when, at the highest pitch of enthusiastic excitement, he recollected the emphatic manner in which his new patron had insisted upon the design being completed by a certain time, his mysterious bearing, and the circumstance of his waving all explanation of the purpose for which the statue was intended, he felt considerable repugnance to the undertaking, and would, if his visitor had not left him, have been inclined to throw aside the golden opportunity which presented itself, and to decline the newly offered patronage, despite the liberal reward attendant upon his exertions.

These circumstances contributed to allay the joy which he would otherwise have felt at the prospect of being shortly united to Berta, the possession of so large a sum removing the only obstacle to their union which existed; and though the sight of the purse, which remained untouched upon the table, excited pleasing and brilliant hopes within his breast, the events of the evening appeared so mysterious and unintelligible, that on the consideration of them he relapsed into the fit of melancholy from which he had scarcely roused himself at the entrance of his visitor, and which was renewed with increased force at his departure.

But Giulio's was a restless and vacillating spirit; and by the time he had hastily cleared up his studio, arranged like a very lover his attire, and arrived at the dwelling of his Berta, he had shaken off the gloom which enveloped his mind, and was all light and air at the tidings he was about to communicate.

Glad and joyous that night was the meeting of Giulio

and Berta; for it was the first in which, with any well-founded hope, they had deliberated upon plans of future happiness. The more than womanly mildness of Berta was shown in the deep-felt silence and grateful tears by which she evinced her delight and satisfaction at the brilliant prospect which now opened before them; while Giulio, ever enthusiastic and impetuous, revelled midst hastily-formed schemes of future conduct and visionary ideas of never-ending enjoyment.

Wild and incoherent were the fancies which floated before his heated imagination. Now would he purchase a villa on the banks of the Arno, where the presence of his Berta should cheer and encourage him in his studies; and now he determined not to quit Florence, but enjoy with her the society to which he hoped his talents would introduce them; and, as he hastily and impetuously expressed his quickly-changing thoughts, the flash of his eye, the rapidity of his utterance, the very tone of his voice, were so peculiar and expressive, that they seemed the result of that unearthly joy which old cronies and dotards pronounce to be the infallible and fatal token of a doomed man.

The hour of parting at length arrived; and though, while at the side of Berta, the youthful sculptor felt loath to say—good night; yet, the farewell once uttered, he was all impatience to retrace his steps, and, ere he sought his couch, to gaze once more on the drawing of his new patron. Though he viewed it with increased admiration, envy gradually found entrance into his bosom, and whispered him that his reputation might be tarnished if it were known, that, instead of supporting the dignity of the artist and exercising his own imagination, he had consented to become a copyist by adopting the ideas of another.

Actuated by these feelings, he was from that moment continually employed in designing and new-modelling the subject; yet, though the thought of executing it in the manner which he had almost promised became daily more insupportable, it seemed as if, for want of being satisfied with any production of his own, he should at last be compelled to do so. His creative powers appeared suddenly to have abandoned him; his ideas, which once crowded upon him, seemed to have fled at the moment when their presence was most needed; and instead of, as they were wont, answering his beck in bright and airy throngs, they now rose slowly and laboriously before his exhausted fancy. Yes, in spite of the study and meditation which he had expended upon them, every fresh sketch seemed more faulty than its predecessor. This wanted expression, that wanted grace; in one the figures were too stiff, in another they were unskilfully arranged; in short, strive as he would, the original design remained unrivalled.

Months passed away in this manner, and the commission of his patron, hitherto uncommenced, now appeared less likely than ever to be completed; for Berta, who had inherited from her mother a weak frame and delicate constitution, had latterly evinced alarming symptoms of a rapid consumption.

This circumstance was fatal to Giulio's studies; he felt that he should not long possess her; and, anxious to soothe her by his kindness, and alleviate her sufferings by his tenderness, he was unremitting in his attendance upon her, gratifying all her wishes and anticipating all her wants.

It was at the close of a warm spring day, that Berta, reclining on a couch, was left to the care of her afflic-

ted and desponding Giulio. A small lamp, burning before an image of the Virgin, shed a tremulous light over the apartment; and the cool gales of evening, wafted through the veil-like curtains of the window, lulled her to that repose which her exhausted state required, but which had been denied to her by the oppressive heat of the day. While Giulio gazed on the pale and faded cheek which had but a few weeks before seemed to him the roundest and rosiest that ever gladdened the eye of an admirer, his heart sunk within him, when he reflected in how few and quickly-fleeting hours the frail and beautiful form, in which all his happiness was centred, would perish like its rivals the sweet flowers of spring; and how that with her all his dreams of joy would pass away, and leave him to a waking as replete with woe as his visions had been with bliss.

By such agonizing thoughts as these was his mind distracted and his whole frame agitated. His bosom swelled with the extremity of his grief, and the tears started to his eyelids; still not one sigh had he power to breathe, not one tear could he shed to relieve his sufferings and alleviate his distress. Care-worn and heart-broken, with the attention of a nurse and the affection of a husband he bent over his exhausted Berta, whose mind, wandering in her sleep to the recollection of those bygone moments, when, made happy by the assurance of requited affection, their hearts were exchanged and vows of eternal constancy mutually plighted; she gained temporary strength from the excitement, and as she slept exclaimed, with all the energy of fondness, "and will you *always* love me, Giulio?"

What Giulio's sensations were when he heard that overwhelming evidence of affection, few can tell; he felt

as if at that moment the extremes of bliss and misery were centred in his breast: painful and terrible was the struggle which checked the involuntary expression of his feelings; a faintness came over him; stupor was rapidly overwhelming him; but the tears poured down his rugged cheeks—he wept—and in the midst of sorrow was comforted that the rest of the sleeper remained undisturbed. But the hour of his trial was not yet passed away: his mind, already tortured beyond the ordinary limits of human endurance, was destined to undergo still further suffering on the rack of blighted affection. While he yet wept and remained immoveable through the weight of his affliction, his eyes wandered unconsciously round the apartment, and when they reached the wall whereon the shadows of himself and Berta were reflected, he was filled with horror at perceiving that the dark outline presented a surprising and fearful resemblance to the design of the stranger. Great and terrible was the shock which it gave him; and the overpowering impression, that the hand of Providence had guided the mysterious events of the last few months, rushed upon his mind and harrowed it.

Horried at this awful indication of his approaching destiny, consciousness gradually forsook him; and, after a few moments spent in a struggle for mastery over his feelings, he fell senseless to the floor; and thus hastened the catastrophe which his distracted fancy had anticipated.

The noise of his fall, which brought her brother Giacomo and the nurse into the chamber, likewise awakened Berta; and the sudden alarm which it occasioned her, brought on all the worse symptoms of her complaint to that degree that Giulio was necessarily left unheeded

while their attentions were directed to the assistance of Berta—but in vain. She was seized with a violent fit of coughing, and the exertion proved fatal to her: her frame, already attenuated by the rapid progress of the disease, could offer no further resistance, and the rupture of a blood vessel placed her beyond the reach of mortal suffering.

Wonderful are the ways of Providence, and the powers of human nature. Giulio, whose grief had hitherto been most immoderate, and whose returning senses communicated to him fresh causes for indulging in it, bore without a tear this sudden bereavement; and he who a few hours before felt assured that nothing could afford him consolation under such an event, was able almost immediately to comfort and condole with her fond and unhappy brother. So true it is, that he who sendeth afflictions will enable us to bear up against them, and will “temper the wind to the shorn lamb.”

It was a sad sight when a band of maidens, clothed in their funeral robes of white, bore the lamented Berta to her grave; and, as they scattered flowers upon the coffin, many of the spectators wept and said, “Alas! death has cropped the sweetest flower in Florence.”

Giacomo, loud in his grief, and exhausted by his continual lamentations, was obliged to lean for support upon the arm of Giulio, who proceeded with an undaunted step and an undimmed eye to the grave in which they were about to lay the remains of his betrothed. Many marvelled when they saw his placid demeanour; but none believed it to result from indifference or want of feeling; and, though they knew not the cause, they felt assured that a sufficient one existed.

At the close of this imposing ceremony, Giulio return-

ed to his studio, as if to banish all recollection of his misfortunes by the resumption of his long-neglected pursuits, upon which he apparently entered with an increased enthusiasm, seldom quitting his retirement but when forced by the summons of a friend, and carefully excluding from it all his accustomed visitors. A settled and gloomy melancholy appeared to possess him; and as his friends saw from time to time how thin and emaciated he became, they regretted that he gave himself up to such incessant application. Early and late was he employed: the noonday passenger watched him as he passed, and the houseless wanderer was cheered by the rays of his midnight lamp.

This was, however, a course which could not long continue; and it happened that Giacomo, who was an accomplished painter, wishing to consult him upon a point of art, was surprised by Giulio's not attending to the signal which he had given to such friends as he desired to hold communion with. The signal was twice or thrice repeated, and with as little effect as before; Giacomo, alarmed at the circumstance, called loudly upon him to open the door. "Arnolfo, my dear friend, I wish to see you: pray answer me, if you are too busy, tell me when you will be at leisure, and I will come again." Still he received no reply. Fearful of the cause of this continued silence he applied his shoulder to the door, and succeeded in bursting it open. What was his astonishment, when he beheld Arnolfo, resting his head upon his hand, apparently asleep, before a splendid and newly finished monument? He attempted to arouse the artist, but the icy coldness of his hand told to the terrified Giacomo that Giulio Arnolfo, the sculptor, slept in death.

At the foot of the monument, in which, though modelled after a drawing on the wall of the apartment, Giacomo speedily recognised the figures of his sister and Giulio, lay the open tablets of the latter, and in the first leaf was written :

“ To my dear friend and brother, Giacomo. By the love I bore towards your sister, by the esteem I bear towards yourself, I implore you to comply with the last wishes of your dying friend. Let me be laid in the same grave with my beloved Berta, and place over us the tomb which, thanks to the blessed Virgin, I have lived to finish. As for the gold, the wages of death, expend it I beseech you in deeds of charity, and in masses for the souls of your ill-fated sister and friend. Fear not that its return will ever be demanded from you; he from whom I had it was no dweller upon earth. Farewell! As you would have my spirit rest in peace, obey my bidding. Farewell. G. A. ”

The doubts which Giacomo might otherwise have felt as to obeying the wishes of his friend, were however removed the evening before his interment. A stranger, enveloped in a large travelling cloak, knocked loudly at the door and inquired for Signor Arnolfo. Giacomo, irritated at the indecency of thus disturbing the house of mourning, hastened out, with the intention of reprimanding the intruder, but was checked by finding, in answer to his questions, that he was the mysterious visitor whose commission had been attended with such fatal results. Giacomo accordingly explained to him the unfortunate circumstances which had attended his former visit, and, begging that the tomb might be applied agreeably to the wishes of the artist, offered to return the purchase-money to the stranger, who, seem-

ingly shocked at the events which had taken place, declined receiving it, and expressed great anxiety that it might be disposed of as the deceased had specified; then, bidding Giacomo a kind though hasty farewell, he took his departure, and was heard of no more.

This monument, which was long visited for the beauty of its design and execution, and the interesting history connected with it, is however no longer in existence. In the year 17—, when the church in which it was placed was fired by lightning, it shared the fate of many noble memorials of the affection and skill of former times, which were then mingled with the dust they were intended to perpetuate: and in these pages remains the only record of the sculptor of Florence and the Stranger Patron.

THE PYRENEAN HUNTER,

OR

WILD SPORTS OF THE SOUTH OF FRANCE.

WOLF-HUNTING IN THE LANDES.

It is very seldom that the wolf is met with in the Pyrenees. The bear and the izard (the chamois of these mountains) seem to hold undivided possession of their fastnesses, and are in truth (with the exception of the bouquetin, which is sometimes, but very rarely, found among the wooded hills of Spanish Navarre) the only animals of the chase which the chasseur of the Pyrenees pursues. When, however, the winter storms have driven the flocks from the higher pastures into the valleys,

a solitary wolf may now and then be found skulking among the *coteaux* in their vicinity ; but so scarce are they, that, though sometimes shot by the peasants, whom their depredations have informed of their "whereabouts," it is not among the Pyrenees, nor in their immediate neighbourhood, that wolf-hunting can be enjoyed.

In several of the French departments, however, wolves are both numerous and destructive, and there wolf-hunting is sufficiently exciting as to rank after bear and izard-hunting among the wild sports of the south of France.

Every one knows that the department of the Landes is that vast tract of country which extends along the Bay of Biscay from the mouth of the Garonne to the Adour, and from Bayonne almost to Bordeaux. That portion of this department to the south of Dax, Mont-de-Marsan, and Roquefort, presents a numberless succession of undulations covered with vines or copsewood, and surrounded by the little meadows which the industry of the inhabitants, almost all of them proprietors of a few arpens of land, has, by the assistance of a neighbouring brook, reclaimed from the otherwise barren heath. The remainder, and by far the largest portion of the Landes, is, however, of a very different character. Great tracts of heath or sandy downs, interspersed with forests of pine and beech, cover its surface. So inhospitable a region is but thinly peopled. The villages and hamlets within its bounds are situated upon the banks of the streams or lakes, and so far apart from each other, that it is no uncommon circumstance for the sportsman to have had a long day's walk, and a tolerably good day's shooting, while merely taking the nearest path from one village to another.

In these great plains, districts, twenty miles in extent, are scarcely ever disturbed except by the flocks which at particular seasons wander over them; and, although almost every Landais carries a gun, still so much of their time is occupied in knitting their own or their families' stockings, and in attending to their flocks, that this department may be considered one of the best in France for a sportsman. He must, however, be one of the right sort, — one who sets little value on the luxuries of life, and can cheerfully submit to privation of every kind, so long as he can find employment for his "Manton" or his "Purdie."

In this wild and pastoral country wolves are as numerous as in any part of France, and frequently commit great depredations among the flocks. The Landais have several methods of destroying them. Trapping is not unfrequently practised; but the method in most favour is by a *battue* at which all the male peasantry of the canton assemble. Three or four hundred individuals are on such occasions collected together, and the spectacle which is then presented is one which can be seen nowhere but in the Landes (1).

My friend G—— and I were at Mimizan, one of the most antique and curious little towns in the Landes, and which is threatened at no distant period to be engulfed in the sands, which have already choked up its ancient port, when we received the welcome intelligence that a great wolf-hunt was to take place on the following Monday, near the village of Onesse, some three or four leagues off. Having spent the evening in fishing in the Etang d'Aureillan, we returned to our quarters

(1) The Norwegian "skalls" have some resemblance to the wolf-hunts of the Landes.

to prepare for our departure on the next morning.

To avoid the heat, for it was now the month of July, we were early astir, and few of the villagers had yet found their way to the chapel (it was Sabbath morning) as we passed by its massive porch. The Landais are a very religious people, perhaps the most so of the numerous and distinct tribes which are clustered round the Pyrenees. Their religious observances, their ceremonies, and their fêtes, which their separation from the rest of the world have preserved in all their pristine characters, are of frequent occurrence. Some of them, from their originality, are by no means uninteresting to the stranger. As good fortune would have it, we reached the village of Onesse just in time to be present at one of these fêtes peculiar to the Landes.

The service in the chapel being over, the whole of the parishioners, to the number of two or three hundred, were assembled in the open space in front of the place of worship. The elder of both sexes were seated on the ground, forming a circle, the men on one side, the women on the other. The young people were scattered around this circle in couples, holding each other's hands, and dancing to the sound of the by no means musical voice of an old man, who was elevated on a heap of stones. The air, if it was really meant to be an air, which the old gentleman was croaking, had no cadence in it to which the dancers could keep time. Indeed, the dance itself seemed nothing more than a rapid inflection of the arms and legs, without any regard to measure,—what G—— very appropriately styled a regular romp. The curate and the notary, spectators like ourselves of the scene, and who had been observing with much attention the various movements of the dancers,

now whispered to us that several marriages were about to take place; and on our asking our informants by what means they ascertained this, we were told that they had perceived certain pressures of the hands, which were an infallible sign of the intention of the parties. Accordingly, shortly after, three of the young couples successively left the dancers, a little *apparent* reluctance being shown by the fair one to follow her partner, which we supposed was only a necessary part of the ceremony. Once clear of the assemblage, they stood still regarding each other very attentively for a moment, and whispering a few words; then bestowing on each other a hearty slap, (very probably equivalent to saying "all was right,") they ran off to join their parents, and to tell the old folks "*qu'ils s'agréaient*," (that they had agreed,) the expression used on such occasions, and that they had determined to marry. The parents (unlike those "cruel parents" in other countries) invariably reply that they consent, since the young people *are agreed*.

This little parley having taken place, the curate and the man of law were both summoned to the presence, and the day at once fixed for the drawing of the contract; the bestowal of the nuptial benediction, and the celebration of the marriage.

The Maire of the village was an acquaintance of our guide Pierre, and in his house (somewhat superior in accommodation to the other huts in its vicinity) we took up our quarters.—

Our host was in all respects, but in that of his rotundity of person, a veritable Gascon. All that he had ever done or said was vastly superior to what any one else could accomplish.—The necessity of our being up

betimes the next morning excused our late attendance on his worship ; but long after we had retired to our couch of dried maize-leaves we could hear the little man, whom the thoughts of the morrow's *chasse* had rendered perhaps more than usually loquacious, instilling into Pierre anecdote after anecdote of his triumphs over the wolves.

At day-break we were called by Pierre. Our toilet was soon completed by the burnside; and having despatched our breakfast, the principal articles of which were drawn from our own game-bag, we started for the place of rendez-vous. From the difficulty of walking in the sands, the inhabitants of the Landes make use of stilts four or five feet in height, which they call *sangues*, and which are fastened to the leg with thongs, sufficient room being left for the knee to bend slightly. These they use with great agility, and the length of the stride which the Landais takes when mounted in this manner enables him to move along very rapidly, many of them being able to go as fast as a good horse can trot. By means of the elevation which the shepherd in this manner attains, he sees his flock much more perfectly ; and when he wishes to rest, he fixes his long staff in the ground, and leaning against it, works away with his knitting-needles, without which he never stirs from home.

The little Maire, mounted on his *sangues*, led the way, his long-barrelled fowling-piece slung behind him. His spirits seemed not in the least calmed by his night's rest, and his boasting was, if possible, redoubled. In addition to his being a perfect hero in a wolf-hunt, as he had proved to us the preceding evening, no one could step out as he could on the *sangues*. Then he was the

best dancer and musician in the district; in short, by his account, a paragon of perfection. G—— hinted that we had been too long in Gascony to believe all that was told us; and we did not doubt that before nightfall we should get some of his conceit shaken out of him.

Our host's impatience had made us earlier afoot than others who were to join in the sports of the day, so that, on our arrival at the rendez-vous, we found ourselves among the first who had come up. We could not, however, regret the circumstance, as it gave us an opportunity of regarding the various groups as they came racing in from all quarters. Every one being mounted on *sangues*, the appearance of the parties as they came in sight was extremely singular. Those at a distance seemed moving along high above the surface of the ground, and without any visible support; while others, surmounting a sandy knoll, continued to ascend long after the whole of their person had appeared above it. Some wore the sombre-coloured cloak and narrow-crowned hood, out of which it was almost ludicrous to behold a young face peeping; others wore their sheep-skin jackets with the wool outside, some black, some white, and all of the strangest cut imaginable. There were evidently no tailors in the Landes, and each peasant manufactured for himself.

We were regularly introduced to the various little bands as they came up, all of whom had their particular tale to tell of the destruction which the wolves had lately made among their own or their neighbours' flocks, and many were the *sacres* which they bestowed on the rogues during the recital. Our spirits rose with each successive account of the numbers and ferocity of the animals; so that by the time the various arrangements

had been completed, our force divided into sections, each under the orders of an appointed chief, we were all anxiety for the encounter. The manœuvres for the day being at last explained and understood, we were marched off to our different stations.

G—— and I were attached to the Maire's company, and every one being *mounted* but ourselves and Pierre, we found it rather fatiguing work to keep up with our party as they trotted over the downs, while our leader, as we now and then waded over a sand-hill, expatiated on the great merits of the *sanges*; and, as if to convince us still more forcibly of our want of education in not being able to use them, the old rascal stepped out the faster, our associates considering it a good joke to keep us at the top of our speed to hold up with them. The joke, such as it was, was however taken in very good part, if a muttered growl which sometimes escaped from us, when the sand was more than usually heavy, be not taken into account.

After an hour's sharp running, we arrived at the position which we were to occupy. It was situated at the extreme end of the forest, along the outskirts of which we had come from the place of rendez-vous, and which, varying from two to three miles in breadth, extended along the banks of the river for several leagues. The upper portion of the forest, that nearest to us, was interspersed with a great quantity of tangled brake and underwood, and seemed well adapted for the lairs of the animals of which we were in search. The mode of beating and guarding the wood was very simple, but at the same time very well executed, better than I have witnessed on many a field-day at home.

Single files, from fifty to a hundred paces distant from

each other, according to the inequality of the ground, but always within shot of any animal which might attempt to escape by breaking through the lines, were extended down each side of the forest, the side next the river requiring a less number to guard it than the other, as the wolf will not, unless hard pressed, take to the water. Along the upper end of the forest, that to which the wolves were to be driven, the files were placed closer, and the best shots of the district invariably occupy this, the post of honour. The sides and upper end of the forest being thus as it were secured, a line of beaters was drawn across the lower part of the wood. This party, always on foot, is generally composed of the youngsters of the canton, whose business it is to make more use of their lungs than of the old horse-pistols and carabines, with which a few of them are armed. Dogs, although sometimes useful in following a wounded animal, are seldom permitted to accompany the beaters, as they are never sufficiently well-trained to range close, but, wandering a-head destroy the regularity of the *battue*. As the beaters advance, the files who have been guarding the sides of the wood fall into line with them, so that, increasing in numbers as they go through the wood, they soon become so near to each other that not a thicket or dingle, however small, escapes their search. Our friend the Maire had chosen, as he said, the position near which the wolves would most probably endeavour to make their escape, in order to reach another forest several miles off, and to which the place where we were stationed was the nearest point. That our position was well chosen will appear hereafter.

Each of our party now selected a spot where he could be skreened from the observation of the wolves as they

came dashing through the wood, and where the ground being tolerably clear around him, he could have a good view of the animals as they galloped past him. The stump of a decayed pine or small clump of underwood served this purpose very effectually, and most of our comrades were soon ensconced behind either one or other of such shelters. It happened, however, that just where my friend and I were placed there was an open glade, which extended some distance into the forest : through this the wolves, when hard pressed in the rear, would in all probability make a rush,—at least so thought we; and when several persons had declined taking this post, from the want of shelter which it afforded, we volunteered to take charge of it. A few patches of well-grown heath, scattered along the edge of this glade, had not been unobserved by us; and as we had many a day lain in wait for the red-deer of our native mountains, with no other protection from their keen observation than the bright heath in which we crouched, we instinctively took to our old quarters with greater confidence of success. The entrance to the glade might be a good two hundred yards across, and G—— and I placed ourselves so as to command the whole breadth of it. Having once taken our station, we deemed it our duty to remain as quiet as possible, and so, undoubtedly, ought every one along the line of guards to have acted; but on what occasion will a parcel of Gascons cease to chatter?

The consequential little Maire posted himself to the left of G——, behind a gigantic pine, where, half leaning half sitting on the stump of a decayed branch, he kept up a constant fire of words, much to the annoyance of his neighbour, more especially when he alluded to the race

which he had given us over the Landes, and which we feared had rendered our hands less steady than they ought to have been on such an occasion. Then he desired us to watch the manner in which he would stop the flight of some unlucky passer-by, boasted of the distance his gun would carry, and many other conceits.

“D—n that fellow!” said G——, aloud to me in English; “he will ruin our sport with that magpie tongue of his. Such a noisy rascal ought to have been in the rear of the wolves to drive them along with his screeching, instead of being perched where he is.”

Fortunately, however, the little wind there was blew directly towards us, and from the direction in which the beaters were advancing, so that the chattering on the outposts could not be heard at any distance in the wood.

Several hours elapsed before the approach of the beaters was distinguishable. In a dense wood such as they were in, and situated on a plain, sound is not heard at a great distance. There is no re-echoing, as among the mountains, of the shouting and firing,—none of the enlivening sounds which come pealing along the valleys, and fall with such delight on the ear of the watching hunter. A dull low hum which came down the wind was the sole herald of their advance; while now and then a stray shot from the files on the outskirts of the wood told us that a wolf had been seen, either endeavouring to escape from the wood, or dashing forward to its upper extremity.

It was now mid-day, and the sun shone forth with dazzling brightness, burnishing our gun-barrels in a manner the most unfavourable to a sportsman. Here, however, the Basque *berrets* which G—— and I wore were invaluable. Their broad brims completely sheltered

our eyes from the sun's rays, while in colour they were scarcely distinguishable from the heath in which we were imbedded. In this respect we had the advantage of our companions, whose Catalan-like caps gave them no shelter whatever.

Every thing being prepared for an honourable reception of the enemy,—even the heath twigs being laid gently aside in front, in order to give us a freer range,—we now anxiously awaited the result. Gradually the straggling shots of the beaters broke the monotonous hum of their advance, and the raven and wild swan, soaring away from their disturbed retreat, passed screaming over our heads. A breathless silence now reigned along our line; our little Maire even ceased to gabble; our guns were for the last time examined, and new caps placed on the locks, lest the damp might have injured the old ones.

The beaters were now within a mile of us, and close upon the thickest and most dense portion of the forest; one-half of the whole assemblage had now fallen into their line, so that the most daring animal would not venture to break through it. The shots were now following each other in rapid succession, and the most sly wolf could not long remain in the wood. The first which appeared broke away several hundred yards to our right, and from his not having been fired at until he was clear of the wood, he could not have been seen until he had passed through the line of hunters. Three shots were then fired after him by those nearest; but the rascal dashed over the ground untouched, in the direction of the forest to which I have alluded.

Every eye was now on the alert, peering through the wood on all sides: the rustling of a leaf, the hopping of

a bird were now objects of attention ; while every shot that rolled over our heads spoke of " hope deferred."

Suddenly a low whistle, scarcely perceptible, escaped from my friend G——, who, at the same instant as myself had seen three wolves break into the glade a-head of us. How fervently we desired that our friends to the right and left of us might not see them, and some untimely shout, or ill-directed shot, drive them back into the wood. But we were in luck. Our neighbours were straining their eyes among the branches of the forest ; ours alone were fixed on the open space before us. On the three rascals came, running neck and neck, and just far enough apart to give G——and me a clear shot at the outer pair. Little time was left us to observe them ; their long slouching gallop soon brought them up within fifty yards of us ; our gunmuzzles were now peeping over the heather tops ; and so well had we calculated our distance that we fired almost at the same instant. Both of our shots took effect ; that of G——most effectually. It had entered the broad chest of the animal, and passing to the heart, he made one tremendous leap into the air, and dropped quite dead. My ball had not told so true. It had shattered the right shoulder of the wolf, which, after a few rolls on the ground, limped off towards the wood. Another ball, however, from my second barrel gave him his quietus before he reached it.

In the mean time a scene of a most extraordinary character had occurred on my right. The third wolf, directly that his companions had fallen, bolted away towards the spot where the Maire was posted, and my companion, who was determined to have a slap at it, fired just as it was passing the tree against which the consequential little fellow was resting. The wolf gallop-

ed on unharmed; but at the same instant the little Maire dropped screaming to the ground, where he rolled about, bellowing and kicking in a most extraordinary manner. I felt almost paralysed at the sight; but G——, whom I believed had accidentally shot the Maire, to my utter astonishment, coolly took up his rifle, and resting it on his knee, fired at the escaping wolf. The distance was great, but *Purdie* performed his duty well; the ball snapped the spine of the animal, and the three wolves lay dead around us.

I now rushed towards the fallen Maire, followed, though with less alacrity, by G——. Kicking and sprawling, and to all appearance in the last agonies of death, it would have moved a heart of stone to see the poor fellow as he lay on the sward, his spirit to all appearance about to wing its flight. His jokes, the race over the sands, all were forgotten; the sad uncertainty of life was most painfully depicted, and the altered appearance which the merry household, with whom we had passed the preceding evening, would present when informed of the sad bereavement which they had sustained, flashed before my eyes.

But “there are tides in the affairs of men;” there are sudden changes from grief to joy; the cheek this moment wet with a scalding tear may the next be wreathed with a smile, or the beaming eye become glazed with agony. The Maire was not dead, he was only *kilt*; and the tears, which I have no doubt were about to flow most plentifully at the untimely fate of our little friend, now welled over amid irresistible laughter. For some time neither G——nor I could speak; the wolf-hunt was forgotten, the ringing shots of the hunters were unheard,—all were for the time alike unheeded, and the ludicrous catastro-

phe of the Maire alone engrossed our attention. My companion's ball had taken effect, not upon the person of his worship, but upon one of his stilts, and had snapped it in twain nearly at half length. Thus deprived of his "fair proportions," the Maire dropped instantaneously, utterly unconscious of the nature and extent of the accident which had befallen him. No wonder then, that, stunned by the fall, and his nerves somewhat unstrung by the suddenness of the shock, the poor fellow should suppose that it was all over with him; while, to add to his confusion, he had bumped his nose against the tree in his descent, and the blood streaming copiously from it, seemed to confirm the idea of his being desperately wounded.

"Je suis mort! je suis mort!" screamed the little hero of the morning, as G——and I, having somewhat regained our composure, were preparing to reduce him to his legitimate stature by unlacing the now useless *sangués*. "Je suis mort!" continued he, as having drawn his hand across his face, he held the bloody member up before him, "je ne reverrai plus ma famille. Oh, mon Dieu! mon Dieu!" Having at length separated him from his *sangués*, we placed him on his feet, with his back to the tree, but as his moaning still continued, and he did not even then seem sure of his existence, G——suggested the propriety of making him swallow a little of the cordial which the gourd swung from his belt contained. This was accordingly accomplished, and had a wonderful effect in calming his nervous system. Gradually the woful expression of his countenance disappeared; limb after limb was stretched out to ascertain the damage which they had received; until, at length, having discovered that a bleeding nose

was the only injury which had befallen his person, he began to consider what really had caused him so much alarm.

Leaving him to his meditations, we now bethought us of our wolf-hunt ; but, alas ! alas ! it was too late,—our sport was over. How many wolves had gone past us,—how many good shots we had lost while attending to the Maire, it was impossible to tell ; but never did hunters less regret the interruption of their sport than G——and I did on that occasion. The beaters were now coming hard upon us. The crashing of the under-wood as they forced their way through it, was now distinctly heard ; but the wolves had long since left the wood. A few foxes and a roebuck were driven towards us ; the former—true sportsmen as we were—we allowed to steal away unmolested ; of the latter, however, we rendered good account. Shortly after, the beaters emerged from the forest, and assembled round the place where we had been stationed, all anxious to learn the result of the *battue*. It was some time, however, before the “return of the killed” could be ascertained. Each successful hunter had his particular tale of prowess to relate ; while the unfortunates had to account for their want of success by many a plausible story of “broken leg,” or “miss fire.” At last, however, the truth was elicited. A considerable number of wolves had been seen, some of which had broken through the lines soon after they were roused from their lair ; and two, more daring than the rest, were seen to swim the river together. Four, however, besides the three which G—— and I had killed, were brought in ; a greater number than is generally destroyed at such *battues*. Several roedeer, and not a few foxes, were among the slain ; and the

beaters declared that they had been close upon a couple of wild boars, which “doubled” upon them, and of course escaped unharmed. Altogether, therefore, we had no reason to be dissatisfied with the first of our wolf-hunts in the Landes.

So early had the hunt commenced, that it was yet mid-day when we were congregated around the spoil. Still it was too late to renew the warfare; the wood, in which most of the animals which had escaped had taken shelter, was at too great a distance for us to beat it before nightfall. Our hunting was therefore over for the day; but sport of another kind was in store for us.

Almost every one had brought some provisions along with him; and he who had not was cheerfully supplied by his neighbour. *No one*, however, had forgotten his wine-skin or his brandy-flask; and the *sangues* being now thrown aside, and the whole party seated in groups under the shade of the pines which grew around, a scene was presented which Wilkie would have given a great deal to witness.

The Landais are never a very abstemious race, and it may be well supposed that on such an exciting occasion as this, all the liquor they carried home was most safely stored *under their belt*. Mirth, of that joyous character of which a successful day's sport is always the harbinger to the hunter, now reigned around. Even the spirits of our little Maire began to revive as the jollity increased; and long before his flask was emptied he could even joke at his late misfortune.

“So you tooke my *sangue* for the leg of a wolf,” said he to G——; “pretty mistake you made, indeed! Why if you had not killed those two wolves, we should have

had you taught to shoot before we trusted ourselves again in your company."

Hitherto I had been dubious as to whether G—— had "served out" the Maire as he did, intentionally, or by accident; but the "lurking devil" in his eye when the subject was alluded to was to me perfectly satisfactory, "the hit had been no miss," and the practical joke of our race over the sands had been repaid with interest.

Many of the party were now dancing or singing; and, though the absence of the ladies of the Landes rendered the movements of the hunters less picturesque than they might have been, still, the ungainly caperings of so many strangely apparelled individuals to no music but that of their own "sweet voices," was a curious sight, and in keeping with the wildness of the place of revelry.

The spectacle was sufficiently amusing, and might have very satisfactorily wound up the sports of the day, but the ever fertile imagination of my companion had suggested to him a species of entertainment as novel in character as its results were ludicrous. There were few of the party who were not now in that happy state of mind which renders them "up to anything;" some of them perhaps a little in advance of this, but one and all of them determined to be as jovial as good liquor and good company could make them.

The *sanges*, which had been laid aside after the hunt, G——now proposed should be buckled on, and that races should take place; at the same time offering, as a prize to the swiftest, an article in much request among the chasseurs of the south—a handsome powder-flask. G——had scarcely finished making the proposal before fifty at least of the party were buckling on for the contest. Old and young were eager to join issue, and a

scene commenced, the absurdity of which baffles description. I have already said that the *sanges* were from four to five feet in length; it may therefore be supposed that mounting upon such articles is no easy matter, without having a wall or bench from which to start. The usual mode of managing the affair by the Landais is to sit on the ledge of a window of the second story of their cottage, and there fastening on the stilts, walk away from the place; or a ladder is generally leaning against the walls of the cottage, up which they mount until sufficiently high to effect their object. Here, however, there were none of the usual facilities afforded for mounting; and every one was put to his wits to discover some method or other to get on his *horse*. The most active of the party having selected a pine which had a drooping branch, climbed on to it, and managed without much difficulty to effect their object. Several of the elderly ones, and some of the juniors, whose libations had placed their capacity on a level with that of their seniors, were not quite so successful. One heavy fellow, who had raised himself on the branch of a pine close to where we were sitting, had just succeeded in buckling on one of his stilts, when the branch on which he sat gave way. The leg with the stilt on was mechanically thrust out to break the fall, but the result was much the contrary. With only one support, a single stride was all that could be made, but that stride was a most important one; for, unable to deviate from the direction in which the branch broke away, the heavy carcase of the fellow landed in the centre of a group whose advanced state of jollification altogether precluded their joining in the race. So rudely and unexpectedly assaulted, considerable damage was done on the occa-

sion both to heads and wine-skins; and the sufferers, not quite comprehending the cause of the assault, evinced their sense of its effects by heartily pommeling the unlucky wight, who rolled among them. Another fellow had, in the hurry of the moment, carried off one of his neighbours *sangués* instead of his own, and did not discover the mistake until he had buckled them on, and thinking that all was right, started from his place of mounting. Then he found to his surprise that one stilt was half a foot shorter than the other, and that, accordingly, to balance himself was quite impossible. So away he went staggering and limping, endeavouring to describe a circle, so as to get back to the tree from which he had sprung. But the odds were against his succeeding. The shorter stilt having sunk in the hollow of a decayed tree-root, the discrepency of length became still greater; to recover his equilibrium was impossible, and he measured his length on the ground.

Several incidents equally absurd took place before the competitors were assembled at the starting-post. One of these, as it was somewhat different from the others, is worth mentioning. Two of the hunters had buckled on their *sangués*, and seemed to all appearance prepared for the race. One of them, however, discovered, or believed that he had discovered, that the strap of one of his *sangués*, which he had missed before he left the village in the morning, was doing duty on the leg of his neighbour, and he lost not a moment in taxing him with the theft. The charge was rebutted with all the vehemence of voice and gesture which a Gascon, conscious of his innocence, may be supposed to display.—The accused (certainly the most sober of the two, although neither could be said to be actually drunk), stepped a few

paces back, and, flourishing his long pole or crook over his head, prepared to give his insulter a warm reception.

That one or other of the parties would obtain a broken head was now very evident. Those around us seemed to consider such a result a matter of necessity after such an altercation as that which had taken place. There was no use for any interference, therefore, on our part. In the Landes, as in other parts of the *civilised* world, individual honour must be satisfied by means of deadly shots or broken heads; and the principals had, besides, no fear of a reprimand from the priesthood for their conduct on the occasion. To it, then, the gentlemen went in right earnest, and played as pretty a game at quarterstaff as ever was seen in merry England.

The parties seemed very equally matched in regard to strength, and were proficient in the science of attack and defence; it appeared very doubtful, therefore, who should be the victor. For some time the blows fell thick and hard on both sides; several of them taking effect, but most of them being parried with great adroitness. As usual, however, at such bouts, he that could bear the hardest thumps without losing his temper triumphed. A hit somewhat sharper than ordinary told with good effect on the left shoulder of him who fought for his "shoe tie." To return it with interest, if possible, was now his sole object, and furiously he endeavoured to discharge the obligation. The blows were now all on his part; his opponent now skilfully stepping aside to avoid them; now grasping the centre of his pole, and whirling it round and round his head, with such velocity as completely to protect his person.

It was easy to decide in whose favour the odds now were; although the assailant's weapon was plied with an

energy and power which appeared resistless. The accused (unjustly, as it was afterwards ascertained) pursuing the same system of defence, never offered to return the blows of his opponent; in fact, he seemed determined not to strike until fatigue and passion had wrought powerfully in his favour. At length the efforts of his assailant became relaxed, his blows descended with less rapidity, and the time for finishing the contest was at hand. Watching, therefore, his opportunity, as the wearied arm of his adversary, with somewhat of its original vigour, dealt forth a blow which might have felled an ox, the injured party leaped aside, and escaping it, in an instant, and before his opponent could recover his guard, returned the blow with all his force on the unprotected shoulders of his opponent. The pole flew to pieces with the violence of the shock, and the originator of the dispute pitched head-foremost to the ground.

Such scenes are of common occurrence in the Landes; and, with the exception of some severe thwacks given and received, it is seldom that serious injury is sustained by either party. I recollect, however, a conflict between two French Basques in the vicinity of Pau, which terminated fatally. The Basques invariably carry a long walking-stick, generally knotted at the end; and, when they chance to quarrel, they do not hesitate in using it pretty freely. Two of them thus armed having quarrelled and fought, one of them received a blow over the temple which killed him on the spot. This was, however, a very rare occurrence; and the *shilelah* (1) of the

(1) Query for Irish Antiquaries — “Does not the familiar use of the “*shilelah*” by the Basques,—the oldest nation on the continent,—strengthen the opinion of Irish descent from the Spanish or French people, who bear that name? (See my *Essay on Irish literature*.)

Basque must, nevertheless, be considered as a far better arbiter of disputes than the long knife of his brethren over the frontier.

On the present occasion the injury sustained by the beaten party was considered of no importance, and did not in the slightest degree interrupt the hilarity of the assembly. Every thing was now prepared for the race, and the competitors, in number about two dozen, being drawn up in line, and the signal for starting given, off they went in fine style. One of the hunters had been posted on a rising ground, about five hundred yards distant; round him those engaged in the race were to turn, and G—— had taken care that in placing this individual, no attention should be paid to the state of the ground over which the racers should pass.

For the first hundred yards the race was neck and neck, all in line, and no one jostling the other. This, however, was the only level part of the course. A hollow, with a brook running through it, was now to be passed, and we could distinguish a very considerable derangement in the ranks of the little band as they passed it. Still all held on, and one after another passed the pivot without accident of any kind. Some there were now who had gained considerably on the others; these were mostly running together, each determined to win: and as, among those who were behind them, each was determined not to be last, the utmost vigour and activity of the party were put forth.

As the competitors approached, the shouts of the spectators were incessant. “Pierre le gagera!”—Joseph le gagera!” resounded as the heads of one or other of the “favourites” first appeared above the unequal surface of the course: and, as they descended into the hol-

low which we have noticed, it was apparent that either one or other of the favourites would prove the victor. This time, however, the brook was not so easily crossed; and, by one mishap or other, several were left in it, some of whom had hitherto been among the foremost, so that when the others topped the bank near the winning-post, they formed nearly as compact a body as when they started. Neither the whip, nor spur, nor the betting-book were in requisition, yet the contest now became really animating. There was not nearly so great a disparity of fleetness as might have been expected among such a number; and it was very evident that whoever gained the race would not have a great superiority to boast of. On they came over the level piece of sward, amid the redoubled shouts of the spectators. In a few seconds it was crossed, and Joseph was the victor by a few feet.

Of course, on the presentation of the prize G—— found it necessary to say something; but being unaccustomed to “public speaking,” and still less capable of speaking in French, he bethought him that some of his schoolboy recitations might avail him on the occasion. The address of Sempronius to the Roman senate was the first which came to mind; so, turning towards Joseph, and commencing with

“My voice is still for war :

Gods ! can a Roman senate long debate,” etc.

he delivered a portion of it with all the action and energy which a eulogium on the merits of the successful racer might be supposed to require. Shouts followed every cadence of the speaker, and the scene concluded amid “thunders of applause.”

THE CASTLE OF REINSPADTZ.

In the winter of a year which it is of no importance to name, since crimes, vengeance, and repentance, are not confined to any particular epoch, Louis Von Ranpact, a noble youth of Vienna, was passing over one of those large and uninhabited tracts of country which form part of the Westphalian territories. It grew dark, and he was nearly benumbed with the cold; the wind blew directly in his face, and appeared but the forerunner of one of those snow-storms which sometimes lock up travellers for more than six weeks together. After riding a few miles farther, he suddenly saw the wall of a courtyard before him; and discovering a bell, he pulled it with violence, when the gate was opened by a porter, who respectfully inquired what he wanted. The traveller instantly told his situation, and asked to be directed to any place where himself and his horse might be refreshed; or if that was impossible, he ventured to request the hospitality of the mansion before which he stood. "It is never the custom," replied the porter, "to close the doors of this court against those who need assistance, but those whom pleasure might induce to seek these walls would not long wish to remain within them." "Why not?" said Ranpact, hesitating on the threshold. "Because," added the other, "they would not find what they sought. I will send to the duke, he added, "and let him know a gentleman seeks here a night's shelter." Ranpact remained there almost half an hour, during which time several lights

appeared in different parts of the castle. Presently the principal door opened, and two servants with torches approached, and conducted him into a splendid hall, from whence he was led to a smaller apartment, where the owner was waiting to receive him.

The duke of Reinspadtz, the proprietor, was a man of not more than thirty-seven or thirty-eight years of age, of a very attractive aspect, but apparently in an ill state of health: his dress was splendid; still it was evident he was not purposely dressed for the reception of a guest. The uninhabited appearance of the room struck young Ranpact so forcibly, that after the first greetings were over, he expressed his hopes that he had not brought his host from his usual apartment, or disturbed him from his ordinary pursuits. "I always inhabit this room," said the duke with a faint smile; "from the appearance of it, you may perhaps judge me an idler, therefore—" he hesitated for a moment—"therefore," continued he, "you should the less scruple to break in upon my solitude—which—is complete." As he uttered the last word, Louis fancied he saw a tear in his eye, and felt an interest in him for which he could not account. The countenance of his host was sweet and prepossessing, but one on which sadness was evidently deeply engraved; yet every now and then an expression of smothered indignation passed over it. "You will not find in me a table companion, I fear," continued he; "I am no longer one of those who can ply a guest the whole night over the bottle, and see him safely to bed; but all I have is at your service—and I shall be but too happy to see it enjoyed, although I may not partake; but it is not for want of hospitality, I assure you." "Your health," said Ranpact, "appears to have suffer-

ed.” “Yes,” resumed the other, “I do suppose I bear the traces of what I have endured.” As he said this, he looked with so intense a glance at the door, that Louis turned suddenly round, but neither hearing nor seeing any thing, and the duke not making any further remark, the idea crossed his mind, that perhaps his bodily health was less disordered than his mental powers, for the duke appeared totally to have forgotten the presence of another person, and continued gazing on the fire with a vacant look. Ranpact endeavoured to lead him into conversation, and was charmed with his host’s manners and intelligence. At length he remarked, “I ought to have apologised to you for keeping you so long in waiting for refreshment. I hope they did not neglect you at the lodge. I would have ordered supper immediately, but it is always served at a particular hour.” When the clock struck the last quarter to ten, an ashy hue overspread the duke’s countenance; his features gradually assumed a sterner character; his figure became more erect; and, to have beheld him, one would have imagined him in the act of defying some being whose superiority he confessed. Presently the door opened, and the supper being announced, the duke conducted his guest to the adjoining chamber, which, though a state room, was evidently in daily use. The table had covers laid for three persons; the duke’s seat was at the head, one was lower down, and the other close to his left hand. Ranpact doubted for a moment which was meant for him, but a motion from the servants induced him to take the lower one. The duke did the honours of a splendid supper, and they commenced their repast; that is, Ranpact did; for he remarked the duke scarcely touched what was on his plate. A few minutes after

they were seated, the door by which they had entered opened again, and a young lady, apparently of twenty-seven or twenty-eight, appeared. The deepest melancholy was painted in her countenance, and marked her whole deportment: her dress was a perfect contrast to the splendor amongst which she stood; a light grey cloth dress, with long hanging sleeves, was all she wore, and her hair was merely fastened up by a comb; but she wanted no adventitious aid. Louis thought he had never seen any thing so beautiful. He sprung from his seat, and had advanced already nearly to her, when, struck by the impropriety of his conduct, he stood without either advancing or retreating; but she, who had never raised her eyes, pursued her way, and took her seat by the duke's side. He helped her to part of the dish which was before him, in silence: she received it, but she blushed deeper and deeper, and at length her tears fell fast upon the table. By this time, Louis had re-seated himself; he looked on her with an interest which, gay knight as he was, he had never felt for any woman before; but when he saw her tears, he turned on the duke a look as much as to say, "are these caused by you?" He observed that his eyes were also filled, but that he kept his head averted from her. After a while, she turned to a waiting man who stood near her, and, to Louis' amazement, he brought to the duke a cup which, although curiously set and ornamented with silver, he perceived to be a human skull. The duke filled it with wine: it was presented to her; she drank from it, and rose from table; then, and then only, did she raise her eyes; they were turned on him: they mutually looked on each other, and what a world of thoughts did they express! She left the room, and the duke gradually

recovered his composure; but he seemed worn out; and Ranpact thought he saw death imprinted on his face. Presently the duke asked him if they should adjourn, and Ranpact followed him in such a tumult of feelings that he was not at first aware that they were not returning to the chamber they had left. Suddenly stopping, he said in a low voice, "My lord, where are we going?" "I see," said the duke, with a melancholy smile, "your confidence has not increased in the three hours during which we have been acquainted; but," he added, "you have nothing to fear." Saying this, he entered a room decorated with black hangings, at the further end of which, on a kind of platform, stood a bier, over which a pall was thrown. Upon it a soldier's cap, cloak, and a broken sword were placed: a plume of feathers ornamented the head of the coffin; but a greater ornament than cap, cloak, or feathers, sat also there,—the lady whom Ranpact had seen at the supper table; and in the same attitude of sadness and humility, her eyes still bent downwards, and the tears still falling from them. The duke sat down opposite to her, and so did Louis. She presently began to chaunt the office for the dead—the dead who died by the hand of violence—and ended with the penitential psalms. The duke listened with a manner totally different from what he manifested at the table: no tears glistened in his eyes, neither was his head averted. At length, appearing to make an effort over himself, and speaking in a clearer and firmer voice than he had yet done, he said, "It never was in my nature to receive affection and not return it fourfold; whatever might have been my errors or my pursuits, it was ever in that lady's power to reform and change them. I might not have deserved the

hand she gave me, but of this I am sure, I valued it beyond all earthly blessings. Sir, you have seen enough to excite the dullest curiosity, nor will I refuse to satisfy yours; you shall hear our story, and in making you acquainted with circumstances unknown to all, and of import to us alone, I think I shall not misplace my confidence." Ranpact knew not what to reply: an hour ago he would have hailed this mark of trust in the duke, and gladly would he have offered his life in the service of one towards whom he had been so inexplicably attracted; but the sight of that lady, her grief, her punishment, for such he conceived he was witnessing, had wrought a complete change in his sentiments, and he dreaded the idea of being compelled to be her judge: he was silent. The duke proceeded. "It matters but little in whom I am putting confidence, since the only one who had the power of conferring happiness or misery on me has——Sir," he added in a louder and more authoritative tone, "if in telling this story I depart from the truth, if I veil one crime on my part in order to render hers more flagrant, may I miss that mercy hereafter which I have denied her here. I suppose I need not say I married that lady for love, nor need I repeat a tale of past happiness: it is only by keeping my eyes fixed on this scene, and my heart bent on my miseries, that I acquire the power of detailing the cause of all which you behold. Among those who flocked to this castle when it was a gay and happy place, was a young nobleman, cousin of a neighbouring count. He, more boldly than the rest, openly talked of and deified the beauty of its lady; he affected to wear her colors, and in fact half jestingly and half in earnest represented himself to be enamoured of her. I checked this as far as I was able;

but, afraid of acquiring the character of a jealous and suspicious husband to one in whom I placed the most unbounded faith, I took no measure to keep them asunder. One evening, when we had several guests, though he was not one of them, she had been absent longer than was usual from the room in which we supped to-night ; I sought for her, and found her in this apartment."— The duke here paused, his voice failed him, but he presently proceeded in a monotonous tone, his hand resting on the bier, and his eyes fixed on the sword and cap which were on it. "I stood a moment at the door, then springing upon them both, prevented either from rising. I asked no questions : none of us spoke. She took my hand in a supplicatory manner, and that action which had never been in vain before, now used in his behalf, wound me to madness. Drawing my sword, I commanded him to do the same, and demanded of him the satisfaction due to me. Then began the most sanguinary duel that was ever fought between man and man. I had disarmed him, and was pausing whether I should kill him or not, when she threw herself between us. "Spare him," she said, " or end both our miseries at once." I thought not—I hesitated not a moment, but plunged my sword into his heart. We were deluged with blood : she seized his sword and attempted to stab herself with it, but I wrenched it from her hand, and, snapping it in two, threw mine to the further end of the room. "I could slay you," said I, "this moment, and there lives not the man who would not excuse me; but I will not send you to a tribunal still higher than that of your injured husband. I shall never be satiated by earthly vengeance, yet at that I shall stop—as much as man can inflict, you shall suffer." I had the body

inclosed in a coffin, excepting the head, which, as you have seen, forms her drinking cup. This chamber, once ours, I have resigned to him, as she had done before; she keeps him company, singing the morning and evening service over the dead slain by their enemies; she sups nightly with me, but we have never spoken since that fatal night. I know how her days are passed: would she knew how mine are spent! Let her ask her heart how ill time must speed with one who, once enjoying her presence, now lives parted from her. Such has been our lives for three years; but this will not last much longer, and when I quit the world, I shall not condemn her to sing my requiem." As he spoke, he cast a glance upon her far more resembling affection than hatred; but he ceased to speak, and Ranpact shortly after was conducted to his chamber under such a variety of feelings that he scarcely knew which predominated.

Before midnight the duke again entered her apartment: his manner was composed, yet he bore the appearance of one who had suffered a strong mental conflict: his eyes were red and his hair was disordered. She rose at his entrance: he stood before her a moment in silence; at length he said, "I arrogated to myself a power not vested in man; I thought I took justice into my own hands, but I feel it was only vengeance, and I am no longer capable of pursuing the same conduct; I wish had let you speak, but your silence was also your obedience." He threw himself on the chair from which he had just risen. She approached him, but did not take the hand which he extended towards her: he put it on her head, "if you will accept," he continued in a lower and more trembling voice, "the forgiveness of one who

needs yours as much, I can only say, from the bottom of my heart, it is offered to you : oh ! doubt not that the heart which could inflict on you the sufferings it has, has ever ceased one moment its passionate regrets at a separation which nothing could render tolerable ; your life has been solitary, mine has been equally so ; I have never partaken of any amusement or employment in which we used to join ; every thing has been left as you left it. Do you think I could ever leave those walls which served you for a prison ?” added he in a softer tone, “ or that——but from henceforth be as free during the remainder of my life, as you infallibly will be at my death ; you shall never have cause to look on that but with hope !” She turned round to throw herself into his arms ; but stopping, took the crucifix from the coffin on which it had lain, and putting it into his hand, which she clasped with both hers, “ No, my Lord, no,” said she, “ hope never sprung but from one sepulchre—in his name, and by his mediation alone, who triumphed over death, do I implore your forgiveness ; grant me that, and I shall for ever bless you ; but do not remit what you call my punishment, for then you will not send for me even during that short half hour which is the only thing that renders my life bearable. I do not say this to move you to further favor ; I know I have dishonored you beyond my power of amends, but believe, there never was a crime so instantaneously repented.” No more words were spoken ; and when Ranpact sought the duke, with the intention of taking his leave, and not finding him, ventured to re-enter the room, he found them clasped in each others arms. He looked on them for some moments ; and heard the convulsive sobs of each. The

duke then drew one long deep sigh, and fell into the arms of Louis : — the heart which had so long struggled with the bitterest of human passions at length broke, and his wounded and repentant spirit returned to its Creator.

Such was the effect of this shock on the constitution of the unfortunate duchess, that her relatives, to whose care she was committed, could not for many months comply with her earnest request to be allowed to take the veil. To the nunnery of N——, however, she at length retired; and grief, shame, and severe religious discipline, soon terminated her melancholy existence.

AN EAST-INDIAN TALE.

You are already aware—said Everard Brooke, while seated amidst the friends who had met to listen to his story—that my fortune was made in the island of Ceylon. It was there that I was so lucky as to find employment in the house of a man, whose virtues rendered him as much the object of universal esteem, as the favours which he conferred upon me, entitled him to my peculiar gratitude. I was engaged by him as his secretary; but all other names were soon forgotten by us both in that of friends. He was an Englishman as well as myself, and perhaps this had no slight influence in producing so strict an intimacy between us. A variety of untoward circumstances had compelled him to abandon his native land, and sail in pursuit of fortune to the East. His toil had not been vain; the capricious goddess, who fled from him with such disdain in Europe, now showered her favours upon his head with the most

unwearied profusion. He had consumed but a few years in Ceylon, and was already rich, and possessed of a distinguished situation. It seemed as if fortune was at length resolved to convince the world that she was not always blind; for had she searched the whole island through, she would have found it difficult to bestow wealth and honour upon a wiser or a better man. But of all his treasures, that which he counted most precious, was a wife, who united all the beauty and graces of her sex with all the firmness and judgment of ours.

My friend and patron (his name was Seafield) possessed a villa at a small distance from Colombo. The place, it is true, was of no great extent, but it united in their fullest perfection all those charms which render Nature in that climate so irresistible an enchantress. This was Seafield's most beloved residence, and hither he hastened, whenever the duties of his station permitted his absenting himself for a few days from Colombo; in particular, there was a small circular pavilion designed by his own hand, and raised under his own inspection, to which he was particularly partial, and in which he was accustomed to pass the greatest portion of his time. It stood some few hundred yards from the dwelling-house, and was situated on a small eminence, whence the prospect over land and sea was of a description rich, varied, and extensive. Around it towered a thick circle of palm-trees, resembling a colonnade; their leafy fans formed a second cupola above the roof; and while they prevented a single sunbeam from piercing through the coolness of their embowering shades, their tall and slender stems permitted not the eye to lose one of the innumerable charms afforded by the surrounding landscape.

This delightful spot happened to be the residence of Seafield's whole family, when accidental business of importance required Louisa's presence at Colombo. Conscious that her husband considered every day as lost, which he was compelled to pass at a distance from his beloved retreat, she positively refused his attendance, but, accepting me as her escort, she departed for the city. Diligence and impatience to return home enabled her to dispatch her affairs in less time than she had expected them to occupy; and in the very first moment that she found herself once more at liberty, she ordered the palanquins to be prepared, and her slaves to hold themselves in readiness for departing. Our journey was performed by night, for the double purpose of reaching home the sooner, and of escaping the ardour of the noonday sun. We arrived an hour after day-break; yet Seafield was already abroad.

"As usual, he ascended the hill to enjoy the beauty of the rising sun," said Zadi, Seafield's old and attached domestic. "We shall find him in the pavilion, then?" said Louisa. "Not an hour ago I left him there writing," was the answer. "We will go thither and surprise him," she said, addressing herself to me, "wait here while I change my dress; a few moments will suffice for my toilette, and I shall expect to find you here when I return."

In the meanwhile, I remained leaning against one of the columns which supported the small portico by which the door was sheltered. Hence I enjoyed an uninterrupted view of the hill and its pavilion, which, surrounded by its light and beautiful garland of palm-trees, attracted the sight irresistibly. While my eye dwelt with satisfaction on their broad sheltering heads, I fan-

eied that I could discover a large excrescence upon the stem of one of them, extremely unusual in those trees, which in general rear themselves perpendicularly towards the sky, regular and straight as the pillars of a colonnade. It resembled a large branch extending from one stem to its neighbour; and what puzzled me the more in this appearance was, that it seemed occasionally to be waved backwards and forwards, though the breathing of the sea-gale was so gentle, that it scarcely moved the leaves on the neighbouring branches.

I was still puzzling myself with conjectures, when Zadi drew near me with some slight refreshments. I pointed to the branch whose apparent motion had excited so much of my attention, and inquired whether he could at all account for the strong effect produced upon it by the sea-breeze, while the slighter boughs were so gently agitated. He immediately turned himself towards the palm-trees: but no sooner did his eye rest upon the spot in question, than the silver basket with its contents dropped from his hands; the paleness of death spread itself over his swarthy countenance; and while his eyes expressed the deepest horror and consternation, he pronounced with difficulty, "The anaconda! —that is the anaconda! We are undone!"

What could have produced an effect so sudden and so violent upon a man whom I well knew to inherit from nature the most determined courage and most remarkable self-possession, was to me absolutely incomprehensible. "Tell me," I exclaimed, "what terrifies you thus? What mean you by the anaconda?" Zadi endeavoured to recover himself; but before he had time for explanation, Mrs Seafield joined us, and, putting her arm in mine, advanced towards the pavilion. Zadi's

tongue was now loosened. "Stay," said he; "proceed not a step beyond these walls. Every door and window must be shut and bolted. Ah! Mr Everard, that branch of the palm-tree—it is no branch—it is a snake! a terrible snake! We call it an anaconda, and its kind is in size the most enormous, in nature the most fierce, and in appetite the most ravenous, of any to be found through all Ceylon! See! see!" he continued, approaching one of the windows, "see how the monster plays among the branches! It always twines and twists itself into those folds, and knots, and circles, when it prepares to dart itself upon the ground like lightning to seize its prey! Oh! my master! my poor dear master! he never can escape! nothing can save him!" Half of this alarming explanation was more than enough to throw the wretched Louisa into a state of distraction. Her features so distorted by terror that she was scarcely to be known for the same woman, her eyes stretched almost to breaking, and her hands folded together with as strong a grasp as if she meant them never to be again separated, she exclaimed, in a voice so hollow and so expressive of suffocation that it pierced her hearers to the very heart, "My husband! my beloved!—Oh! help me to save him, good, good men! Forsake him not! Oh! forsake him not!" Overpowered by her sensations, she fainted.

Zadi flew to summon her female attendants, who in a short time restored their mistress to animation, and he afterwards returned to the apartment in which we were assembled, to inform us of the state of affairs without. His anxious vigilance had induced him to examine every part of the mansion, and ascertain with his own eyes that it was perfectly secure against danger. He now

returned out of breath from the balcony, whence he had discovered to his great satisfaction that his view was unimpeded over the whole pavilion. He remarked that the door and all the windows (as far as the power of vision extended) were closely fastened; and hence he very reasonably concluded that his master had been aware of the enemy's approach in full time to take every necessary precaution for his safety.

“Hear you that, my dear lady?” I exclaimed, while I took Louisa's hand; “surely this intelligence is alone sufficient to restore your strength and tranquillity. We had nothing to apprehend for Seafield, except his being surprised by the monster while unprepared. But you observe that he has had time to shut out the danger: he has now nothing to do but to remain quietly within his retreat, and the snake will either not discover his being so near, or at any rate will be unable to break through the bulwarks which separate them. The whole business, therefore, is a disagreeable blockade for an hour, or perhaps less; at the end of which the anaconda will grow weary of waiting for its prey, and, by retiring to seek it in some other quarter, will release our friend.”

The satisfaction with which I thus endeavoured to reassure the agonised heart of Louisa, was thoroughly established in my own. But Zadi, whose own feelings were too much agitated by his master's situation to permit his attending to those of others, hastened with too little consideration to destroy the hope which I so fondly indulged, and with which I strove to soothe the afflicted wife. “Oh! no, no, no!” he exclaimed, “we must not reckon upon the snake's leaving us so soon! When the anaconda has once chosen a group of trees

for her abode, and is seen to sport among their branches, in the manner in which we saw her amusing herself, she will remain there for whole days and weeks, watching patiently for her prey, till every chance of success fails her, and absolute famine compels her to emigrate: but her capacity of existing without food is almost inconceivable, and till she removes of her own free-will, no human power is able to drive her from her retreat."

"Perhaps you are right, my good Zadi," said I, "but we must do our best to dispossess the animal of its lodgement, and frustrate its intentions. Come along, my friends; let us sally forth with caution, and see what is to be done." Thus saying, I was immediately followed by the male attendants of the household, armed in the best manner that could be effected. Under favour of the thick underwood, we continued to advance, till we were scarcely more than a hundred paces distant from the monster. The huge snake was still employed in twisting itself in a thousand coils among the palm-branches, with such restless activity, with rapidity so inconceivable, that it was frequently impossible for the sight to follow her movements. At one moment she fastened herself by the end of her tail to the very summit of the loftiest tree, and, stretched out at her whole length, swung backwards and forwards like the pendulum of a clock, so that her head almost seemed to graze the earth beneath her: then in another, before the eye was aware of her intention, she totally disappeared among the leafy canopies. Now she appeared, stretched out her body upon the grass, and with elevated head, and high arching neck, described a large or a small circle, as her capricious pleasure prompted.

These latter movements gave us an opportunity to discriminate with more exactness the singular richness and beauty of her tints. The long slender body was covered with a network of glittering scales, girdling it round with rings above rings, and effectually securing it against every attack. Much as I admired the splendour of its garment, not less did I wonder at the enormous size and length of this terrific creature. But the tranquillity of our observations was suddenly disturbed. The animal desisted from her airy gambols, and laid herself down close to the threshold of the circular pavilion, encompassing it entirely, as if determined to secure her destined victim.

Deeply penetrated with the sense of that danger by which my friend was menaced, I forgot my own, and, seizing my gun, placed it to my shoulder; the ball whistled through the air. I was an excellent marksman, and was certain that I had pointed my piece exactly at the monster's head; and yet, whether too great anxiety made my hand shake, or that the animal at that very moment made some slight change in her attitude, I know not; but it is at least certain, that not the slightest shrinking gave me reason to believe that she felt herself at all injured. On the contrary, she only busied herself in renewing her attempts to gain an entrance through the pavilion's windows; till at length, seemingly wearied with her unavailing efforts, she retired slowly, and concealed herself under the verdant umbrella of the palm-trees. We also had regained our former lurking-place, though we were now more irresolute than ever as to the means most proper to be adopted towards the rescue of my friend.

While we stood thus with our eyes fixed immoveably

upon the pavilion, we observed the door to be slightly agitated. After a minute, the lock was gently drawn back; slowly, and with the utmost caution, did the door expand about the breadth of half a foot, and out sprang the little Psyche, a beautiful Italian greyhound, Seafield's favourite playfellow and inseparable companion. As if conscious of her danger, she rushed down the hill with her utmost swiftness; but with still greater swiftness did the anaconda, in one monstrous spring, dart rattling down from its airy covert. The poor little animal was seized; we could just hear a short half-suppressed cry, which marked its dying agony.

The distress occasioned in my mind by this sight, in itself so painful and disgusting, was converted into agony by the reflections to which it gave birth, after the first moments of horror and surprise were past. That fact was now confirmed, which till this moment (in order to preserve at least a gleam of comfort, however faint) I had obstinately refused to believe—Seafield then was actually in the pavilion; the discharge of my musket had in all probability made him aware that his friends were at no great distance. No one but he could have unclosed the door so cautiously, in order to leave his little favourite at liberty to quit their common shelter; and Zadi was positive that he had observed a riband fastened round the neck of the animal, to which something white appeared to be attached, in form resembling a letter. It was then a message to us! a cry for assistance! a sacred injunction that we should not abandon him in this season of his utmost need! But what course were we to pursue? We discharged a volley from our fire-arms, and a hail of bullets rattled about the head of the gigantic snake—but all was unavailing. Day drew to a

close. We returned to the house, there to sustain the drooping spirits of the miserable wife. Night passed away. It was a night of misery, and the dawn of day found us still devising schemes for the liberation of Seafield. At length—strange that such a brilliant idea had not occurred sooner—Zadi proposed, that if we could by any means satiate the appetite of the anaconda with food, his master's life might yet be saved. Happy thought; but, alas, there was not a living animal on the estate—all had been some time before removed to pastures in a distant part of the country. We remembered, however, that upon the adjacent property of Van Derkel, the rich Hollander, we might possibly procure what we wanted. In this our hope was not disappointed, but not a slave would undertake to drive the herd of cattle to the neighbourhood of the spot where the snake had taken up her abode, and I took upon myself the risk of the adventure.

Behold me then driving the herd of beasts before me. We arrived near the group of palm-trees : every thing was hushed and tranquil : not a sound was to be heard, except the noise of the scattered branches, as the heifers trampled them beneath their feet; the anaconda seemed to have disappeared altogether. But, on a sudden, a loud and rattling rush was heard among the palms, and, with a single spring, the snake darted down like a thunder clap, and twisted herself with her whole body round her devoted victim. Before the animal was yet aware of his danger, he already felt his dewlap enclosed between the expanded jaws of the monster. Roaring aloud, he endeavoured to fly, and succeeded in dragging his tormentor a few yards away with him; but instantly she coiled herself round him in three or four wide folds, and drew these knots so close together, that the entangled

beast was incapable of moving, and remained as if rooted to the place, already struggling with the terrors and pangs of death. The first noise of this extraordinary contest had been sufficient to put the remaining cattle to flight. Unequal as was the strife, still it was not over instantly. The noble beast wanted not spirit to defend himself, nor was his strength easily exhausted. Now he rolled himself on the ground, and endeavoured to crush the enemy with his weight; now he swelled every nerve, and exerted the power of every muscle to burst the fetters in which his limbs were enveloped; he shook himself violently; he stamped, he bit, he roared, he pawed up the earth, he foamed at the mouth, and then dashed himself on the ground again with convulsive struggles. But, every moment, the anaconda drew her folds tighter and tighter; till, after struggling for a full quarter of an hour, I at length saw the poor animal stretched out at full length, and breathless, totally deprived of motion and of life.

Now, then, I expected to see the anaconda gratify the hunger by which she had so long been tormented; but I was ignorant that it is not the custom of this animal to divide its prey, but to swallow it in one enormous morsel. The size of the murdered ox made this impossible without much preparation; and I now learned, from the snake's proceedings, the necessity which there was for her always remaining in the neighbourhood of some large tree. She again seized the animal, and dragged it to the foot of the stoutest palm. Here she endeavoured to place it upright, leaning against the trunk. Having effected this, she enveloped the tree and the carcase together in one great fold, and continued to draw this closer, till she had broken every bone in

her victim's body, and had reduced it into a shapeless mass of flesh. She was still occupied in this manner, when I hastened back to the mansion-house to rejoice Louisa and Zadi with the assurance of my success.

The roaring of the ox had already prepared the latter for my tidings. He met me at the door, and informed me that the succours which we had thought fit to send for from Columbo were arrived, and that a physician had accompanied them. I immediately requested to see the latter, and commissioned him to impart the good news of Seafield's approaching deliverance to Louisa, with such precautions as might prevent her enfeebled constitution from suffering through excess of joy. On entering the courtyard, I found the whole body of domestics, women and children, as well as men, prepared for the attack with clubs, hatchets, and every sort of weapon which had offered itself to their hands. The party from Columbo were well provided with ammunition, and we now all set joyfully forwards for the hill, though, on approaching it, we judged it as well still to use some little precaution.

I advanced beyond the rest. The anaconda had by this time entirely covered the carcase with her slime, and was in the very act of gorging this monstrous morsel. This task was not accomplished without violent efforts; a full hour elapsed before she had quite finished her dreadful meal; at length the carcase was entirely swallowed, and she stretched herself out at full length in the grass, with her stomach distended to the most astonishing dimensions. Every trace of her former liveliness and activity had disappeared. Her immoderate appetite had now yielded her up, impotent and defenceless, a prey even to the least formidable foe.

I hasten to conclude this long and painful tragedy. I discharged my musket at the monster at a moderate distance. This time the ball struck her close by her eye; she felt herself wounded; her body swelled with spite and rage, and every stripe of her variegated skin shone with more brilliant and vivid colours. But as to revenging herself upon her assailant, of that she was now totally incapable. She made one vain attempt to regain her old retreat among the boughs of the palm-trees, but sank down again upon the grass, motionless and helpless. The report of my musket was the signal agreed upon to give notice to the expectant crowd, that they might approach without danger. Every one now rushed towards the snake with loud shouting and clamours of joy. We all at once attacked her, and she soon expired under a thousand blows. But I did not wait to witness this catastrophe. A dearer interest occupied my mind; I hastened with all speed to the pavilion, and knocked loudly at the door, which was fastened within.

"Seafeld! my friend!" I exclaimed; "'tis I! 'tis Everard!—Open, open! I bring you life and liberty." A minute passed—another—and still I listened in vain for an answer. Had fatigue overpowered him? Was he asleep, that he answered not? I knocked again; I spoke a second time, and louder; I listened so attentively, that I could have distinguished the humming of a gnat within the pavilion. Was it possible, that, after all, I had come too late?—the thought was distraction! I snatched an axe from one of the slaves, and after a few blows the pavilion door flew open.

I rushed into the room, and looked eagerly round for my friend. I found him; his eyes were closed, his cheeks pale; every feature of his noble countenance so changed,

that he was scarcely to be recognised. He lay extended in his arm-chair, and the noise of our entrance seemed to rouse him from a long stupor. He saw me; a faint smile played round his wan lips, while he attempted to stretch out his hand to me, but it sank down again from weakness. "You are safe," I endeavoured to say; but the attempt to repress my gushing tears choked my voice, and the sounds were unintelligible.

"Yes," said he with difficulty, "this is being a friend indeed! But tell me! Louisa——?" "She lives, and expects you," I replied; "come, come, my friend, rouse yourself; make an effort, and shake off this lethargy. Look upon your danger as no more than a frightful dream, and awake to the real happiness which awaits you." "It waits not for me," he answered faintly; "I have received my death-warrant in this chamber. My minutes are counted. Louisa! oh, bear me to Louisa!"

The chamber was hot and close, even to suffocation. We removed him with all speed into the open air, four of the slaves bearing him as he sat in his arm-chair. The purer atmosphere seemed immediately to produce a beneficial effect upon the sufferer; and his strength was still further recruited by a few drops of a cordial with which I had taken care to provide myself, and which I administered with the utmost caution.

On our arrival at the mansion-house, we found that Zadi's attention had already provided every thing which his master could possibly need. His bed was prepared, every kind of refreshment was in readiness, and the physician was waiting to afford his much required assistance. I will not attempt to describe the agonising meeting between Seafeld and Louisa, his wife.

It was soon, alas, but too evident that Seafeld's suf-

ferings in that fatal pavilion had injured his constitution irreparably. With every succeeding day his strength visibly decreased, and the blighted flower bowed itself still nearer to the ground. His malady defied the power of medicine; he seemed to perish away before our eyes, and the physician was at length compelled to acknowledge that all the powers of art were insufficient to sustain any longer Seafield's exhausted frame.

What Louisa and myself endured, while watching his slow but constantly progressive journey to the tomb, no words can utter. He gave Zadi and his three sons their freedom, and made over to him a small estate near Columbo, fully sufficient to secure the comfort of the good old man for the remainder of his existence. The last moments of this unfortunate gentleman at length arrived. He breathed his latest sigh on the bosom of his inconsolable wife. I witnessed the unspeakable composure of her affliction. I chose for Seafield's sepulchre the place which he had always loved best; the fatal pavilion. Zadi and myself laid our friend in the earth; we should have thought his coffin profaned, had we suffered any other hands to touch it. Seafield and his sufferings slept in the grave—his less fortunate friends still lived to lament him.

My benefactor had left his property jointly to Louisa and myself. Alas, the bereaved Louisa was already regardless of all earthly treasures. In vain did she forbid her lips to confess the progress which grief made in her constitution; her emaciated form sufficiently betrayed it. A few melancholy weeks elapsed from the death of my friend, and she sank beneath the blow she had received. She was deposited in the same grave with her husband. For myself, I was unable to sustain the

weight of grief imposed upon me by this second calamity, and a long and dangerous illness was the consequence of my mental sufferings.

The skill of my physician saved my life; and no sooner was I able to quit the house, than I resolved to withdraw from a land rendered hateful to me by such bitter recollections. In consequence of Louisa's decease, the whole of Seafield's property, by his will, devolved to me. I endeavoured to prevail on Zadi to accept some part of it, but he declared that his master's liberality had gone beyond his utmost wishes.

You are now informed (continued Everard, after a moment's pause, addressing himself to the whole society), you are now informed by what means I acquired my fortune. It was the gift of gratitude; but never can I recollect the dreadful service which I rendered Seafield (and, alas, which I rendered him in vain), without feeling my frame convulsed with horror, and my mind tortured by the most painful recollections.

A STORY

OF THE VENDEAN REIGN OF TERROR (1).

While residing at Nantes, I had repeatedly heard of a person, usually called the Wild Man of the Rocks, who had taken up his abode in a secluded cave, and had there passed many years, only issuing forth now and then by

(1) This tale is abridged from a French work, entitled "The Hermit in the Provinces," the production of M. E. Jouy, one of the most distinguished members of the French Academy.

night to receive the means of sustaining life from the charity of the neighbouring villagers. It was well known that he had been a physician in Bretagne, at the era of the first Revolution, and that he had escaped in some extraordinary manner from the proscriptions of the terrible Carrier, one of the worst of the many wretches whom the agitations of that time raised to note and power, and who made the city of Nantes the scene of calamities far exceeding those of even Paris itself. But no one knew the particulars of the history of Lormet, as the old hermit was named. I was seized with a curiosity to see him, and, after some difficulty, not only accomplished my wish, but prevailed upon him to relate to me the events which had affected him so deeply as to cause his voluntary separation from the society of his fellow-creatures.

“ I was thirty years old,” said Lormet, whom I found to be no maniac, as some supposed, but a calm and thoughtful old man, “ and was engaged in the exercise of my profession in that part of Bretagne called *la Vendée*, when the civil troubles began to desolate our unhappy province. A principal part of my employment consisted in my attendance upon the distinguished families of Josselin and Rochemaure, the existing members of which honoured me with their warmest friendship. These houses, connected by frequent former alliances, were about to be still more closely united by the projected marriage of Isidor de Josselin and Hortense de Rochemaure, the heirs of their respective families. The end of the year 1792 had been fixed upon for this union. Isidor, the eldest of three sons, was at this time only twenty-two years of age; but he had already given such indications of talent, and had exhibited so many virtues, as to be looked upon by the whole province as one des-

tinued to high distinction among his countrymen. Hortense was an orphan. She had reached the age of seventeen years, and lived with the marquis de Rochemaure, her grandfather, by whom she was almost idolised; and if beauty and amiability of character could excuse a feeling so strong, Hortense was one well worthy of it. The betrothed pair had been fondly attached to one another from childhood, and every thing was full of smiling promise for their future happiness.

Such was the state of the two families when the standard of civil war was raised in the provinces, and a proclamation addressed to the gentry of Bretagne, calling upon them to take part with the *republic*. In the absence of her husband, who had gone abroad at the first outbreak of the Revolution, Madame de Josselin repaired with her three sons to the château de Rochemaure, to take counsel with the old marquis as to the steps proper for herself and her family to adopt in the existing conjuncture. I was present (continued Lormet) at that consultation. The marquis advised Madame de Josselin herself to join her husband without delay. ‘As to your sons,’ said the marquis, ‘they should remember the Athenian law, which condemned to death every citizen who did not take *one* side or another in times of civil trouble. They held it base in any one to wait till he saw what would be his interest, before declaring what his course was to be. Your sons are now old enough to judge of their duty, and they should follow it. For me, I am too old to bear arms in any cause, or to seek an asylum in a foreign land, and it is my resolve to wait here the issue of events in quietness, so long as I am permitted to enjoy it. But the issue, I fear, will be dark and calamitous to all France.’

Madame de Josselin adopted the counsel of the marquis, and left the country with her youngest son. Her two elder children, notwithstanding the prejudices of birth, had long been alive to the wrongs inflicted on the people of France by their superiors, and they gave in their adherence, accordingly, to the popular cause. Isidor was immediately named commandant of a volunteer battalion of the Loire, and at the head of it was sent to Mayence to join General Kleber. But the hope which the young man had entertained of being appointed to combat with his country's foreign enemies, was suddenly brought to an end. The garrison of Mayence, of which he formed a part, was ordered to la Vendée, the very province of his birth, and the abode of his Hortense. Against it was he to go as an enemy, and there to engage in mortal contest with his countrymen and friends. So deeply did this idea distress him, that, on reaching la Vendée with General Kleber, whose favour he had completely gained, Isidor made an appeal to his commander to be permitted temporarily to quit the army. But this appeal was met by a hint of the reflections which might be thrown out against him by others, especially as a battle was hourly expected; and Isidor at once saw that, at the moment at least, he could not honourably be relieved from his painful situation. He remained, was present at the engagement of Torfou, and had the honour of being advanced to the rank of chief-of-brigade by Kleber, for his conduct on the field. But Kleber was immediately called to the army of the north, and the subsequent disposition of things compelled Isidor to remain behind with his battalion. His entreaties procured a promise, however, that the general would send for him to the north within a month afterwards.

The inquiries of Isidor procured him intelligence respecting Hortense and her grandfather, that at once pleased and vexed him. He learnt that the neutrality preserved by the marquis had not saved him from suspicion, and that he had been compelled to quit his chateau, but had escaped with his granddaughter to some place not known. Trusting that they were in safety, the young soldier longed for the summons of Kleber, to take him from a scene where the fulfilment of his duty was so painful. But at this time Carrier, the execrable Carrier, came to Nantes. With the eagerness of a bloodhound, this man caused the republican soldiers to scour the country incessantly in search of prey. Isidor was forced to act under his orders for a few days, and was sent with his battalion to take the Castle of Clisson, where several Vendean chiefs, it was known, were accustomed to meet. When in action, Isidor forgot all but his immediate duty, and on this occasion he speedily made his way, at the head of a few of his men, into the castle. In a lower hall, he found five or six wounded Vendean officers. 'Surrender, gentlemen,' cried Isidor, 'and I pledge my word for the safety of your lives!' His men echoed the pledge. 'You promise more than you can perform,' replied an old Vendean officer calmly. 'Once taken prisoners, we are in the hands of Carrier, not yours; and we must certainly perish on the scaffold. Permit us to go,' continued he after a pause, 'and we shall yield our arms, and engage never more to bear them against the republic.' This was all that Isidor desired from those whom he opposed in this civil struggle, and he consulted his comrades with the view of gaining their consent. Guided by him, they gave it at once, and the officers were told that they were at liberty to de-

part. Before going, however, the old officer again spoke. 'I have another prayer to make,' said he. 'Do not burn the castle. It was the cradle of a brave man, and such an edifice should be sacred.' Having said these words, he turned to Isidor, and whispered a brief sentence in his ear, after which he departed with his friends.

That whisper affected Isidor most painfully. He became deadly pale, and staggered back, as if struck by a cannon-shot. The sound of fire-arms recalled him to activity, if not to composure, and he rushed out to discover the cause. Alas! the poor Vendéans had been observed by others of the investing band, and, before a word of explanation could pass, had been shot on the spot. Immediately afterwards, the whole of the soldiers entered the castle, and a search commenced, in which the young commander, contrary to his usual custom, appeared to take the most active share. Under the plea of anxiety to fulfil his duty, he allowed no one to search but with himself. The task at length was finished, and then the troop, according to their usual custom, proceeded to set the place on fire. Isidor addressed them in opposition to this design. He called to their recollection its founder, Oliver de Clisson, the terror of the Flemings, and scourge of the English; and concluded by saying, that, in any case, they ought not to destroy the castle except by express orders, especially as he had proposed to occupy it as a favourable station for continuing the war. This little harangue had the desired effect. The castle was evacuated, and Isidor made all possible haste to report the issue of the expedition to the officer above him in command, who, at the young soldier's own suggestion, sent him back with a single

picquet of cavalry, to occupy Clisson and its neighbourhood. Isidor established his men in a building at the end of the park, and then took an opportunity of entering alone the deserted castle.

The scene which then took place is not to be described. There Isidor, as he had been warned by the Vendean chief, found his beloved Hortense and her grandfather, concealed in the secret chamber where the family papers were kept. It may be imagined with what terror the proposal to burn the castle inspired him. The secreted pair, he found, had been prepared to fly in the garb of peasants towards Paris, just before the castle was taken. Now, the scheme was renewed. Isidor, over whose mind the remembrance of the terrible Carrier threw an inexpressible degree of alarm, counselled flight on the following day. This being arranged, he tore himself from them, to avoid raising suspicion. An awful shock awaited him on rejoining his men. A paper was handed to him, containing these words:—‘By order of the representatives of the people, Carrier and Francastel, the chief-of-battalion, Josselin, will instantly arrest and conduct towards Nantes the rebel Rochemaure, whom he will find concealed in the Castle of Clisson,’ etc. The unhappy young officer, as soon as night fell, returned to the castle, and without being able to articulate a word, placed the order in the hands of M. de Rochemaure. ‘I expected it,’ said the old man calmly. Hortense saw by the looks of her lover that something alarming had occurred. ‘Tell me, Isidor, what has happened! Tell me, I conjure you!’ The youth turned away his head, but the marquis answered for him. ‘It would be of no avail to conceal it. The poor boy has received orders, my child, to arrest me.’ Hortense gave a cry of poignant distress,

and threw her arms around her grandsire. 'We must all fly instantly,' cried Isidor, starting as if from stupor; 'the park adjoins a forest, which I have well examined. We can find temporary safety there, at least, and may afterwards reach the hamlet beyond.' 'That is what I was about to propose,' said the old marquis. 'You have no other way, Isidor, of saving your wife—yes, your *wife*; for, from this moment, Hortense is yours, and you must answer for her protection before heaven and before men!' Such a thought was capable of giving pleasure to the unfortunate pair, even in that hour of distress; and they kneeled down to receive the old man's blessing. Having given this with tears, the marquis continued to enjoin the necessity of flight. 'My father,' exclaimed Hortense, 'you do not speak of yourself.' The marquis now pointed out the necessity of their separation. He said that his age and infirmities would but impede *their* flight, and render it vain; and that he himself would even be safer alone. To all this Hortense had but one reply, 'No, no, I will never quit you! never.'

An hour was spent by the marquis in endeavouring to combat this resolve of his grandchild. The period of safety was fast passing by, for Isidor had been informed that Carrier's detestable body-guard were to come at morning to meet him and receive his prisoners. At length, finding Hortense still resolute, the marquis arose, and, saying solemnly, 'Isidor, remember your duty to your wife,' went into a little side apartment. In an instant, the sound of a pistol indicated that the old man had sacrificed himself to terminate the scruples of his grandchild, and enable her to be saved!

It was with great difficulty, and only after a long delay, that Isidor could separate Hortense from the body

of her unfortunate parent. But he finally prevailed upon her to quit the castle. The pair entered the forest, and after walking till dawn, reached the banks of the Loire at the village of Broussards. They had the hope, if they could procure a boat to convey them across the river, that they would then be in comparative safety; and they were on the point of entering one, when some soldiers, belonging to one of the roving bands of the republican army, were drawn to the spot. The extraordinary beauty of Hortense attracted the admiration of these ruffians, and they attempted to stop the embarkation. Isidor ordered them to desist, announcing himself as the commandant of Clisson; but his words only bred suspicion, and he was compelled to draw his sword and repel them by force. More of the wretches came to the spot, however, and the unhappy lovers were both seized and hurried off to Nantes, which was close by, for examination. The anxiety of any person to escape was in these times fit cause for apprehension and execution.

On that day (continued Lormet) I myself had been thrown into prison. I was seated on a bench amid a crowd of other unfortunates, not one of whom had even a hope of life, when my attention was attracted by a conversation close behind me. ‘We shall at least die together, Isidor,’ said a low female voice. ‘No, no, you shall not die, Hortense!’ was the reply; ‘so much youth, and beauty, and innocence, must find grace even with these monsters.’ ‘If you love me, Isidor, do not even wish such a thing! I have seen my father expire, and death awaits my husband—yes, my husband, Isidor, and no power shall prevent me sharing his fate.’ The two speakers wept for a time in each other’s embrace. ‘But what a death, Hortense!—oh, you know not all its horrors!’

—‘We may escape, Isidor,’ said she, in a whisper almost of exultation; ‘we are not without the *means*.’ I turned round as she spoke, and saw that her features bore the marks of the deepest despair.

It was now that I spoke to the ill-fated lovers, and that the deed was consummated which has made me spend my days in solitary prayer far from the dwellings of men. Isidor and Hortense knew me instantly, and, in the contemplation of my misfortunes, forgot their own for a moment. But this forgetfulness could not last long. I told them I had overheard all, and Isidor, with indescribable eagerness, besought me, if I could, to rescue Hortense from the horrible indignities of a death such as Carrier gave his victims. I understood him too well. About my person I had a small quantity of poison—the necessity was dreadful. Why linger on the issue? Believing that I was conferring a benefit, and indeed feeling that I was making a great personal sacrifice, I gave it to the unhappy pair. It saved them from all sense of the barbarities that followed in a few hours, when one hundred and twenty-five unfortunates, men, women, and children, were taken on board a boat, tied together by pairs, and drowned in the Loire, in presence of Carrier and his band. The accompanying brutalities of the scene are not to be told. These were the too famous *Noyades* (drownings) of la Vendée!

I saw (concluded Lormet) the bodies of Isidor and Hortense committed to the waters of the Loire. I myself underwent the same doom, but by a train of accidental circumstances, which have no particular interest, found myself rescued from death. For all that has happened to myself, I might still be among men, but I prefer to remain in solitude, and feed my thoughts with the re-

membrance of the unhappy pair with whose fate I was connected—a pair such, in person and mind, as heaven has seldom lent to earth.”

THE TALE OF THE FALCON.

(The following tale is one of the most admired pieces in one of the most popular books ever published, the Decameron of Boccaccio, the Italian Walter Scott of the fourteenth century.)

As the Decameron is little read by the British public, and, as a whole, were as well less read than it is, it seems proper thus to select the really fine passages of it, for the amusement of our readers.

At Florence dwelt a young gentleman named Frederick, son of Philip Albergi, who, in feats of arms and gentility, surpassed all the youth in Tuscany; this gentleman was in love with a lady called Madam Giovanna, one of the most agreeable women in Florence, and to gain her affection, used to be continually making tilts, balls, and such diversions; lavishing away his money in rich presents, and every thing that was extravagant. But she, as just and reputable as she was fair, made no account either of what he did for her sake, or of himself. Living in this manner, his wealth soon began to waste, till at last he had nothing left but a very small farm, the income of which was a most slender maintenance, and a single hawk, one of the best in the world. Yet loving still more than ever, and finding he could subsist no longer in the city, in the manner he would choose to live, he retired to his farm, where he went out a-fowling, as often as the weather would permit, and bore his dis-

tress patiently, and without ever making his necessity known to any body. Now, one day it happened, that, as he was reduced to the last extremity, the husband to this lady chanced to fall sick, who, being very rich, left all his substance to an only son, who was almost grown up, and if he should die without issue, he then ordered that it should revert to his lady, whom he was extremely fond of; and when he had disposed thus of his fortune, he died. She now, being left a widow, retired, as our ladies usually do during the summer season, to a house of hers in the country near to that of Frederick; whence it happened that her son soon became acquainted with him, and they used to divert themselves together with dogs and hawks; when he, having often seen Frederick's hawk fly, and being strangely taken with it, was desirous of having it, though the other valued it to that degree that he knew not how to ask for it. This being so, the young man soon fell sick, which gave his mother great concern, as he was her only child, and she ceased not to attend on and comfort him; often requesting, if there was any particular thing which he fancied, to let her know it, and promising to procure it for him if it was possible. The young gentleman, after many offers of this kind, at last said, "Madam, if you could contrive for me to have Frederick's hawk, I should soon be well." She was in some suspense at this, and began to consider how best to act. She knew that Frederick had long entertained a liking for her, without the least encouragement on her part; therefore she said to herself, "How can I send or go to ask for this hawk, which I hear is the very best of the kind, and what alone maintains him in the world? Or how can I offer to take away from a gentleman all the pleasure that he has in life?" Being

in this perplexity, though she was very sure of having it for a word, she stood without making any reply, till at last the love of her son so far prevailed, that she resolved at all events to make him easy, and not send, but go herself to bring it. She then replied, "Son, set your heart at rest, and think only of your recovery; for I promise you that I will go to-morrow for it the first thing I do." This afforded him such joy, that he immediately showed signs of amendment.

The next morning she went, by way of a walk, with another lady in company, to his little cottage to inquire for him. At that time, as it was too early to go out upon his diversion, he was at work in his garden. Hearing therefore that his mistress inquired for him at the door, he ran thither, surprised and full of joy; whilst she, with a great deal of complaisance, went to meet him; and after the usual compliments, she said, "Good morning to you, sir; I am come to make you some amends for what you have formerly done on my account; what I mean is, that I have brought a companion to take a neighbourly dinner with you to-day." He replied, with a great deal of humility, "Madam, I do not remember ever to have received any harm by your means, but rather so much good, that if I was worth any thing at any time, it was due to your singular merit, and the love I had for you: and most assuredly this courteous visit is more welcome to me than if I had all that I have wasted returned to me to spend over again; but you are come to a very poor host." With these words he showed her into his house, seeming much out of countenance, and from thence they went into the garden, when, having no company for her, he said, "Madam, as I have nobody else, please to admit this honest woman, a labourer's wife, to

be with you, whilst I set forth the table." He, although his poverty was extreme, was never so sensible of his having been extravagant as now; but finding nothing to entertain the lady with, he was in the utmost perplexity, lamenting his evil fortune, and running up and down like one out of his wits; at length, having neither money nor any thing he could pawn, and being willing to give her something, at the same time that he would not make his case known, even so much as to his own labourer, he espied his hawk upon the perch, which he seized, and finding it very fat, judged it might make a dish not unworthy of such a lady. Without further thought, then, he pulled his head off, and gave him to a girl to dress and roast carefully, whilst he laid the cloth, having a small quantity of linen yet left, and then he returned, with a smile on his countenance, into the garden to her, telling her that what little dinner he was able to provide was now ready.

She and her friend, therefore, entered and sat down with him, he serving them all the time with great respect, when they ate the hawk. After dinner was over, and they had sat chatting a little while together, she thought it a fit time to tell her errand, and she spoke to him courteously in this manner:—"Sir, if you call to mind your past life, and my resolution, which perhaps you may call cruelty, I doubt not but you will wonder at my presumption, when you know what I am come for: but if you had children of your own, to know how strong our natural affection is towards them, I am very sure you would excuse me. Now, my having a son forces me, against my own inclination, and all reason whatsoever, to request a thing of you, which I know you value extremely, as you have no other comfort or diversion left in your small

circumstances; I mean your hawk, which he has taken such a fancy to, that unless I bring him back with me, I very much fear that he will die of his disorder. Therefore I entreat you, not for any regard you have for me (for in that respect you are in no way obliged to me), but for that generosity with which you have always distinguished yourself, that you would please to let me have the animal I speak of, by which means you will save my child's life, and lay him under perpetual obligations."

No sooner did Frederick hear the lady's request, and knowing it was out of his power to serve her, than he began to weep before he was able to make a word of reply. This she first thought was his great concern to part with his favourite bird, and that he was going to give her a flat denial; but after she had waited a little for his answer, he said, "Madam, ever since I have fixed my affections upon you, fortune has been contrary to me in many things; but all the rest is nothing to what has now come to pass. You are here to visit me in this my poor mansion, and whither in my prosperity you would never deign to come; you also entreat a small present from me, which it is no way in my power to give, as I am going briefly to tell you. As soon as I was acquainted with the great favour you designed me, I thought it proper, considering your superior merit and excellency, to treat you, according to my ability, with something more nice and valuable than is usually given to other persons, when, calling to mind my hawk, which you now request, and his goodness, I judged him a fit repast for you, and you have had him roasted. Nor could I have thought him better bestowed, had you not now desired him in a different manner, which is such a

grief to me, that I shall never be at peace as long as I live;" and upon saying this, he produced his feathers, feet, and talons. The lady began now to blame him for killing such a bird to entertain any woman with, secretly, however, praising the goodness of his heart, which poverty had no power to abase. Thus, having no further hopes of obtaining the hawk, she thanked him for the respect and good-will he had showed towards her, and returned full of concern to her son; who, either out of grief for the disappointment, or through the violence of his disorder, died in a few days.

Madam Giovanna continued sorrowful for some time; but being left rich, and young, her brothers pressed her to marry again, which, though against her inclinations, yet finding them still importunate, and remembering Frederick's great worth, and the late instance of his generosity, in killing such a bird for her entertainment, she said, "I should rather choose to continue as I am; but since it is your desire that I take a husband, I will have only Frederick Albergi." They smiled contemptuously at this, and said, "You simple woman! what are you talking of? He is not worth one farthing in the world." She replied, "I believe it, brothers, to be as you say; but know, that *I would sooner have a man that stands in need of riches, than riches without a man.*" They hearing her resolution, and well knowing his generous temper, gave her to him with all her wealth; and he, seeing himself possessed of a lady whom he had so dearly loved, and such a vast fortune, lived in all true happiness with her, and was a better manager of his affairs for the time to come.

COURAMÉ,**A SOUTH AMERICAN TALE.**

A young Indian girl, of the tribe of the Noragues, when about nine years old, had strayed into the forests of Guiana, where she was found by some hunters, and taken to the residence of Madame de St-Croix, the widow of a rich Cayenne planter, by whom she was nurtured. In the land of her fathers this child was called Couramé, which signifies, in the Galibis language, "the beautiful." It is the custom of many savage nations to give names to their children expressive of some agreeable attribute, or of something which strikes their fancy, in the smiling scenes of outward nature, which they feel and understand so well. This custom has been handed down, amongst them, from the remotest ages. In the house of Madame de St-Croix, Couramé was baptised by the name of Demetriadé, the most tender cares were lavished on her by her adoptive mother, and no pains were spared in perfecting her education. As she grew up in beauty, the gifts of nature were still further displayed by the embellishments and elegance of dress. Couramé wanted for nothing; she knew not a privation; but by a singular want of judgment in those with whom she associated, constant reference was made, in her presence, to the wilds where she had been found, to the miseries attendant upon the condition of savages, and to the happy fate which awaited her in the world, through the goodness of her

benefactress. They thought by such conversation the more to endear her new situation to her, but it produced a contrary effect.

Notwithstanding the favours with which she was loaded, Couramé was always pensive and melancholy. The same sadness might be remarked in her, which appears to be so sensibly felt by all beings removed from the clime of their birth. She languished like the flower which droops, withers, and decays, when planted in an ungenial soil. Her inclinations resisted all those tastes which were studied to be imparted to her. She sighed for her native land. A secret inspiration told her that she was formed for a different existence; and a sort of *sauvagerie* shone out from beneath the elegant manner she had acquired by civilisation. There was in her looks something vague and absent, which seemed to isolate her in the midst of those who surrounded her. Couramé anxiously questioned all who had been to the Approuague river; she had been told the country which gave her birth was to the east of Cayenne; her eyes were therefore ever meditatively turning towards the rising sun; indeed, in her daily walks she could not gaze on the calm sea without feeling a longing desire to return to the place of her infancy.

Couramé felt no delight in associating with girls of her own age; for the children who shared in her recreations were not of her tribe. She wept because she had neither brother nor sister. She regretted the pastimes of her country. In the midst of abundance and riches, every thing was wanting, for her mother was not there. She had been nine years old when taken from the forest of Guiana, and at that age whatever is impressed on the mind, is not readily obliterated. With

Madame de St-Croix, Couramé was constantly the object of solicitude. She had all the advantages of instruction, from the best masters, which money could procure. Couramé listened to her preceptors with attention; they spoke of her progress in accomplishments as a prodigy. She was taught the French language; but by her there was one language which was preferred to every other; that was the Galibis—so poor in superfluous words, but so rich in affectionate and tender expressions. Every word of this savage dialect, which had never been used to disguise the thoughts, and which her mother had taught her from infancy, was cherished.

It is remarkable that Couramé's education, far from extinguishing in her the love of her country, had only strengthened this affection, by developing all the energies of her mind. At this particular time there was a project on foot for civilising the savages of Guiana, and the French government was made acquainted with it. Now, Couramé read with extreme avidity every thing which was published relative to the wandering nation of the Galibis, the industry of the Noragues, their habits, pastimes, and other characteristics. Her imagination was stimulated by numberless recitals tending to foster her darling wish, which was to end her days amidst the scenes that had cradled her. "Cherished country! country where I first saw the day!" cried she, "who can restore me thy charms, or what can excite the happiness thou bestowest on me? Who can think of thee without regretting thee, without longing to behold thee again?" Madame de St-Croix had long perceived that Couramé was not happy; she courted solitude; and though, in the midst of so many who loved her, she seemed like a creature of another species. None knew

to what to attribute this melancholy; on her own part, Couramé dared not tell the cause of her grief. She feared to be thought ungrateful, and to afflict her benefactress.

The only thing which lessened Couramé's regrets was reading some historical works which Madame de St-Croix had kindly given her; for her benefactress was possessed of a highly cultivated taste, and looked upon books as friendly consolers, which prevented the mind from dwelling too intently upon sad impressions. Couramé profited by this resource, as well as by the conversation of Dr Valayer, a worthy old man, who for more than forty years had been the idol of the colony. He was as amiable as enlightened; was the physician of the soul as well as of the body. He had penetrated the secret thoughts of Couramé, but he carefully concealed from her his knowledge. He had ever a gentle and delicate manner in his conversations with his patients, which quickly won upon their confidence.

Erelong, a particular event brought a happy change in Couramé's existence. Le Baron de Besner, a most enlightened philanthropist, was at that time governor of Cayenne. He was always influenced by the most anxious desire of being useful to mankind, and his ardour was indefatigable; above all, he loved the Indians, and wished to ameliorate their condition by civilising them. The better to further his designs, the baron endeavoured to draw some Indians of Guiana by various pretexts to Cayenne. He wished to induce them to appreciate all the advantages enjoyed in towns, and for this purpose it was necessary to allure them thither. His aim was to make these savages approach the civilised inhabitants, to make friends of the colonists, and to turn

them insensibly to those habits which could ennoble them in their own eyes. He flattered himself that he could influence particularly the manners of the Noragues, who, of all the savages, are those who show the most morality, who respect their parents, who have the most justice and good faith. In a journey which he had made to the territory of the Approuague, he had gone amongst them, and he was persuaded that he might do much with this interesting tribe. He hoped to make them labourers, under whose hands the fertile country they inhabited would prosper. He could communicate with them so much the better, as the greater part were baptised, and had already received some of the benefits of civilisation. M. de Besner informed their chief, Almiki, that it would perhaps interest him to come some day into the metropolis, with some of his followers, to deliberate upon affairs which concerned him, and which related to the prosperity of the tribe. The message was adroitly delivered by an ambassador, who acquired great ascendancy over him.

It is well known how unwillingly the savages carry on communication with strangers, unless constrained by force or by the pressure of their wants. But the Noragues had been for some time very poor: they wanted axes, sabres, muskets, and other implements. They imagined, with reason, that their journey would be profitable to them in this point of view, and they accepted without hesitation the governor's proposal. The aged Almiki, too old to quit his hut, consented to the departure of his son, who was accompanied by several men and women of the tribe. The news was spread in Cayenne that the Noragues were coming: Couramé's joy was not to be described. She imagined that she might

now return and see her mother, and the love of country was renewed in all its force. In her impatience she counted the days and hours which then intervened before the expected arrival of her countrymen. The present time is ever a weight to a mind which only feeds on hope. Couramé ran over, in her memory, all the words of the language she so well knew before her capture. She felt sure of being recognised by her friends; for though she lived in the splendour of riches, and though her clothes were very costly, she always preserved something of the Indian costume, and wore the long smooth tresses of the Galibis women. Her ears were adorned with coral, her neck was enriched by a chain of red seeds, and her bracelets were composed of little sea shells. Madame de St-Croix, who was proud of the elegance of her adopted daughter, liked to perceive in her attire these distinctive characteristics of her nation.

The arrival of the Indians was hailed with universal joy. They marched in file, one following another, after the manner in which they were obliged to traverse their own woods. The whole population of the colony ran out to see them pass. The savage is always an object of curiosity to the civilised man. The young Couramé could not contain her transport on beholding the people of her tribe. In the language of the Galibis, she entreated them to give her news of her mother; she spared no signs or gestures to make herself understood, and sought the answers in their looks. Her imagination beheld in them her parents, her home, all the territory of the Approuague.

Amongst the Indians who came with this deputation to the governor, there were several of good stature and

noble appearance. The son of Almiki was distinguished above them all by his costume, which was more gracefully arranged than that of his companions. He was armed like a warrior, and had a commanding air, though his countenance was thoughtful and melancholy. His features, however, became less austere when he perceived Couramé. But the latter directed her attention to a group of Norague women, who walked behind, carrying fermented liquors and some flour of manioc, to make a sort of thickened soup for their husbands. The Indian women were clothed more modestly than they were wont to be, and most of them were adorned with feathers: they wore petticoats of blue worsted or calico, which is the favourite colour of the Noragues. Some of them had heightened their complexion by paint. They walked in buskins or shoes ingeniously woven with rushes and cotton threads. Notwithstanding this rather whimsical costume, Couramé was enchanted to see them, and thought that their ornaments were preferable to those with which she was adorned. She envied their lot, and longed to be with them. As to the Indians, they were delighted with Couramé, whom they had recognised, and stood gazing upon her with the greatest astonishment. It was an interesting sight to see those inhabitants of the forest mingle with the people in the town.

They were brought to the governor, and eagerly asked for muskets, bill-hooks, axes, and other tools or instruments, of which they had great want. The Norague women displayed their rush baskets and their earthen vases, which they gave to the ladies, receiving in exchange jet necklaces, bracelets, and other articles of ornament. During this time, Couramé mixed with them: she sought for her mother, who, not suspecting that her

daughter still existed, had not quitted the huts. The governor received the Indians with the most free cordiality; for, as before stated, his ardent wish was to make them enjoy the sweets of civilisation. But no sooner were they arrived than they began to talk of returning home. In order to detain them, the governor endeavoured to interest their curiosity, but nothing could captivate them. The admiration of savages is flighty and evanescent. Amongst them, the passion of self-preservation is the only permanent one. Thus they observed nothing extraordinary in the paintings and masterpieces of art which were shown them: they always thought the scenes of Nature preferable, and longed to return to them. Every thing that did not relate to their especial wants made no impression upon them. The mirrors which they found in the saloon of the governor did not astonish them, because they had often seen themselves reflected in the Approuague river. No surprise was expressed when pictures were placed before them, for they only fancied they saw the image of an object in the water. It was only at first that they were delighted by the wind instruments which composed the band of the regiment, so superior to their own flutes of bamboo, from which only the most monotonous sounds could be drawn.

M. de Besner neglected nothing which could prevent the deputation experiencing ennui or constraint. To amuse them, he gave a grand feast; and what astonished them most, was to see the number of dishes which appeared successively. They could not imagine the use of so many of the superfluities which were already introduced in the houses of the rich Europeans. After the repast, various games were introduced for their enter-

tainment, when Couramé appeared before them and executed a Norague dance in an enchanting manner, embellished by all the improvements of art. The Indians surrounded her, and seemed to follow every step by observing the cadence with a remarkable precision, and they were in ecstasy with the inimitable grace of her movements. Couramé joined to the polish that education had given her, that native grace and elegance which she inherited from the country that gave her birth.

The Indians afterwards acted several pantomimes, a species of amusement much in use amongst the Galibis. At the conclusion of the fête, the Indians sang after the manner of their country, which much gratified the curiosity of the colonists. The music of the Noragues is sad and melancholy, like that of all the Galibis; but its notes are very expressive when they paint the anguish of grief and distress. A young Indian girl sang, in a soft mournful strain, a hymn, which expressed the regrets of a mother whose child had been overwhelmed by the rising of the tide, at the mouth of the Approuague, a calamity of not uncommon occurrence. But Couramé could not hear such regrets without shedding a torrent of tears. She imagined that her own mother wept for her, and this idea plunged her into a sadness which prevented her from taking any part in what was passing around her. However, the youth, the grace, the attractions of Couramé, had made a great impression on the Indians; for who could see her without admiring her? She was beautiful as a Grecian statue.

The joy of the Indians was excessive when they thus accidentally found one of their tribe, who had been separated from them by civilisation, and they wished to restore her to their country. Couramé talked to them

incessantly in the sweet and persuasive Galibis language, which is comprehensive enough to express the most important things in common life. She gave them to understand, by every means in her power, the ardent desire she had to return to the place of her birth. The feelings of savages are very strong and ardent, however exercised, whether in love or revenge. Scarcely had they seen their young countrywoman, ere they entertained a great affection for her. And, meditating flight from Cayenne, she mingled with the Norague women, who surrounded her, and seemed as if they wished to carry her away with them. They understood each other in a moment; signs and looks expressed what words could not, and Couramé listened to all their communications with growing agitation. She was more than ever determined upon the project of quitting the town, and returning to her tribe; and drawing the Indians aside, questioned them closely on its practicability.

Meanwhile the night advanced; the baron had provided sleeping accommodation in the great hall of the old mansion of the Jesuits, in order that the Indians might repose themselves; during which time Couramé was watching and secretly preparing for her flight. One thing only made her unhappy; this was the grief that her departure might occasion Madame de St-Croix. The poor girl wavered between two conflicting feelings, for nature has not given us unalloyed pleasure in this life—nothing is more painful to the mind than these opposing inclinations, these inward combats, striving for mastery, when the heart is divided by two powerful contending interests. At length the dawn appeared, and Couramé summoned up all her courage to quit the house of her benefactress. But how many mournful feelings

arose in her heart! It is possible to return in transport to one's native land, and yet to shed some tears over the hospitable threshold which has heretofore sheltered us. Couramé sobbed convulsively when abandoning the house where she had been so generously received, so warmly beloved. She wrote a letter to her benefactress, in which feelings of deep sorrow and glowing gratitude were mingled, and she deposited on the table all the gifts which she had received from the hands of Madame de St-Croix, and left in a box all the jewels which adorned her dress.

Clothed in a simple Indian robe, her long smooth hair was her only ornament. The town was yet wrapped in repose, when she ran with precipitation towards the shore, where the Noragues waited for her. She met few people at this early hour, and the simplicity of her dress prevented her being known. She leaped into the canoe, the hymn of departure was sung, and they rowed in cadence towards the land of Approuague. The Indians took their leave loaded with presents from the governor, the winds were favourable, the voyage speedily at an end, and the canoe which conveyed Couramé arrived safely at its destination.

No words can express the grief of Madame de St-Croix when she heard of the flight of this beloved daughter, whom she had loaded with favours, and cherished so tenderly. At first she refused to believe that so lamentable a misfortune could have occurred, but her doubts were soon removed when she entered Couramé's room, and saw the letter which this poor girl had written to her. Madame de St-Croix was inconsolable; nevertheless she did not think of using any means to reclaim her from the Indians, as she held Couramé to have

exercised no more than a duty in returning to her real mother.

Five years passed without any tidings of the fugitive; she was perhaps happily settled in her mother's hut, and this idea lessened the regret of Madame de St-Croix.

Couramé was indeed almost forgotten at Cayenne, and her name rarely mentioned in conversation. By the most singular chance, it happened that good Dr Valayer was led to the banks of the Approuague. He had an estate in this fertile spot, and went to visit it. He entertained the idea of establishing botanical gardens there, as he was passionately fond of this branch of natural history, and was considered one of the best pupils of de Jussieu.

It is impossible to depict his surprise, when, on visiting the Norague Indians, the first person who presented herself was Couramé, whom he immediately recognised. He entered into her hut, where he found her surrounded by all her family. Her husband was the son of Almiki, the chief of the tribe, the same who had been one of the deputation to the governor of Cayenne, when Couramé bore the name of Demetriadé. It was the same youth whose noble air had been so much admired at the fête given by the Baron to the Indians; and it was well that the flower of the Norague women should be united to the bravest of the men. Couramé still lived with her aged mother, whom she assisted and consoled. Some earthen vessels, some instruments for hunting and fishing, and the rude sleeping couch, composed the furniture of the dwelling in which she preferred to pass her days.

Dr Valayer beheld with astonishment the changes which had taken place in the deportment of Couramé.

She was no longer the young girl devoured by ennui and melancholy, in the midst of luxury and refinement. She was now a woman whose delight consisted in her maternal cares, and who passed her days in domestic peace. But she was still beautiful, and had not lost her taste for ornament. She wore a necklace made of tigers' teeth; her tresses were adorned with precious stones, brought from the sands of the Ruby river; her bracelets were of an Indian grain, which sometimes resembles jet. It may be truly said that a well-arranged hut is the abode of the patriarchal virtues.

Dr Valayer declared he never saw a more touching picture. He blessed the day on which his own affairs and his love of botany had led him to these scenes. He put a multitude of questions to her upon her new situation, and her answers showed that she was more than satisfied at having been restored to her primitive condition. He asked her what had become of all those talents which had been cultivated with so much care during her residence at Cayenne? He wished to know, above all, what had become of a very valuable library which Madame de St-Croix had given her to perfect her education? "Behold my books!" replied she, pointing to her children and the new-born infant at her breast. "I am a wife and a mother. All my learning has gone to make room for my affections. Of all that you have taught me, I only preserve my knowledge of God, which has sustained me in all my afflictions. I owe to him the prosperity of my family, and the continuance of the happiness which he has bestowed upon me on earth."

Couramé and the doctor then entered into a conversation, in which they balanced the inconveniences of a social life against those of a savage one. "Talk not to me

of your science," said she; "it only creates doubts. What makes the Norague happy? his bow and his freedom. My children know and love God, but they do not seek to penetrate the secrets of providence. Their reason is never harassed; they enjoy happiness here below without inquiring whence it comes. We have prudence, the preserving genius of rational, sensible beings, to guide us through life. That independence which you seek for with so much ardour, we possess; for, in the midst of our woods, and in the bosom of beneficent and hospitable Nature, there is neither tyranny nor servitude. We do not value your sentiment of fame, because we do not know it."

(We should not be doing justice to our young readers if we permitted the false sentiment of Couramé in the above concluding paragraphs of the story to pass unchallenged. She expresses a belief in the superior value of savage life, because it confers happiness and perfect independence. It is possible that, in the circumstances in which she was at the time placed, she was really as happy and independent as any one could wish to be; but if this were the case, it was a mere accident. Among these savage tribes the most destructive wars are constantly kept up; distressing famines occasionally prevail; and epidemic diseases sweep off whole nations at a time. Besides, all savage tribes are sooner or later subjected to civilisation, and they have much to endure before they accommodate themselves to a state of refinement and attain just notions of civil policy. In short, the happiness of these Indians is no better than the happiness of so many playful dogs, alike ignorant and heedless of their fate. There can be no rational happiness where there is not sound moral and intellectual culture.)

JACQUES THE COACHMAN.

The street of Saint-Antoine is the most truly Parisian quarter of all Paris. In it dwells a race, rude, untaught,

frolicsome, and good-natured; fond of spectacles, easily excited, brave, and ready to shed their blood at a moment's notice; the true representatives, in short, of that people who, in the space almost of a few hours, have more than once overturned dynasties and changed the fate of empires—who, in a fit of stern and savage ire, threw down the Bastile, and in the next instant danced merrily on its ruins.

Such being the peculiarities of the Saint-Antoine people, it is not to be wondered at that the coachmen of the division, living in such an atmosphere, should partake of the general character, lively, rough, and rattling, of the other inhabitants. The vehicles which they drive are for the most part of a half stage-coach order, and convey people to all the suburban quarters of the city, not at very regular hours, but rather whenever chance brings a complement of passengers. As you enter the street Saint-Antoine, you behold these personages standing in a dense knot, with tawny greatcoats on their backs, and otter-skin bonnets on their heads—a noisy, restless assemblage, breaking up in a second, and in a second re-collecting; a perpetual mob, in fact, though, unlike other mobs, entirely beyond the power of the police. The moment you come in sight of this body, they divine at once by your step, by your glittering shoes, by your newly brushed hat, and a thousand signs indistinguishable by others, that you are “for the country,” or for a drive. Then all the band starts like lightning to meet you, as hounds dart after a hare. One grasps you by the right arm, and cries, “To Charonton, sir?” Another holds our left, “To Alfort, sir?” A third has you by the collar, roaring, “To Conflans, sir?”—and, upon the whole, you may think

yourself extremely lucky, if you get out of their hands without having incurred the necessity of applying to your tailor as soon as you get home. Such is the mode of going to work practised by these wild men of the Saint-Antoine stand, who are as different from the polished, civil coach and cab drivers of other districts, as a street fiddler from Paganini.

One morning, wishing to go to Vincennes, I felt a horror, from sad experience, of passing through among these reckless beings towards the other end of the street, and took a circuitous route, intending to traverse a little back lane, which lay in the desired direction. This manœuvre might have been successful at other times, but now it took me into the very midst of the enemy. The Saint-Antoine coachmen had not yet taken up their usual stands, and were seated on logs of wood, discussing their breakfasts, in this very lane, with their vehicles and horses beside them. I had popped on them before I saw my danger, and at the first glimpse of me, the whole band rose at one and the same instant, and flew towards me. My first thought was to fly, but they were too close for flight to save me; so, putting on a resolution, I clapped my hat firmly on my head, and marched towards them, with something of the feeling of a Curtius about to leap into the fatal gulf. A multitude of hands were speedily on my arms, shoulders, collar, and back, while reiterated queries were poured forth. "Do you wish to go to Saint-Mandé, sir?" "To Villettes?" "Go with me, sir?" "With me, sir?" For a quarter of an hour this scene continued, by which time they had dragged me to the wheels of the first vehicle. Stunned and stupified, I at last shook them off, and roared to them all to "go to the——," the person, in short, not to be

named to ears polite. A shout of laughter broke forth from them, the unfailing effect produced by anger that is unshared by those who have aroused it. "But where *do* you wish to go to, sir?" cried one of them, after a short pause. "To Vincennes," said I, fairly wearied out. "Ha!" cried a voice from the middle of the group, "this is my affair; the gentleman belongs to me. Stand about, ye dogs, or I'll make you."

The person who spoke thus was a vigorous-looking fellow, who immediately began to act up to his words. He pushed the others aside with his arms, and, having seized me by the collar, commenced whirling the butt end of a very heavy whip round about our two heads, while at the same time he stretched out one of his legs, and made it perform a most extraordinary circular movement, such as I had never seen a limb perform before, and which carried with it so effective a species of eloquence, that the circle soon enlarged considerably around us. Then the victor, lifting rather than leading me to his vehicle, placed me on the front seat outside, between an artillery-soldier and a servant-woman, who were already seated. "There is no better seat, sir," cried my coach-driver; "all the insides are taken up." And so it proved, for immediately a voice from that quarter grumbled out, in half suffocated tones, "They *are* taken up, truly! We are stuffed like a herring-barrel. Nine of us in a place where there is room only for six!"

Having a story to tell, I shall not dilate on all that happened before we got under weigh fairly on the road to Vincennes—how our driver tricked us by taking a circuit, and landing us again at the starting-point, bawling all the while, "Another seat for Vincennes!" and how he jumped off to light his pipe, and jumped on again,

caring no more for the murmuring of his passengers than if he had nothing to do with them. Suffice it to say, that we were at last on our way to Vincennes, and that I began to converse familiarly with our driver, whose coolness was equally tantalising and amusing. He was a man about forty, with a weather-beaten but not unpleasing face, and an active powerful person. Having observed something remarkable about the movements of his leg—the same one which he had caused to make such strangely efficient revolution—I looked attentively at the limb. He saw this, and exclaimed, “Ah, you wish to see *Cossack*; well, here it is.” So saying, he showed me the leg to which he gave this odd name. It was a wooden one. “How lost you this?” said I, taking off my hat, for, to an old soldier, or to a grey head, I always pay this involuntary reverence; and by the blue ribbon (waved with black) on his breast, I saw that my friend had been in honourable wars. In answer to my question, he told me the following story :

“Twenty years ago, on the morn of the 30th of March 1814, a proclamation appeared in Paris, signed by Napoleon’s brother Joseph, in which it was announced that the hostile allies were within a few hours’ march of the city. The sensation excited by the news cannot be described. Forty thousand workmen traversed the streets, vowing, with tears in their eyes, to die for France, and demanding arms and ammunition. But although these articles were not scarce, the demand was refused, on the plea that there would be no need of these weapons, ‘since the sight of the clock of St-Genevieve would be enough to terrify the invaders.’ When I heard this, I said to myself, ‘This *may* be, but my trust lies more in the protection of powder and bullets.’ And

away I went home, and took down the carabine which my father had handled at the taking of the Bastile. I dismounted it, cleaned it carefully, put it to rights, and then *said* to it, 'Come, old one, do thy duty; rattle me these Prussians and Cossacks out of the land; and if a domestic traitor comes in thy way, keep quiet and still, till I look along thee at his heart! You understand me; that's all.' Throwing it on my shoulder, I then took my way to Louise.

Louise, sir, was my betrothed, and as pretty and honest a girl as dwelt in the neighbourhood. I had known her from infancy, and often had I heard her say, 'Jacques, I love thee.' We were to have been married in fifteen days, if nothing came in the way. But something did come in the way, and that is the reason why I am still a bachelor.

As soon as Louise saw me coming with my old carabine on my arm, she ran to me, and cried, 'Oh, Jacques, are you going to fight?' 'Yes, Louise.' 'And what if you are killed?' 'Then I shall be happy, my dear, for I shall not see strangers and conquerors enter Paris.' 'But for me, Jacques—what will become of me!' 'I will watch over you from above, Louise,' and I pointed to heaven. 'But, tush!' I continued, 'every soldier does not die in a battle. And it is but to-day that the serious chance will be, for to-morrow the emperor will arrive, and then our enemies may pray to their saints to save their souls, for we will have no pity on the invaders' bodies. We must leave all to the will of heaven, Louise.' At the same time I wiped away two large tears from my own cheeks, but Louise did not see them, for her eyes were closed, and her cheek so pale, that one would have said she was

dead. But she recovered, and fixing on me her two large eyes, she said, 'Jacques, you must let me go with you!' 'Impossible!' I replied; 'where I go is no place for women.' 'You will have need of sutlers, Jacques; I will attend the wounded, and carry refreshments to the soldiers! I will do any thing that you desire of me! They won't refuse to allow a poor girl to be serviceable to her wounded and dying countrymen?'

'Yes, if that would be injurious to her, and not useful to others. But listen, Louise. In a few hours I will meet the enemy, and I cannot deny that wounds may fall to my share as well as others. Well, go *this evening to Père La Chaise*, to the tomb of thy mother. If I am living, I will come and meet thee there; but if night comes, and you see me not, then, my Louise, pray to heaven for me—and for France, for I, and many, many more, will then lie low!'

At this moment the trumpet-call sounded in the streets. A regiment defiled past the window, accompanied by several hundred artizans. I profited by the occasion, embraced Louise, who hung by my neck, and would scarcely let me go; opened the door, and in two steps I was with my comrades in the street. As long as I could see the house, I turned always back to look at it, and even thought of yet returning to my poor girl. But when her dwelling was out of view, I began to cry with the rest, 'Long live the Emperor!' and then thought only of how quickly I could move forward to the foe!"

At this part of the story of Jacques, I cannot help remarking how much I was struck with the change in his manner as he warmed with his subject. His voice became grave and deep, and his expression and delivery

easy and forcible, while at the same time the peculiarities of pronunciation common to his class disappeared. "When we came to the wood of Romainville (he continued), we found the Cossacks already in possession of it. We were charged by our old hero of a leader, Marshal Mortier, with the task of driving them out of the wood; and never, perhaps, since the invention of arms, did soldiers enter a battle with such good will. The wood was carried at the point of the bayonet in twenty minutes! As I live, it was beautiful! But when we had gained our point, we saw forty thousand more of the allied enemy appear, and move on towards us. We counted not two thirds in all of that number, and had neither wall nor ditch to protect us. But, notwithstanding, we endured in that wood eleven consecutive attacks without flinching. We were at length compelled to evacuate the place, and, alas! to leave the enemy in possession of those positions from which he could destroy the capital. The suburbs were, in a measure, in the enemy's power! When I retraced my steps to Paris with my sad-hearted companions, I said, 'If the emperor is not here this night, his empire is ended!'

Immediately after this, I recollected my appointment with Louise in Père La Chaise cemetery, and bent my course rapidly thither. As I entered the place of death, it was just growing dusk. The enemy had already begun from the outside of the city to rain small bombshells upon it, and the sounds of the cannonade contrasted strangely with the repose of the funereal grounds around me. I was also startled with something like the glitter of bayonets among the willows and trees of the place, but conceived my eyes to have misled me. My eyes, however, did not mislead me, when, on reaching

the well-known grave of Louise's mother, which she and I had so often strewed with flowers, I beheld a soldier—an enemy, a Cossack—sitting with his arms folded on the very tomb-stone, and a woman's lifeless or motionless form stretched on the ground by its side! A dreadful thought flashed across my brain in an instant. An unprotected girl—the hour—and a savage enemy! What misery was in the thought! My knees trembled, my eyes lost their power of vision. But another feeling banished the momentary imbecility; I was close behind the unconscious monster, and, with my carabine swung in my hands, I advanced to him, and in another moment his brains sprinkled the ground at my feet!

I sprang to the girl—to my own poor, unhappy Louise, raised her, and sat down with her in my arms. My voice recalled her from her swoon, but she shuddered at the sight of me. She came by degrees to a seeming calmness, and, parting her wildly dishevelled locks, looked me in the face for a time without speaking. 'Jacques,' said she at length, 'I have lived too long! Be witness that Louise could not survive dishonour.' With these words she sprang from my arms, and, seizing one of the pistols of the dead wretch at our feet, she held it to her head, ere I, stunned and stupified as I was, could interfere. But the weapon missed fire.

The next moment Louise threw herself at my feet, and pulling aside her soiled and torn dress, she presented to me her open breast. 'Jacques!' cried she, in a tone of fearful calmness, 'I cannot now be your wife! For the love of mercy, kill me!'

I had in reality a thought of fulfilling her wish, and took up and loaded my carabine—but it was only a momentary thought. I let my weapon fall, and sat down,

and cried like an infant. Louise had never moved. 'Jacques!' said she again, in heart-breaking accents, 'I am no longer worthy of you—kill me!' 'Kill thee!' said I at length to the poor girl, who threw herself on the ground before me, 'kill thee! Of what are you guilty? Do I not see that you are far more unfortunate than I'? A pause again followed. I passed my hand over my burning brow; and when I looked again, I saw that she was cold and chill. The sight cooled myself, and restored me to reason. I rose calmly, and said, 'No! I will not kill thee. We have but been unfortunate. For me—while I shall breathe—I shall breathe hate to the invaders! Louise, I will avenge thee! Now, my girl, courage! Behold our nuptial altar!'

With these words I knelt down beside her by her mother's tomb. 'The words spoken over the bones of the dead are sacred,' said I. 'In presence of that heaven which sees us, and of her who reposes below, I swear, that from this moment thou art my true and lawful wife! If I die, thou shalt bear my name.' We rose together. 'Heaven bless thee, my husband!' said Louise, with something like calmness; '*now*, thou wilt not prevent me from following thee. It is the duty of a wife.' 'Be it so, my Louise. But see those bombs which fly in the air! They come to burn our houses; let us go and protect them. But hark!'

I listened. I thought I had heard a noise—a rustling behind one of the tombs. At first, in the imperfect light, I saw nothing; but, on looking attentively, I beheld a figure creeping on all-fours at a little distance. I watched till the form rose to an upright posture by the side of a cypress, and then I knew it to be an enemy, a Cossack. I raised my carabine, and shot him through

the heart. He made a leap in the air, and fell with a cry that sounded over all the cemetery. 'Come, my wife,' said I to Louise, who applauded my deed with a wild bitterness most unlike her former gentle self. We began to move towards the city, but retreat was destined not to be so easy. The shot and the cry of the savage caused an unexpected commotion. From the farther end of the cemetery, a body of men advanced, starting from grave to grave, and seeming like the dead raised to life, and playing a fearful game with one another among the tombs. I saw at once that they were a band of Cossacks, sent forward either to occupy the cemetery or to act as scouts. They saw Louise and myself, but luckily they had not yet passed the spot, and the pathway out of the cemetery was yet open to us. Raising my nearly insensible Louise in my arms, I ran towards the city. The Cossacks had found their dead comrades, and forty or fifty balls whistled around us, but not one of them touched me, and Louise also was uninjured—till the last moment—till the last shot was fired, just as we reached a place of safety. I laid her down, ignorant of her hurt. 'Jacques! my dear Jacques! adieu!' she whispered; 'it is better thus—!' The life departed while she spoke!

'I become a child, sir,' said poor Jacques, when he came to this part of his story, 'I become a child when I think of the death of Louise, of the only woman I have ever loved! But though she did not live to see me keep my vow, I avenged her deeply. Wherever a struggle with the enemy took place at that time, *there* I was, marking these wretches of Cossacks with my old carabine. I did not grudge a leg in the cause, and in memory of those who took it from me, I call its substitute

Cossack. That is all I have to tell, sir, and now here is Vincennes—all in good time."

It is astonishing (was my reflection on hearing the story of Jacques) what mines of strange and affecting recollections lie in corners of the world, where they are least suspected to exist. Here is one of those rough, thoughtless, frolicsome beings, whose lives seem to be a continued exhibition of overflowing animal spirits—here is one of them, who cherishes ever, in the deepest recesses of his breast, images of the saddest and tenderest kind—memories of love, and loveliness, and faith, and fond regret. Verily, it is a strange world, thought I; and not the least remarkable circumstances which have taken place in it, are those which marked the history of Jacques the Coachman.

THE RISE OF A PACHA, A STORY OF DAMASCUS.

The annals of no other country on the face of the earth present us with such examples of men springing at once from poor estate to the summit of wealth and power, as those of the Ottoman empire. The manners and institutions of the Turks favour these sudden alterations of fortune; so much so, indeed, that the majority of the pachaliks attached to the Porte, and of all its high offices of state, have been for the most part filled, from time immemorial, by able adventurers, emancipated slaves, and men of the humblest origin. Of all the instances of rapid elevation, however, which

the history of the empire exhibits, none perhaps was so remarkable in its character, and attended with so many strange circumstances, as that of Mohammed-Pacha-el-Adme, governor of Damascus for twenty-five years of the last century.

Mohammed and Mourad were the two sons of a rich merchant of Constantinople, who died when they had just arrived at manhood. The youths inherited considerable wealth, and, with his individual portion, Mourad continued the commercial business of the father, which prospered in his hands, to the great increase of his means. Mohammed, on the other hand, devoted his heritage to the pursuit of pleasure. He assembled round him a band of youths like himself, and plunged with them into follies and extravagances of every kind. The prodigious expenses consequent on such a way of life swallowed up the fortune of Mohammed in a single year, and then the prodigal youth found his associates drop from his side by degrees. Even his brother, under the plea of having forewarned him of ruin, closed his doors against Mohammed, and refused to see him. Although this was but the usual and natural course of things, the unfortunate young man was at first shocked and stupified by the treatment he met with; but, being of a buoyant disposition, he soon recovered from the lethargy into which he had been thrown, and nerved himself to bear his reverses with patience. He saw no way of sustaining himself but by accepting the alms of the mosques, and this accordingly he did for some time, always hoping that chance would turn up something better in his favour. And ere long, circumstances did occur, which led to a striking revolution in his condition.

On every Friday, at that time, the sultan went to perform his devotions at mid-day, in one of the chief mosques of Constantinople. He was accompanied by all his principal officers of state, dressed in their richest costumes, and by his side marched two officers, bearing bags of money, which it was customary for the sultan to scatter with his own hands among the people. The contents of these bags, nevertheless, were not wholly composed of money. Besides the ordinary gold and silver coins of the country, which were all folded up in pieces of paper, there were also small bits of glass wrapped up in the same way, but with this difference, that the envelopes of the bits of glass were one and all marked by short sentences in the sultan's own handwriting. These sentences were usually maxims in praise of poverty, or short sayings, in which riches were decried. It may readily be believed that the precious metal was much more coveted by the crowd that followed the sultan's heels than the moral bits of glass. One day after his reduction to poverty, Mohammed joined the needy train of attendants on the royal cavalcade. He eagerly watched the sultan's movements, saw his hand inserted into the bags, and, when the desired shower fell around, pounced on one of the folded bits of paper. Mohammed did not open his prize immediately, but allowed the crowd to pass on, and then looked at it. His mortification was unspeakable, when in place of gold he found only a rounded piece of glass. He was about to dash it on the stones at his feet, when the writing caught his eye. The words were, "*Artifice and address will often lead men to dignities.*" This maxim, by some accident, was most unlike those usually selected for the same purpose. Mohammed reflected

long upon the words before his eye, and he then put the paper and glass carefully into his dress. This done, he moved away with a firm and determined step. He had conceived a project.

In Constantinople there are merchants who make a practice of hiring out all sorts of dresses, from that of a vizier, glittering with precious stones, to the modest robe of the dervise. Stores of this kind seem as if intended for no other purpose than to aid men to accommodate themselves to the rapid changes of fortune common to the land. Nor do these merchants confine their traffickings to garments. They will procure at an hour's notice, horses, domestics, guards, household officers, and every conceivable appendage of a great establishment, which they let out to be paid for by the week or month. To one of these dealers, Mohammed applied himself, and, having a noble figure and commanding air, he induced the merchant to furnish him on the instant with the richest dress of a pacha, with a beautiful horse, and with a suite of splendidly dressed domestics. One hour sufficed to transform the mendicant into a magnificent dignitary, who charmed all eyes by his gracious physiognomy, and the ease of his manners.

All these rich furnishings were to be paid for within a very brief period. Mohammed had no money, but he had an inventive genius. Attended by a portion of his suite, he directed his course to the house of his brother. Arrived there, he stopped his horse at the threshold, and dispatched one of his attendants to say to Mourad that his brother wished to see him. Mourad was about to give a harsh reply, when he chanced to get a glimpse of Mohammed and his train through the window. To his astonishment, every thing bespoke the

presence of a great pacha. Mohammed sparkling with jewels, and Mohammed a beggar, were two very different beings, and Mourad made all possible haste to reach the threshold of his house. "Mourad," said Mohammed, saluting his brother without leaving his horse, "our lord the sultan has named me Pacha of Damascus. I have need of a large sum of money to establish me creditably in my government. Have this money ready for me by to-morrow. I will reimburse you as a brother and a pacha should do."

"May heaven prolong the days, and increase the glory, of our lord and master the sultan!" replied Mourad. "Mohammed, you were born to do honour to our family. My fortune belongs to you henceforth; take it all, if you desire. Pacha of Damascus, may Allah reward you according to your merit!"

Mohammed employed the night in completing his arrangements. He enrolled fifty men as a body-guard, and added a number of Tartar couriers to his suite. In the morning he sent his treasurer to his brother's house to request twenty thousand pieces of gold. On receiving this sum, Mohammed paid all that it was absolutely necessary at the moment to pay, and soon after he crossed the Bosphorus with his train, and took the way—whither, does the reader think?—to Damascus!

Mohammed was no common scheming swindler. The lofty confident bearing which he assumed, together with the frequency of such hasty elevations, had persuaded his train, as well as every one with whom he came in contact, of the reality of his appointment to the pachalik of Damascus. Mohammed, however, kept himself very quiet until he was fairly at a distance from Stamboul. As he approached the Damascene territory, he be-

gan to distribute presents in the towns through which he passed. He was every where received with the honours due to a pacha, and exchanged gifts with the various governors in his way, who, remembering the great power of the Damascene pacha, did not allow the new possessor of that title to be the losing party in these exchanges. When Mohammed came at length within three days' journey of Damascus, he ordered his party to stop and erect their tents. He then called his secretary, and dictated to him a letter addressed to the principal emirs of Damascus, in which it was announced to them that the sultan, having great cause to be displeased with his grand vizier at Constantinople, had disgraced and beheaded him, and that the son of the vizier, the pacha of Damascus, having shared in his father's guilt, was doomed to the same punishment. Mohammed wrote this letter in his own name, and concluded it by stating, that, being appointed the new pacha, he had come to fulfil the sultan's orders, and now commanded the emirs to seize the vizier's son, and detain him to await his fate.

Before dispatching this letter, however, Mohammed sent off a trusty and active courier with orders to introduce himself into the palace of the Pacha of Damascus, and there privately inform the vizier's son that his father was beheaded, and that he himself was about to undergo the same doom at the hands of a successor to the pachalik, then on his way to the city. The courier arrived before the bearer of the letter to the emirs, and such was the effect of his disclosures, that the poor pacha, believing death otherwise inevitable, and knowing himself to be very unpopular, left the palace in secret, mounted his fleetest horse, and

was soon in full flight from Damascus, leaving treasures, wives, and all behind him. As for the emirs, as soon as they received the letter addressed to them, they met to deliberate upon the course to be adopted. While thus engaged, a second courier reached them, with missives of similar import. A third and fourth messenger followed from Mohammed, each new one bearing mandates more imperious than the preceding. At length, seriously alarmed for the consequences of refusal, the emirs gathered their followers, and roused the citizens to seize the old, and receive the new pacha. Having got the citizens together, the emirs proceeded with a great crowd to the palace, and, no one presenting any opposition, they soon penetrated to every corner of the vice-regal dwelling. But what was their consternation to find that the bird was flown—no pacha there!

The now excited crowd blamed the emirs for their dilatoriness, and riot and pillage would certainly have ensued, had not the sound of loud acclamations been heard at a little distance. In a minute or two, Mohammed appeared in the midst of his train, splendidly attired, and scattering gold on all sides among the people. The first words which Mohammed spoke when he sprang from his horse in front of the palace were, “My prisoner? where is he?”

The emirs were alarmed at the firm, stern tone of the speaker. “May it please your excellency,” said one of them, “he had doubtless received private news from Constantinople; for when we forced the palace, he was gone!” “Gone! Escaped!” cried Mohammed. “Unhappy emirs, know that my orders were the orders of the sultan himself, our master. You shall

answer to me for the fugitive with your heads. Retire! You shall soon know the doom reserved for those who fail to execute the will of the sultan!"

This last menace filled the emirs with fear and consternation. Already had the new pacha conciliated the favour of the people by his liberality. Resistance to his authority seemed impossible. While thoughts of this nature oppressed the minds of the Damascene emirs, Mohammed sent for them one by one, and, laying aside his anger entirely, gave each a most gracious reception, dismissing them all with rich presents (from the late pacha's treasury), after consulting them on the condition and wants of the country. Their fears thus changed into joy, the emirs either did not think of asking, or did not dare to ask, the new pacha to go through the usual form of exhibiting his firman or commission from the sultan to the great nobles and office-bearers of the place. Glad to have their dilatoriness with respect to the late pacha overlooked, they would not risk a new offence. Meanwhile, Mohammed, who was really a man of powerful talents, and endowed with many good qualities, spent the commencement of his administration in relieving the burdens of the people, in reforming abuses, and in establishing new and wise rules for the protection of commerce and agriculture. Winning thus the esteem of the good, he perfected his popularity by giving splendid fêtes, and by a generous disbursement of his predecessor's funds. He behaved with the utmost liberality to the late pacha's family, and raised all the chief emirs to new dignities.

There was comparatively little intercourse in those days between Damascus and Constantinople, and a considerable time elapsed, partly through the care of

Mohammed, ere any information respecting these extraordinary events reached the capital of the sultan. The pacha so strangely deposed was the person through whom the truth was at length made known. On leaving Damascus, the pacha had passed by weary stages across the desert, and finally arrived at Bagdad. At first he was obliged to subsist on the charity of the mosques, but afterwards hired himself as assistant to a pastry-cook, concealing his name and history through the fear of yet meeting the fate which he believed his father, the grand vizier, to have undergone at Constantinople. Familiar with sudden rises, the Turks are equally accustomed to rapid falls, and the poor pacha toiled away in peace and resignation for some months, never daring to let his father's name cross his lips, and avoiding all public society for fear of some chance recognition. At length a secret agent of the Ottoman government met the pastry-cook's assistant. "How, my lord!" cried the agent, "your excellency here, and thus! Surely—surely you are the pacha of Damascus?" "You are deceived, sir," was the reply, delivered with visible tremor; "I am a poor artizan, a pastry-cook of this city." "Oh, no!" said the other; "I recognise you perfectly. You are the son of my master, the grand vizier. What would your father say could he see you in this miserable disguise?" "In the name of Allah!" whispered the poor ex-pacha, "if you have been my father's friend, by his shade I conjure you to be silent, and not to betray me!" "*Shade*, do you say, my lord?" was the agent's answer; "your father is not dead. I had letters but yesterday from him."

This led to a full explanation, and the overjoyed son

of the vizier gladly consented to go to the agent's dwelling, where he was clothed in garments worthy of his rank. After consulting together respecting the now obvious imposture which had deprived him of his government, the ex-pacha resolved to set out immediately with the agent for Constantinople, and there demand justice from the sultan himself. This journey was undertaken without delay. On their arrival at Constantinople, nothing could exceed the astonishment with which the old vizier listened to the recital of his son's misfortunes. The matter seemed utterly mysterious to the vizier, as it did also to the sultan, when his minister demanded an audience, and related the circumstances. Nevertheless, the sultan promised redress, and immediately dispatched a *capdji-bachi*, or officer, to Damascus, with orders to bring the usurping pacha to Constantinople. Four hundred guards accompanied the messenger of the sultan.

During the eight months that Mohammed had ruled in Damascus, he had made his administration a blessing to the inhabitants, who found in him a father rather than a pacha. When the officer of the sultan arrived, Mohammed kissed the imperial mandate, placed it on his brow in token of submission, and demanded only a few hours to prepare for the journey enjoined on him. In this interval he convoked the emirs, told them that the sultan had called him to Constantinople, and took an affecting farewell of them. Scarcely had he left the city with his guards, when the emirs took the resolution of addressing a petition to the sultan, to preserve Mohammed in the pachalik of Damascus. They sent this off, but as it did not appear strong enough to them on second consideration, they wrote another document, in

which they detailed the benefits conferred on the pachalik by Mohammed, and declared firmly that they could not receive any other governor. As if Mohammed's own example at his arrival had inspired them, the emirs sent yet other letters, in some of which they held out no very unintelligible threats of revolt.

Meanwhile, Mohammed pursued his journey to Constantinople, and was taken to the presence of the sultan.

"Who art thou, unhappy wretch?" cried the sultan.

"One of your pachas," replied Mohammed, with respect but without fear.

"Who signed thy firman of investiture, thou miserable impostor?"

"Your highness," answered Mohammed firmly.

"This is too much!" cried the sultan; "show it, show it to me, if thou wouldst not die on the spot!"

"Behold it!" cried Mohammed, taking from his bosom the piece of paper that enveloped the bit of glass found in the street. The sultan took the scrap held out to him, examined the words, and recognised his own handwriting. He sat buried for some moments in reflection, while the vizier stood a little apart, hopeful of revenge, and Mohammed bent his knees, hopeful of pardon.

At this moment the first courier arrived from the emirs. Representing his missives as of the first importance, they were instantly delivered to the sultan. They saved the life of Mohammed, or at least decided the sultan's mind on that point. Ere long, courier after courier arrived, with letters to the same purport, and always increasing in urgency. The issue was, that the sultan addressed these words to the vizier and Mohammed, both standing before him :

“Vizier ! I cannot inflict any punishment on this man without endangering the tranquillity of the empire. I will give your son another pachalik. Mohammed, I restore you to your government; but remember, that if it is by artifice you have raised yourself to the rank of a pacha, it is because you have shown great abilities and a good disposition that I ratify your title and grant your pardon. It is well that so bad a maxim has not fallen into worse hands. Retire.”

Mohammed ruled wisely and happily in Damascus for twenty-five years.

CONFESSIONS OF A TRAVELLER.

CHAPTER I. — CALAIS.

It was upon a lovely evening in autumn as the Dover steam-boat rounded the wooden pier at Calais, amid a fleet of small boats filled with eager and anxious faces, soliciting, in every species of bad English and *patois* French, the attention and patronage of the passengers.

“Hotel des Bains, mi lor’.”

“Hotel d’Angleterre,” said another, in a voice of the most imposing superiority. “C’est superbe—‘pretty well.’”

“Hotel du Nord, votre Excellence—remise de poste and ‘delays’ (quere relays) at all hours.”

“Commissionaire, mi ladi,” sung out a small shrill treble from the midst of a crowded cock boat, nearly swamped beneath our paddle wheel.

What a scene of bustle, confusion, and excitement does the deck of a steamer present upon such an occasion. Every one is running hither or thither. "Sauve qui peut" is now the watchword; and friendships, that promised a life-long endurance only half an hour ago, find here a speedy dissolution. The lady who slept all night upon deck, enveloped in the folds of your Astracan cloak, scarcely deigns an acknowledgment of you, as she adjusts her ringlets before the looking-glass over the stove in the cabin. The polite gentleman, that would have flown for a reticule or a smelling-bottle upon the high seas, won't leave his luggage in the harbour; and the gallantry and devotion that stood the test of half a gale of wind and a wet jacket, is not proof when the safety of a carpet-bag or the security of a "Mackintosh" is concerned.

And thus here, as elsewhere, is prosperity the touchstone of good feeling. All the various disguises which have been assumed, *per viaggio*, are here immediately abandoned, and, stripped of the travelling costume of urbanity and courtesy which they put on for the voyage, they stand forth in all the unblushing front of selfishness and self-interest.

Some tender scenes yet find their place amid the *débris* of this chaotic state. Here may be seen a careful mother adjusting innumerable shawls and handkerchiefs round the throat of a sea-green young lady, with a cough.

Here is a very red-faced and hot individual, with punch-coloured breeches and gaiters, disputing "one brandy too much" in his bill, and vowing that the company shall hear of it when he returns to England. There, a tall, elderly woman, with a Scotch-grey eye, and a sharp cheek-bone, is depositing within her muff

various seizable articles, that, until now, had been lying quietly in her trunk. Yonder, that raw-looking young gentleman, with the crumpled frock-coat and loose cravat, and sea-sick visage, is asking every one "if they think he may land without a passport." You scarcely recognise him for the cigar-smoking dandy of yesterday, that talked as if he had lived half his life on the continent.

"Steward, this is not my trunk—mine was a leather—"

"All the 'leathers' are gone in the first boat, sir."

"Most scandalous way of doing business."

"Trouble you for two-and-sixpence, sir."

"There's Matilda coughing again," says a thin, shrewish woman, with a kind of triumphant scowl at her better half; "but you *would* have her wear that thin shawl!"

Amid all the Babel of tongues and uproar of voices, the thorough bass of the escape-steam keeps up its infernal thunders, till the very brain reels, and, sick as you have been of the voyage, you half wish yourself once more at sea, if only to have a moment of peace and tranquillity.

Numbers now throng the deck who have never made their appearance before. Pale, jaundiced, and crumpled, they have all the sea-sick look and haggard cheek of the real martyr—all except one, a stout, swarthy, brown-visaged man, of about forty, with a frame of iron, and a voice like the fourth string of a violoncello. You wonder why he should have taken to his bed: learn, then, that he is his Majesty's courier for the foreign-office, going with despatches to Constantinople, and that as he is not destined to lie down in a bed for the next fourteen days, he is glad even of the narrow resemblance to one

he finds in the berth of a steam-boat. At length you are on shore, and marched off in a long string, like a gang of convicts, to the Bureau de l'octroi, and here is begun an examination of the luggage, which promises, from its minuteness, to last for the three months you destined to spend in Switzerland. At the end of an hour you discover that the *soi-disant* Commissionaire will transact all this affair for a few francs; and, after a tiresome wait in a filthy room, jostled, elbowed, and trampled upon, by boors with sabots, you adjourn to your inn, and begin to feel that you are not in England.

Our little party had but few of the miseries here recounted to contend with. My "savoir-faire," with all modesty be it spoken, has been long schooled in the art and practice of travelling; and while our less-experienced fellow-travellers were deep in the novel mysteries of cotton stockings and petticoats, most ostentatiously displayed upon every table of the Bureau, we were comfortably seated in the handsome saloon of the Hotel du Nord, looking out upon a pretty grass-plot, surrounded with orange trees, and displaying in the middle a *jet d'eau* about the size of a walking-stick.

"Now, Mr. Lorrequer," said Mrs. Bingham, as she seated herself by the open window, "never forget how totally dependent we are upon your kind offices. Isabella has discovered already that the French of Mount-joy-square, however intelligible in that neighbourhood, and even as far as Mount-street, is Coptic and Sanscrit here; and as for myself, I intend to affect deaf and dumbness till I reach Paris, where I hear every one can speak English a little."

"Now, then, to begin my functions," said I, as I rung

for the waiter, and ran over in my mind rapidly how many of the invaluable hints for my new position my present trip might afford me. Meanwhile, Mrs. Bingham is looking as hungry and famished as though she would eat the waiter. Ha! this is the "carte."

"Côtelettes d'agneau."

"Perdreux rouges aux truffes — mark that, aux truffes."

"And the wine, sir," said the waiter, with a look of approval at my selection. "Champagne—no other wine, sir?" "No," said I, "Champagne only". And the waiter departed with a bow that would have graced St. James's.

I do not for a moment dispute the very great superiority in comfort of an English inn by which I would be understood to mean all those resemblances to one's own home which an English hotel so eminently possesses, and every other one so marked by wants; but I mean that in contrivances to elevate the spirit, cheer the jaded and tired wayfarer by objects which, however they may appeal to the mere senses, seem, at least, but little sensual, give me a foreign inn; let me have a large spacious saloon, with its lofty walls and its airy, large-paned windows (I shall not object if the cornices and mouldings be gilded, because such is usually the case)—let the sun and heat of a summer's day come tempered through the deep lattices of a well-fitting "jalousie," bearing upon them the rich incense of a fragrant orange-tree in blossom—and the sparkling drops of a neighbouring fountain, the gentle plash of which is faintly audible amid the hum of the drone-bee—let such be the "agrémens" without—while within, let the more substantial joys of the table await, in such guise as only a

French cuisine can present them—give me these, I say, and I shall never sigh for the far-famed and long-deplored comforts of a box in a coffee-room, like a pew in a parish church, though certainly not so well-cushioned, and fully as select, with a hot waiter and a cold beefsteak—the only thing higher than your game being your bill, and the only thing less drinkable than your port being the porter.

I had just filled our tall slender glasses with the creaming and “petellant” source of wit and inspiration, when the loud crack, crack, crack of a postillion’s whip, accompanied by the shaking trot of a heavy team, and the roll of wheels, announced a new arrival. “Here they come,” said I, “only look at them—four horses and one postillion, all apparently straggling and straying after their own fancy, but yet going surprisingly straight notwithstanding. See how they come through that narrow archway—it might puzzle the best four-in-hand in England to do it better.”

“What a handsome young man, if he had not those odious moustaches. Why, Mr. Lorrequer, he knows *you*: see, he is bowing to you.”

“*Me!* Oh! no. Why, surely, it must be—the devil—it is Kilkee, Lady Jane’s brother. I know his temper well. One five minutes’ observation of my present intimacy with my fair friends, and adieu to all hopes for me of calling Lord Callonby my father-in-law. There is not, therefore, a moment to lose.”

As these thoughts revolved through my mind, the confusion I felt had covered my face with scarlet; and, with a species of blundering apology for abruptly leaving them for a moment, I ran down stairs only in time sufficient to anticipate Kilkee’s questions as to the num-

ber of my apartments, to which he was desirous of proceeding at once. Our first greetings over, Kilkee questioned me as to my route—adding, that his now was necessarily an undecided one, for if his family happened not to be at Paris, he should be obliged to seek after them among the German watering-places. “In any case, Mr. Lorrequer,” said he, “we shall hunt them in couples. I must insist upon your coming along with me.”

“Oh! that,” said I, “you must not think of. Your carriage is a *coupé*, and I cannot think of crowding you.”

“Why, you don’t seriously want to affront me, I hope; for I flatter myself that a more perfect carriage for two people cannot be built. Hobson made it on a plan of my own, and I am excessively proud of it, I assure you. Come, that matter is decided—now for supper. Are there many English here just now?”

“Have you supped? Just order something, will you—meanwhile, I shall write a few lines before the post leaves.”—Saying which, he dashed up stairs after the waiter, and left me to my meditations.

“This begins to be pleasant,” thought I, as the door closed, leaving me alone in the “salon.” In circumstances of such moment, I had never felt so nonplussed as now, how to decline Kilkee’s invitation, without discovering my intimacy with the Bingham—and yet I could not, by any possibility, desert them thus abruptly. Such was the dilemma. “I see but one thing for it,” said I, gloomily, as I strode through the coffee-room, with my head sunk and my hands behind my back—“I see but one thing left. I must be taken ill to-night, and not be able to leave my bed in the morning.” With this idea uppermost, I walked out into the court-yard to look for

a commissionaire to guide me in my search. Around on every side of me stood the various carriages and voitures of the hotel and its inmates, to the full as distinctive and peculiar in character as their owners. "Ah! there is Kilkee's," said I, as my eye lighted upon the well balanced and elegant little carriage which he had been only with justice encomiumizing. "It is certainly perfect, and yet I'd give a handful of louis d'or it was like that venerable cabriolet yonder, with the one wheel and no shafts. But, alas! those springs give little hope of a break down, and that confounded axle will outlive the patentee. But still, can nothing be done?—eh? Come, the thought is a good one—I say, garçon, who greases the wheels of the carriage here?"

"C'est moi, monsieur," said a great oaf, in wooden shoes and a blouse.

"Well, then, do you understand these?" said I, touching the patent axle-boxes with my cane. He shook his head. "Then who does, here?" "Ah! Michael understands them perfectly." "Then bring him here," said I.

In a few minutes, a little shrewd old fellow, with a smith's apron, made his appearance, and introduced himself as M. Michael. I had not much difficulty in making him master of my plan, which was, to detach one of the wheels as if for the purpose of oiling the axle, and afterwards render it incapable of being replaced—at least for twenty-four hours.

"This is my idea," said I; "nevertheless, do not be influenced by me. All I ask is, disable the carriage from proceeding to-morrow, and here are three louis d'or at your service."

"Soyez bien tranquille, monsieur, mi lor shall spend

to-morrow in Calais, if I know any thing of my art"—saying which he set out in search of his tools, while I returned to the salon with my mind relieved, and fully prepared to press the urgency of my reaching Paris without any delay.

"Well, Mr. Lorrequer," said Kilkee, as I entered, "here is supper waiting, and I am as hungry as a wolf."

"Oh! I beg pardon—I've been getting every thing in readiness for our start to-morrow morning, for I havenot told you how anxious I am to get to Paris before the 8th—some family business, which requires my looking after, compelling me to do so."

"As to that, let your mind be at rest, for I shall travel to-morrow night if you prefer it. Now for the *Volnay*."

After a short stroll through the town, in which Kilkee talked the entire time, but of what I know not, my thoughts being upon my own immediate concerns, we returned to the hotel. As we entered the *porte cochère*, my friend Michael passed me, and as he took off his hat in salutation, gave me one rapid glance of his knowing eye that completely satisfied me that Hobson's pride in my friend's carriage had by that time received quite sufficient provocation to throw him into an apoplexy.

"By-the-by," said I, "let us see your carriage. I am curious to look at it"—(and so I was).

"Well, then, come along, this way: they have placed it under some of these sheds, which they think coach-houses."

I followed my friend through the court till we arrived near the fatal spot; but before reaching, he had caught a glimpse of the mischief, and shouted out a most awful imprecation upon the author of the deed which met his

eye. The fore-wheel of the *coupé* had been taken from the axle, and in the difficulty of so doing, from the excellence of the workmanship, two of the spokes were broken—the patent box was a mass of rent metals, and the end of the axle turned downwards like a hoe.

I cannot convey any idea of poor Kilkee's distraction; and, in reality, my own was little short of it; for the wretch had so far outstripped my orders, that I became horrified at the cruel destruction before me. We both, therefore, stormed in the most imposing English and French, first separately and then together. We offered a reward for the apprehension of the culprit, whom no one appeared to know, although, as it happened, every one in a large household was aware of the transaction but the proprietor himself. We abused all—innkeeper, waiters, ostlers, and chambermaids, collectively and individually—condemned Calais as a den of iniquity. This seemed to alleviate considerably my friend's grief, and excite my thirst—fortunately, perhaps, for us; for if our eloquence had held out much longer, I am afraid our auditory might have lost their patience; and, indeed, I am quite certain if our French had not been in nearly as disjointed a condition as the spokes of the *calèche*, such must have been the case.

“Well, Mr. Lorrequer, I suppose, then, we are not destined to be fellow-travellers—for if you must go to-morrow——”

“Alas! it is imperative,” said I.

“Then, in any case, let us arrange where we shall meet, for I hope to be in Paris the day after you.”

“I'll stop at Meurice.”

“Meurice, be it,” said he, “so now good night, till we meet in Paris.”

CHAPTER II.—THE GENDARME.

I had fortunately sufficient influence upon my fair friends to persuade them to leave Calais early on the morning following; and two hours before Kilkee had opened his eyes upon this mortal life, we were far upon the road to Paris.

We reached Abbeville to dinner, and adjourned to the beautiful little garden of the inn for our coffee; the evening was so delightful that I proposed a walk on the Paris road, until the coming up of the carriage, which required a screw, or a washer, or some such trifle as always occurs in French posting. To this Mrs. Bingham objected, she being tired, but added, that Isabella and I might go on, and that she would take us up in half an hour.

“La première rue à gauche,” said an old man of whom I inquired the road; “et puis,” added I.

“And then quite straight; it is a chaussée all the way, and you cannot mistake it.”

“Now for it,” said I. Let us see if we cannot see a good deal of the country before the carriage comes up.”

We had soon left the town behind and reached a beautifully shaded high road, with blossoming fruit trees, and honeysuckle-covered cottages; there had been several light showers during the day, and the air had all the fresh fragrant feeling of an autumn evening, so tranquillizing and calming that few there are who have not felt, at some time or other of their lives, its influence upon their minds.

We had fallen into a kind of discussion upon the singular intimacy which had so rapidly grown up amongst

us, and which years long might have failed to engender.

“Mamma appears to have forgotten us,” said Isabella, as she spoke, after walking for some time in silence beside me.

“Oh, depend upon it, the carriage has taken all this time to repair.”

“To whom does that chateau belong, my old friend?” said I, addressing a man on the road-side.

“A Monsieur le Marquis, Sir,” replied he.

“But what’s his name, though?”

“Ah, that I can’t tell you,” replied the man again.

There you may perceive how, even yet, in provincial France the old respect for the aristocracy still survives; it is sufficient that the possessor of that fine place is “Monsieur le Marquis;” but any other knowledge of who he is, and what, is superfluous. “How far are we from the next village, do you know?”

“About a league.”

“Indeed. Why I thought ‘la Scarpe’ was quite near us.”

“Ah, you are thinking of the Amiens road.”

“Yes, of course; and is not this the Amiens road?”

“Oh, no; the Amiens road lies beyond those low hills to the right. You passed the turn at the first ‘barrière.’”

“Is it possible we could have come wrong?”

“Oh, Mr. Lorrequer, don’t say so, I entreat of you.”

“And what road is this, then, my friend?”

“This is the road to Albert and Peronne.”

“Unfortunately, I believe he is quite right. Is there any cross road from the village before us now, to the Amiens road?”

“Yes; you can reach it about three leagues hence.”

“And we can get a carriage at the inn probably?”

“Ah, that I am not sure of——. Perhaps at the Lion d'Or you may.”

“But why not go back to Abbeville?”

“Oh, Mrs. Bingham must have left long since, and beside you forget the distance; we have been walking two hours.”

“Now for the village,” said I, we set out in a fast walk.

After about two hours travelling we arrived at the Amiens road, and stopped at the *barrière*. I immediately inquired if a carriage had passed, resembling Mrs. Bingham's, and learned that it had, about an hour before, and that the lady in it had been informed that two persons, like those she asked after, had been seen in a *caleche* driving rapidly to Amiens, upon which she set out as fast as possible in pursuit.

“Certainly,” said I, “the plot is thickening; but for that unlucky mistake she might in all probability have waited here for us. Amiens is only two leagues now, so the drive will not be long, and before six o'clock we shall all be laughing over the matter as a very good joke.”

But at that critical moment a *gendarme* rode up to the side of our waggon, and surveyed us with the peculiar significant scowl his order is gifted with. After trotting alongside for a few seconds he ordered the driver to halt, and, turning abruptly to us, demanded our passports. Now our passports were, at that precise moment, peaceably reposing in the side pocket of Mrs. Bingham's carriage. I therefore explained to the *gendarme* how we were circumstanced, and added, that on arriving at Amiens the passport should be pro-

duced. To this he replied that all might be perfectly true, but he did not believe a word of it—that he had received an order for the apprehension of two English persons travelling that road—and that he should accordingly request our company back to Chantraine, the commissaire of which place was his officer.

“But why not take us to Amiens,” said I, “particularly when I tell you that we can then show our passports?”

“I belong to the Chantraine district,” was his laconic answer; and, like the gentleman who could not weep at the sermon because he belonged to another parish, this specimen of a French Dogberry would not hear reason except in his own “commune.”

No arguments which I could think of had any effect upon him, and amid a volley of entreaty and imprecation, both equally vain, we saw ourselves turn back upon the road to Amiens, and set out at a round trot to Chantraine, on the route to Calais.

On reaching the town, we were not permitted to drive to the inn, but at once conveyed to the house of the “commissaire,” who was also the “maire” of the district. The worthy functionary was long since in bed, and it was only after ringing violently for half an hour that a head, surmounted with a dirty cotton night-cap, peeped from an upper window, and seemed to survey the assemblage beneath with patient attention. By this time a considerable crowd had collected from the neighbouring ale-houses and *cabarets*, who deemed it a most fitting occasion to honor us with the most infernal yells and shouts, as indicating their love of justice, and delight in detecting knavery; and that we were both involved in such suspicion, we had not long to learn.

Meanwhile the poor old maire, who had been an employé in the stormy days of the revolution, and also under Napoleon, and who fully concurred with Swift that "a crowd is a mob, if composed even of bishops," firmly believed that the uproar beneath in the street was the announcement of a new change of affairs at Paris, determined to be early in the field, and shouted therefore with all his lungs—"vive le peuple"—"vive la charte!" A tremendous shout of laughter saluted this exhibition of unexpected republicanism, and the poor maire retired from the window, having learned his mistake, covered with shame and confusion.

Before the mirth caused by this blunder had subsided, the door had opened, and we were ushered into the bureau of the commissaire, accompanied by the anxious crowd, all curious to know the particulars of our crime.

The maire soon appeared, his night-cap being replaced by a small black velvet skull-cap, and his lanky figure enveloped in a tarnished silk dressing-gown; he permitted us to be seated, while the gendarme recounted the suspicious circumstances of our travelling, and produced the order to arrest an Englishman and his wife who had arrived in one of the late Boulogne packets, and who had carried off from some banking-house money and bills for a large amount.

"I have no doubt these are the people," said the gendarme; "and here is the 'carte descriptive.' Let us compare it—'Forty-two or forty-three years of age.'"

"I trust, M. le Maire," said I, overhearing this, "that ladies do not recognize me as so much."

"Of a pale and cadaverous aspect," continued the gendarme.

"Civil and complimentary, certainly," added I.

"Squints much with the left eye. Look at Monsieur le Maire, if you please, Sir," said the gendarme.

Upon this the old functionary, wiping his spectacles with a snuffy handkerchief, as if preparing them to examine an eclipse of the sun, regarded me fixedly for several minutes, and said—"Oh, yes, I perceive it plainly; continue the description."

"Five feet three inches," said the gendarme.

"Six feet one in England, whatever this climate may have done since."

"Speaks broken and bad French."

"Like a native," said I, "at least so said my friends in the Chaussée d'Antin, in the year fifteen."

Here the catalogue ended, and a short conference between the maire and the gendarme ensued, which ended in our being committed for examination on the morrow; meanwhile, we were to remain at the inn, under the surveillance of the gendarme.

On reaching the inn my poor friend was so completely exhausted that she at once retired to her room, and I proceeded to fulfil a promise I had made her to despatch a note to Mrs. Bingham at Amiens by a special messenger, acquainting her with all our mishaps, and requesting her to come or send to our assistance. This done, and a good supper smiling before me, of which with difficulty I persuaded Isabella to partake in her own room, I again regained my equanimity, and felt once more at ease.

The gendarme in whose guardianship I had been left was a fine specimen of his caste; a large and powerfully built man of about fifty, with an enormous beard of grizzly brown and grey hair, meeting above and beneath

his nether lip; his eyebrows were heavy and beetling, and nearly concealed his sharp grey eyes, while a deep sabre wound had left upon his cheek a long white scar, giving a most warlike and ferocious look to his features.

As he sat apart from me for some time, silent and motionless, I could not help imagining in how many a hard fought day he had borne a part, for he evidently, from his age and bearing, had been one of the soldiers of the empire. I invited him to partake of my bottle of Medoc, by which he seemed flattered. When the flask became low, and was replaced by another, he appeared to have lost much of his constrained air, and seemed forgetting rapidly the suspicious circumstances which he supposed attached to me—waxed wondrous confidential and communicative, and condescended to impart some traits of a life which was not without its vicissitudes, for he had been, as I suspected, one of the “*Garde*”—the old *garde*—was wounded at Marengo, and received the *croix d’honneur* in the field of Wagram, from the hands of l’Empereur himself.

CHAPTER III.—THE INN AT CHANTRAINE.

When contrasted with the comforts of an English bed-room in a good hotel, how miserably short does the appearance of a French one fall in the estimation of the tired traveller. In exchange for the carpeted floor, the well curtained windows, the richly tapestried bed, the well cushioned armchair, and the innumerable other luxuries which await him; he has nought but a narrow, uncurtained bed, a bare floor, occasionally a flagged one, three hard cane-bottomed chairs, and a looking-glass which may convey an idea of how you

would look under the combined influence of the cholera, and a stroke of apoplexy, one half of your face being twice the length of the other, and the entire of it of a bluish-green tint —pretty enough in one of Turner's landscapes, but not at all becoming when applied to the "human face divine." Let no late arrival from the Continent contradict me here by his late experiences, which a stray twenty pounds and the rail-roads—"confound them for the same,") have enabled him to acquire. I speak of matters before it occurred to all Charing Cross and Cheapside to "take the water" between Dover and Calais, and inundate the world with the wit of the Cider Cellar, and the Hole in the Wall. No. In the days I write of, the travelled men of another genus and you might dine at Very's or have your sage at "Les Italiens," without being dunned by your tailor at the one, or confronted with your washerwoman at the other.

It was nearly three o'clock in the morning, as accompanied by the waiter, who, like others of his tribe, had become a kind of somnambulist, *ex officio*, I wended my way up one flight of stairs, and down another, along a narrow corridor, down two steps, through an anti-chamber, and into another corridor, to No. 82, my habitation for the night. Why I should have been so far conducted from the habitable portion of the house I had spent my evening in, I leave the learned in such matters to explain; as for me, I have ever remarked it, while asking for a chamber in a large roomy hotel, the singular pride with which you are ushered up grand staircases, down passages, through corridors, and up narrow back flights, till the blue sky is seen through the skylight, to No. 199, "the only spare bed-room in the

house," while the silence and desolation of the whole establishment would seem to imply far otherwise.

"Well, we have arrived at last," said I, drawing a deep sigh, as I threw myself upon a rickety chair, and surveyed rapidly my meagre-looking apartment.

"Yes, this is Monsieur's chamber," said the waiter, with a very peculiar look, half servile, half droll.

"Very well, good night," said I closing the door hastily, and not liking the farther scrutiny of the fellow's eye, — that old gendarme was a fine fellow — what strong attachment to Napoleon; and the story of the pope; I hope I may remember *that*. Isabella, poor girl—this adventure must really distress her—hope she is not crying over it—what a devil of a hard bed—and it is not five feet long too—and, bless my soul, is this all by way of covering; why I shall be perished here. Oh! I must certainly put all my clothes over me in addition, unfortunately there is no hearth-rug—well, there is no help for it now—so let me try to sleep.

How long I remained in a kind of uneasy, fitful slumber, I cannot tell; but I awoke shivering with cold—puzzled to tell where I was, and my brain addled with the broken fragments of half a dozen dreams, all mingling and mixing themselves with the unpleasant realities of my situation. What an infernal contrivance for a bed, thought I, as my head came thump against the top, while my legs projected far beyond the foot-rail; the miserable portion of clothing over me at the same time being only sufficient to temper the night air, which in autumn is occasionally severe and cutting. This will never do. I must ring the bell and rouse the house, if only to get a fire, if they don't possess such a thing as blankets. I immediately rose, and groping my

way along the wall endeavoured to discover the bell, but in vain. I opened the door of my chamber, and not in any way resolved how I should proceed, I stepped forth into the long corridor, which was dark as midnight itself.

Tracing my path along the wall, I soon reached a door which I in vain attempted to open; in another moment I found another, and another, each of which were locked. Thus along the entire corridor I felt my way, making every effort to discover where any of the people of the house might have concealed themselves, but without success. What was to be done now? It was of no use to go back to my late abode, and find it comfortless as I left it; so I resolved to proceed in my search; by this time I had arrived at the top of a small flight of stairs, which I remembered having come up, and which led to another long passage similar to the one I had explored, but running in a transverse direction; down this I now crept, and reached the landing, along the wall of which I was guided by my hand, as well for safety as to discover the architrave of some friendly door, where the inhabitant might be sufficiently Samaritan to lend some portion of his bed-clothes; door after door followed in succession along this confounded passage, which I began to think as long as the gallery of the Lower one; at last, however, just as my heart was sinking within me from disappointment, the handle of a lock turned, and I found myself inside a chamber. How was I now to proceed? for if this apartment did not contain any of the people of the hotel, I had but a sorry excuse for disturbing the repose of any traveller who might have been more fortunate than myself in the article of blankets. To go back, however, would be absurd, having

already taken so much trouble to find out a room that was inhabited—for that such was the case, a short thick snore assured me—so that my resolve was at once made, to waken the sleeper, and endeavour to interest him in my destitute situation. I accordingly approached the place where the nasal sounds seemed to issue from, and soon reached the post of a bed. I waited for an instant, and then began, “Monsieur, voulez-vous bien me permettre?—”

“As to short whist, I never could make it out, so there is an end of it,” said my unknown friend, in a low, husky voice, which, strangely enough, was not totally unfamiliar to me; but when or how I had heard it before, I could not then think.

Well, thought I, he is an Englishman at all events, so I hope his patriotism may forgive my intrusion, so here goes once more to rouse him, though he seems a confoundedly heavy sleeper. “I beg your pardon, Sir, but unfortunately in a point like the present, perhaps——”

“Well, do you mark the points, and I’ll score the rubber,” said he.

“The devil take the gambling fellow’s dreaming,” thought I, raising my voice at the same time.

“Perhaps a cold night, Sir, may suffice as my apology.”

“Cold, oh, aye! put a hot poker in it,” muttered he; “a hot poker, a little sugar, and a spice of nutmeg—nothing else—then it’s delicious.”

“Upon my soul, this is too bad,” said I to myself. “Let us see what shaking will do. Sir, Sir, I shall feel obliged by——”

“Well there, don’t shake me and I’ll tell you where I

hid the cigars—they are under my straw hat in the window.”

“Well, really,” thought I, “if this gentleman’s confessions were of an interesting nature, this might be good fun; but as the night is cold, I must close the ‘séance,’ so here goes for one effort more.

“If, Sir, you could kindly spare me even a small portion of your bed clothes.”

“No, thank you, no more wine; but I’ll sing with pleasure;” and here the wretch, in something like the voice of a frog with the quinsy, began, “I’d mourn the hopes that leave me.” “You shall mourn something else for the same reason,” said I, as, losing all patience, I seized quilt and blankets by the corner, and with one vigorous pull wrenched them from the bed; I darted from the room—in a second I was in the corridor, trailing my spoil behind—which in my haste I had not time to collect in a bundle. I flew rather than ran along the passage, reached the stairs, and in another minute had reached the second gallery, but not before I heard the slam of a door behind me, and the same instant the footsteps of a person running along the corridor, who could be no other than my pursuer, effectually aroused by my last appeal to charity. I darted along the dark and narrow passage; but soon to my horror discovered that I must have passed the door of my chamber, for I had reached the foot of a narrow back stair, which led to the grenier and the servants’ rooms, beneath the roof. To turn now would only have led me plump in the face of my injured countryman, of whose thews and sinews I was perfectly ignorant, and did not much like to venture upon. There was little time for reflection, for he had now reached the top of

the stair, and was evidently listening for some clue to guide him on; stealthily and silently, and scarcely drawing breath, I mounted the narrow stairs, step by step; but before I had arrived at the landing, he heard the rustle of the bed-clothes, and again gave chase. There was something in the unrelenting ardour of his pursuit, which suggested to my mind the idea of a most uncompromising foe; and as fear added speed to my steps, I dashed along beneath the low-roofed passage, wondering what chance of escape might yet present itself. Just at this instant, the hand by which I had guided myself along the wall, touched the handle of a door—I turned it—it opened—I drew in my precious bundle, and closing the door noiselessly sat down, breathless and still, upon the floor.

Scarcely was this, the work of a second, accomplished, when the heavy tread of my pursuer resounded on the floor.

“Upon my conscience it’s strange if I hav’nt you now, my friend,” said he; “You’re in a *cul-de-sac* here, as they say, if I know any thing of the house; and faith I’ll make a sallad of you, when I get you, that’s all. Devil a dirtier trick ever I heard tell of.”

Need I say that these words had the true smack of an Irish accent, which circumstance, from whatever cause, did not by any means tend to assuage my fears in the event of discovery.

However, from such a misfortune, my good genius now delivered me; for after traversing the passage to the end, he at last discovered another which led by a long flight to the second story, down which he proceeded, venting at every step his determination for vengeance, and his resolution not to desist from the pursuit, if it took the entire night for it.

“Well now,” thought I, “as he will scarcely venture up here again, and as I may, by leaving this, be only incurring the risk of encountering him, my best plan is to stay where I am, if it be possible. With this intent I proceeded to explore the apartment, which, from its perfect stillness, I concluded to be unoccupied. After some few minutes groping I reached a low bed, fortunately empty, and although the touch of the bed clothes led to no very favourable augury of its neatness or elegance, there was little choice at this moment, so I rolled myself up in my recent booty, and resolved to wait patiently for day-break to regain my apartment.

As always happens in such circumstances, sleep came on me unawares—so, at least every one’s experience I am sure can testify, that if you are forced to awake early to start by some morning coach, and that unfortunately you have not got to bed till late at night, the chances are ten to one, that you get no sleep whatever, simply because you are desirous for it. But make up your mind ever so resolutely that you’ll not sleep, and whether your determination be built on motives of propriety, duty, convenience, or health, and the chances are just as strong, that you are sound and snoring before ten minutes.

How many a man has found it impossible, with every effort of his heart and brain aiding his good wishes, to sit with unclosed eyes and ears through a dull sermon in the dog-days; how many an expectant, longing heir has yielded to the drowsy influence when endeavouring to look contrite under the severe correction of a lecture on extravagance from his uncle. Who has not felt the irresistible tendency to “drop off” in the half hour before dinner at a stupid country-house? I need not catalogue

the thousand other situations in life infinitely more “sleep-compelling” than Morphine; for myself, my pleasantest and soundest moments of perfect forgetfulness of this dreary world and all its cares, have been taken in an oaken bench, seated bolt upright and *vis-à-vis* to a lecturer on botany, whose calming accents, united with the softened light of an autumnal day, piercing its difficult rays through the narrow and cobwebbed windows, the odour of the recent plants and flowers aiding and abetting, all combined to steep the soul in sleep, and you sank by imperceptible and gradual steps into that state of easy slumber, in which “come no dreams,” and the last sounds of the lecturer’s “hypogenous and perigenous,” died away, becoming beautifully less, till as your senses sank into rest, the syllables rigging us, rigging us, seemed to melt away in the distance and fade from your memory——Peace be with you, Doctor A. If I owe gratitude any-where I have my debt with you. The very memory I bear of you has saved me no inconsiderable sum in hop and henbane. Without any assistance from the sciences on the present occasion, I was soon asleep, and woke not till the cracking of whips, and trampling of horses’ feet on the pavement of the coach-yard apprised me that the world had risen to its daily labour, and so should I. From the short survey of my present chamber which I took on waking, I conjectured it must have been the den of some of the servants of the house upon occasion—two low truckle-beds of the meanest description lay along the wall opposite to mine; one of them appeared to have been slept in during the past night, but by what species of animal the Fates alone can tell. An old demi-peak saddle, capped and tipped with brass, some rusty bits,

and stray stirrup-irons lay here and there upon the floor; while upon a species of clothes-rack, attached to a rafter, hung a tarnished suit of postillion's livery, cap, jacket, leathers, and jack-boots, all ready for use; and evidently from their arrangement supposed by the owner to be a rather creditable "turn out."

I turned over these singular habiliments with much of the curiosity with which an antiquary would survey a suit of chain armour; the long epaulettes of yellow cotton cord, the heavy belt with its brass buckle, the cumbrous boots, plaited and bound with iron like churns, were in rather a ludicrous contrast to the equipment of our light and jockey-like boys in nankeen jackets and neat tops, that spin along over our level meadows.

"But," thought I, "it is full time I should get back to No. 82, and make my appearance below stairs;" though in what part of the building my room lay, and how I was to reach it without my clothes, I had not the slightest idea. A blanket is an excessively comfortable article of wearing apparel when in bed, but as a walking costume, is by no means convenient nor appropriate; while to making a *sortie en sauvage*, however appropriate during the night, there were many serious objections if done "in plain form," and that the whole establishment was awake and active; the noise of mopping, scrubbing, and polishing, which is eternally going forward in a foreign inn amply testified there was nothing which I could adopt in my present naked and forlorn condition, save the bizarre and ridiculous dress of the postillion, and I need not say the thought of so doing presented nothing agreeable. I looked from the narrow window out upon the tiled roof, but without any prospect of being heard if I called ever so loudly.

The infernal noise of floor-cleansing, assisted by a Norman peasant's, "*chanson du pays*," the time being well marked by her heavy sabots, gave even less chance to me within; so that after more than half an hour passed in weighing difficulties, and canvassing plans, upon donning the blue and yellow, and setting out for my own room without delay, hoping sincerely, that with proper precaution, I should be able to reach it unseen and unobserved.

As I laid but little stress upon the figure I should make in my new habiliments, it did not cause me much mortification to find that the clothes were considerably too small, the jacket scarcely coming beneath my arms, and the sleeves being so short that my hands and wrists projected beyond the cuffs like two enormous claws; the leathers were also limited in their length, and when drawn up to a proper height, permitted my knees to be seen beneath, like the short costume of a Spanish Taurador, but scarcely as graceful; not wishing to encumber myself in the heavy and noisy masses of wood, iron, and leather, they call "*les bottes fortes*," I slipped my feet into my slippers, and stole gently from the room. How I must have looked at the moment I leave my reader to guess, as with anxious and stealthy peace I crept along the low gallery that led to the narrow staircase, down which I proceeded, step by step; but just as I reached the bottom, I perceived, a short distance from me, with her back turned towards me, a short, squat peasant on her knees, belabouring with a brush the well waxed floor; to pass, therefore, unobserved was impossible, so that I did not hesitate to address her, and endeavour to interest her in my behalf, and enlist her as my guide.

“Bonjour, ma chère,” said I in a soft insinuating tone; she did not hear me, so I repeated,

“Bonjour, ma chère, bonjour.”

Upon this she turned round, and looking fixedly at me for a second, called out in a thick pathos, “Ah, bon Dieu! qu’il est drôle comme ça”; saying which, she sprung from her kneeling position to her feet, and with a speed that her shape and sabots seemed little to promise, rushed down the stairs as if she had seen the devil himself.

“Why, what is the matter with the woman,” said I, “surely if I am not François—which God be thanked is true—yet I cannot look so frightful as all this would imply.” I had not much time given me for consideration now, for before I had well deciphered the number over a door before me, the loud noise of several voices on the floor beneath attracted my attention, and the moment after the heavy tramp of feet followed, and in an instant the gallery was thronged by the men and women of the house—waiters, hostlers, cooks, scullions, filles de chambre, mingled with gendarmes, peasants, and town’s people, all eagerly forcing their way up stairs; yet all, on arriving at the landing-place, seeming disposed to keep at a respectful distance, and bundling themselves at one end of the corridor, while I, feelingly alive to the ridiculous appearance I made, occupied the other—the gravity with which they seemed at first disposed to regard me soon gave way, and peal after peal of laughter broke out, and young and old, men and women, even to the most farouche gendarmes, all appearing incapable of controlling the desire for merriment my most singular figure inspired; and unfortunately this emotion seemed to promise no very speedy conclusion;

for the jokes and witticisms made upon my appearance threatened to renew the festivities, *ad libitum*.

"Regardez donc ses épaules," said one.

"Ah, mon Dieu ! Il me fait l'effet d'une grenouille, avec ses jambes jaunes," cried another.

"Il vaut son pesant de fromage pour un Vaudeville," said the director of the strolling theatre of the place.

"I'd give seventy francs a week, 'd'appointement,' and 'Scribe' shall write a piece express for himself, if he'll take it."

"May the devil fly away with your grinning baboon faces," said I, as I rushed up the stairs again, pursued by the mob at full cry; scarcely, however, had I reached the top step, when the rough hand of the gendarme seized me by the shoulder, while he said in a low, husky voice, "C'est inutile, Monsieur, you cannot escape—the thing was well contrived, it is true; but the gendarmes of France are not easily outwitted," and you could not have long avoided detection, even in that dress." It was my turn to laugh now; which, to their very great amazement, I did, loud and long; that I should have thought that my present costume could ever have been the means of screening me from observation, whatever it might have been calculated to attract it, was rather too absurd a supposition even for the mayor of a village to entertain; besides, it only now occurred to me that I was figuring in the character of a prisoner. The continued peals of laughing which this mistake on their part elicited from me seemed to afford but slight pleasure to my captor, who gruffly said—

"When you have done amusing yourself, perhaps you will do us the favour to come before the mayor."

"Certainly," I replied; "but you will first permit me

to resume my own clothes, for I am quite sick of masquerading '*en postillon*.' "

"Not so fast, my friend," said the suspicious old follower of Fouché— "not so fast; it is but right the *maire* should see you in the disguise you attempted your escape in. It must be specially mentioned in the *procès-verbal*."

"Well, this is becoming too ludicrous," said I. "It need not take five minutes to satisfy you why, how, and where I put on these confounded rags——"

"Then tell it to the *maire*, at the bureau."

"But for that purpose it is not necessary I should be conducted through the streets in broad day, to be laughed at. No, positively, I'll not go. In my own dress I'll accompany you with pleasure."

"Victor, Henri, Guillaume," said the gendarme, addressing his companions, who immediately closed round me. "You see," added he, "there is no use in resisting."

Need I recount my own shame and ineffable disgrace? Alas! it is too, too true. Harry Lorrequer—whom Stultze entreated to wear his coats, the ornament of Hyde Park, the last appeal in dress, fashion, and equipage—was obliged to parade through the mob of a market-town in France, with four gendarmes for his companions, and he himself habited in a mongrel character—half postillion, half Delaware Indian. The incessant yells of laughter—the screams of the children, and the outpouring of every species of sarcasm and ridicule, at my expense, were not all—for, as I emerged from the *porte cochère* saw Isabella in the window: her eyes were red with weeping; but no sooner had she beheld me, than she broke out into a fit of laughter that was audible even in the street.

Rage had now taken such a hold upon me, that I

forgot my ridiculous appearance in my thirst for vengeance. I marched on through the grinning crowd, with the step of a martyr. I suppose my heroic bearing and warlike deportment must have heightened the drolery of the scene ; for the devils only laughed the more. The bureau of the *maire* could not contain one tenth of the anxious and curious individuals who thronged the entrance, and for about twenty minutes the whole efforts of the gendarmes were little enough to keep order and maintain silence. At length the *maire* made his appearance, and, accustomed as he had been for a long life to scenes of an absurd and extraordinary nature, yet the ridicule of my look and costume was too much, and he laughed outright. This was of course the signal for renewed mirth for the crowd, while those without doors, infected by the example, took up the jest, and I had the pleasure of a short calculation, *à la Babbage*, of how many maxillary jaws were at that same moment wagging at my expense.

However, the examination commenced ; and I at length obtained an opportunity of explaining under what circumstances I had left my room, and how and why I had been induced to don this confounded cause of all my misery.

“This may be all very true,” said the mayor, “as it is very plausible ; but if you have evidence to prove what you have stated——”

“If it’s evidence is only wanting, Mr. le Maire, I’ll confirm one part of the story,” said a voice from the crowd, in an accent and tone that assured me the speaker was my injured proprietor of the stolen blankets. I turned round hastily to look at my victim, and what was my surprise to recognize a very old Dublin acquaintance, Mr. Fitzmaurice O’Leary !

“Good morning, Mr. Lorrequer,” said he; “this is mighty like our old practices in College-green; but upon my conscience the maire has the advantage of Gabbet. It’s lucky for you I know his worship, as we’d call him at home, or this might be a serious business. Nothing would persuade them that you were not Lucien Bonaparte, or the Iron Mask, or something of that sort, if they took it in their heads.’

Mr. O’Leary was good as his word. He contrived to explain to the maire that I was neither a run-away nor a swindler, but a very old friend of his, and consequently *sans reproche*. The official was now as profuse of his civilities as he had before been of his suspicions, and most hospitably pressed us to stay for breakfast. This, for many reasons, I was obliged to decline—not the least of which was, my impatience to get out of my present costume. We accordingly procured a carriage, and I returned to the hotel, screened from the gaze but still accompanied by the shouts of the mob, who evidently took a most lively interest in the entire proceeding.

I lost no time in changing my costume, and was about to descend to the saloon, when the master of the house came to inform me that Mrs. Bingham’s courier had arrived with the carriage, and that she expected us at Amiens as soon as possible.

“That is all right. Now, Mr. O’Leary, I must pray you to forgive all the liberty I have taken with you, and also permit me to defer the explanation of many circumstances which seem at present strange, till——”

“Till *sine die*, if the story be a long one, my dear Sir—there’s nothing I hate so much, except cold punch.”

“You are going to Paris,” said I; “is it not so?”

"Yes, I'm thinking of it. I was up at Trolhatten, in Norway, three weeks ago, and I was obliged to leave it hastily, for I've an appointment with a friend in Geneva."

"Then how do you travel?"

"On foot, just as you see, except that I've a tobacco bag up stairs, and an umbrella."

"Light equipment, certainly; but you must allow me to give you a set-down as far as Amiens, and also to present you to my friends there."

To this Mr. O'Leary made no objection; and as Miss Bingham could not bear any delay, in her anxiety to join her mother, we set out at once—the only thing to mar my full enjoyment at the moment being the sight of the identical vestments I had so lately figured in, bobbing up and down before my eyes for the whole of the stage, and leading to innumerable mischievous allusions from my friend Mr. O'Leary, which were far too much relished by my fair companion.

At twelve we arrived at Amiens, when I presented my friend Mr. O'Leary to Mrs. Bingham, and for whom I shall do the same to my readers one month hence.

ACCOUNT OF THE DEATH OF CAPTAIN COOK AT OWHYHEE.

Some of the Indians, in the night, took away the Discovery's large cutter, which lay swamped at the buoy of one of her anchors: they had carried her off so quietly,

that we did not miss her till the morning of Sunday, 14 th. February 1779.

Captain Clerke lost no time in waiting upon Captain Cook, to acquaint him with the accident. He returned on board, with orders for the launch and small cutter to go, under the command of the second lieutenant, and lie off the east point of the bay, in order to intercept all canoes that might attempt to get out; and, if he found it necessary, to fire upon them. At the same time, the third lieutenant of the Resolution, with the launch and small cutter, was sent on the same service, to the opposite point of the bay; and the master was dispatched in the large cutter, in pursuit of a double canoe, already under sail, making the best of her way out of the harbour. He soon came up with her, and by firing a few muskets, drove her on shore, and the Indians left her. This happened to be the canoe of Omea, a man who bore the title of Orono. He was on board himself; and it would have been fortunate if our people had secured him, for his person was held as sacred as that of the king. During this time, Captain Cook was preparing to go ashore himself, at the town of Kavaroah, in order to secure the person of Kariopoo, before he should have time to withdraw himself to another part of the island, out of our reach. This appeared the most effectual step that could be taken on the present occasion for the recovery of the boat. It was the measure he had invariably pursued in similar cases, and at other islands in these seas, and it had always been attended with the desired success; in fact, it would be difficult to point out any other mode of proceeding on these emergencies likely to attain the object in view. We had reason to suppose that the king and his attendants had fled when

the alarm was first given; in that case, it was Captain Cook's intention to secure the large canoes which were hauled up on the beach. He left the ship about seven o'clock, attended by the lieutenant of marines, a sergeant, corporal, and seven private men: the pinnace's crew were also armed, and under the command of Mr. Roberts. As they rowed towards the shore, Captain Cook ordered the launch to leave her station at the west point of the bay, in order to assist his own boat. This is a circumstance worthy of notice; for it clearly shows that he was not unapprehensive of meeting with resistance from the natives, or unmindful of the necessary preparations for the safety of himself and his people. I will venture to say, that from the appearance of things just at that time, there was not one, beside himself, who judged that such precaution was absolutely requisite: so little did his conduct, on the occasion, bear the marks of rashness or a precipitate self-confidence. He landed with the marines at the upper end of the town of Kava-roah: the Indians immediately flocked round as usual, and showed him the customary marks of respect, by prostrating themselves before him. There were no signs of hostilities, or much alarm among them. Captain Cook, however, did not seem willing to trust to appearances; but was particularly attentive to the disposition of the marines, and to have them kept clear of the crowd. He first inquired for the king's sons, two youths who were much attached to him, and generally his companions on board. Messengers being sent for them, they soon came to him, and informing him that their father was asleep at a house not far from them: he accompanied them thither, and took the marines along with them. As he passed along, the natives every-where

prostrated themselves before him, and seemed to have lost no part of that respect they had always shown to his person. He was joined by several chiefs, among whom was Kanynah, and his brother Koohowroah. They kept the crowd in order, according to their usual custom; and, being ignorant of his intention in coming on shore, frequently asked him if he wanted any hogs, or other provisions? he told them that he did not; and that his business was to see the king. When he arrived at the house, he ordered some of the Indians to go in and inform Kariopoo that he waited without to speak with him. They came out two or three times, and, instead of returning any answer from the king, presented some pieces of red cloth to him, which made Captain Cook suspect that he was not in the house: he therefore desired the lieutenant of marines to go in. The lieutenant found the old man just awaked from sleep, and seemingly alarmed at the message; but he came out without hesitation. Captain Cook took him by the hand, and in a friendly manner asked him to go on board, to which he very readily consented. Thus far matters appeared in a favourable train, and the natives did not seem much alarmed or apprehensive of hostility on our side; at which Captain Cook expressed himself a little surprised, saying, that as the inhabitants of that town appeared innocent of stealing the cutter, he should not molest them, but that he must get the king on board. Kariopoo sat down before his door, and was surrounded by a great crowd: Kanynah and his brother were both very active in keeping order among them. In a little time, however, the Indians were observed arming themselves with long spears, clubs, and daggers, and putting on thick mats, which they use as armour.

This hostile appearance increased, and became more alarming, on the arrival of two men in a canoe from the opposite side of the bay, with the news of a chief, called Karemoo, having been killed by one of the Discovery's boats. In their passage across, they had also delivered this account to each of the ships. Upon that information, the women, who were sitting upon the beach at their breakfasts, and conversing familiarly with our people in the boats, retired, and a confused murmur spread through the crowd. An old priest came to Captain Cook with a cocoa-nut in his hand which he held out to him as a present, at the same time singing very loud. He was often desired to be silent, but in vain: he continued importunate and troublesome, and there was no such thing as getting rid of him or his noise. It seemed as if he meant to divert their attention from his countrymen, who were growing more tumultuous, and arming themselves in every quarter. Captain Cook, being at the same time surrounded by a great crowd, thought his situation rather hazardous: he therefore ordered the lieutenant of marines to march his small party to the water-side, where the boats lay within a few yards of the shore: the Indians readily made a lane for them to pass, and did not offer to interrupt them. The distance they had to go might be about fifty or sixty yards: Captain Cook followed, having hold of Kariopoo's hand, who accompanied him very willingly; he was attended by his wife, two sons, and several chiefs. The troublesome old priest followed, making the same savage noise. Keowa, the younger son, went directly into the pinnace, expecting his father to follow; but just as he arrived at the water-side his wife threw her arms about his neck, and, with the assistance of two chiefs, forced him to sit

down by the side of a double canoe. Captain Cook expostulated with them, but to no purpose; they would not suffer the king to proceed, telling him that he would be put to death if he went on board the ship. Kario-poo, whose conduct seemed entirely resigned to the will of others, hung down his head, and appeared much distressed.

While the king was in this situation, a chief, well known to us, of the name of Coho, was observed lurking near, with an iron dagger, partly concealed under his cloak, seemingly with the intention of stabbing Captain Cook, or the lieutenant of marines. The latter proposed to fire at him, but Captain Cook would not permit it. Coho closing upon them, obliged the officer to strike him with his piece, which made him retire. Another Indian laid hold of the sergeant's musket, and endeavoured to wrench it from him, but was prevented by the lieutenant's making a blow at him. Captain Cook, seeing the tumult increase, and the Indians growing more daring and resolute, observed, that if he were to take the king off by force, he could not do it without sacrificing the lives of many of his people. He then paused a little, and was on the point of giving his orders to re-embark, when a man threw a stone at him; which he returned with a discharge of small shot, with which one barrel of his double piece was loaded. The man, having a thick mat before him, received little or no hurt: he brandished his spear, and threatened to dart it at Captain Cook, who being still unwilling to take away his life, instead of firing with ball, knocked him down with his musket. He expostulated strongly with the most forward of the crowd, upon their turbulent behaviour. He had given up all thoughts of getting

the king on board, as it appeared impracticable; and his care was then only to act on the defensive, and to secure a safe embarkation for his small party, which was closely pressed by a body of several thousand people. Keowa, the king's son, who was in the pinnace, being alarmed on hearing the first firing, was, at his own entreaty, put on shore again; for even at that time Mr. Roberts, who commanded her, did not apprehend that Captain Cook's person was in any danger; otherwise he would have detained the prince, which no doubt would have been a great check on the Indians. One man was observed, behind a double canoe, in the action of darting his spear at Captain Cook, who was forced to fire at him in his own defence, but happened to kill another close to him, equally forward in the tumult: the sergeant observing that he had missed the man he aimed at, received orders to fire at him, which he did, and killed him. By this time the impetuosity of the Indians was somewhat repressed: they fell back in a body, and seemed staggered; but being pushed on by those behind, they returned to the charge, and poured a volley of stones among the marines, who, without waiting for orders, returned it with a general discharge of musketry, which was instantly followed by a fire from the boats. At this Captain Cook was heard to express his astonishment: he waved his hand to the boats, called to them to cease firing, and to come nearer in to receive the marines. Mr. Roberts immediately brought the pinnace as close to the shore as he could without grounding, notwithstanding the showers of stones that fell among the people; but——, the lieutenant who commanded in the launch, instead of pulling in to the assistance of Captain Cook, withdrew his boat further off, at the moment that every

thing seems to have depended upon the timely exertions of those in the boats. By his own account he mistook the signal : but be that as it may, this circumstance appears to me to have decided the fatal turn of the affair, and to have removed every chance which remained with Captain Cook of escaping with his life. The business of saving the marines out of the water, in consequence of that, fell altogether upon the pinnace, which thereby became so much crowded, that the crew were, in a great measure, prevented from using their fire-arms, or giving what assistance they otherwise might have done to Captain Cook; so that he seems, at the most critical point of time, to have wanted the assistance of both boats, owing to the removal of the launch. For notwithstanding that they kept up a fire on the crowd, from the situation to which they removed in that boat, the fatal confusion which ensued on her being withdrawn, to say the least of it, must have prevented the full effect that the prompt co-operation of the two boats, according to Captain Cook's orders, must have had towards the preservation of himself and his people. At that time, it was to the boats alone that Captain Cook had to look for his safety ; for, when the marines had fired, the Indians rushed among them, and forced them into the water, where four of them were killed : their lieutenant was wounded, but fortunately escaped, and was taken up by the pinnace. Captain Cook was then the only one remaining on the rock : he was observed making for the pinnace, holding his left hand against the back of his head to guard it from the stones, and carrying his musket under his arm. An Indian was seen following him, but with caution and timidity ; for he stopped once or twice, as if undetermined to proceed. At last he ad-

vanced upon him unawares, and, with a large club or common stake, gave him a blow on the back of the head, and then precipitately retreated. The stroke seemed to have stunned Captain Cook : he staggered a few paces, then fell on his hand and one knee, and dropped his musket. As he was rising, and before he could recover his feet, another Indian stabbed him in the back of the neck with an iron dagger. He then fell into a bite of water about knee-deep, where others crowded upon him and endeavoured to keep him under ; but struggling very strongly with them, he got his head up, and casting his look towards the pinnace, seemed to solicit assistance. Though the boat was not above five or six yards distant from him, yet, from the crowded and confused state of the crew, it seems it was not in their power to save him. The Indians got him under again, but in deeper water : he was, however, able to get his head up once more, and being almost spent in the struggle, he naturally turned to the rock, and was endeavouring to support himself by it, when a savage gave him a blow with a club, and he was seen alive no more. They hauled him up lifeless on the rocks, where they seemed to take a savage pleasure in using every barbarity to his dead body, snatching the daggers out of each other's hands, to have the horrid satisfaction of piercing the fallen victim of their barbarous rage.

I need make no reflection on the great loss we suffered on this occasion, or attempt to describe what we felt. It is enough to say, that no man was ever more beloved or admired : and it is truly painful to reflect, that he seems to have fallen a sacrifice merely for want of being properly supported ; a fate singularly to be lamented, as having fallen to his lot who had ever been conspicuous

for his care of those under his command, and who seemed, to the last, to pay as much attention to their preservation as to that of his own life.

A SCOTTISH COUNTRY KIRN.

“And aye a rantin kirn we gat.” BURNS.

To a person brought up in a town there is something remarkably interesting and amusing in a group of merry rustics, assembled at a country kirn. Their manners, though they may appear rude and unpolished, are nevertheless artless, innocent, and inoffensive. The peasantry of Scotland are social and friendly to each other, charitable to the poor, and civil and obliging to all. They are sincere in love, faithful in matrimony, undaunted in the field, and calm and resigned at the hour of death. The earliest songs of Caledonia teach us that her children were simple and unaffected—temperate, constant, and brave; and while they raise in our minds the most pleasing and tender emotions, they recall to our recollections the glorious days of yore, when the clan of the chieftain assembled at the pibroch on the bagpipes, and the bugle on the walls of the baron's stronghold bade his warriors arise. When we hear one of these songs feelingly sung in a company of honest swains, the mind insensibly wanders back to the feudal, age, and the golden day of old Scotland, when our forefathers wore plain broad-skirted coats, and blue bonnets, and lived upon kail and brose, knowing no other drink save the crystal fount, or, on joyful occasions, a little unadulterated Fairntosh;—days, when peace and

plenty smiled upon hill and dale, and contentment in the peasant's cot,—when the landlord was kind and liberal to his tenant, and the prosperity of both made the cottager rejoice,—when excisemen were yet unborn, and factors and poachers were unknown in the land.

As I was travelling one afternoon, in a certain district in the south of Scotland, I called at a farm-house where I was well acquainted. My name was no sooner announced, than the mistress, with a bread-plate in her hand, came out to receive me, and ordering the kitchen-maid to take hold of my horse, I alighted and followed my good matron into the parlour. I was a little surprised to observe the house in some confusion, and the carpet and tables removed from the room to which I had been conducted. But I was scarcely seated when my hostess began to offer an apology for the state of her house, by telling me that it was their kirk night, and hoping that I had no engagement to prevent me staying over night with them, as the kirk might perhaps afford me some amusement. Having no particular engagement that evening, and as a kirk was altogether new to me, I accepted the kind invitation, and laid aside my great-coat and overalls. Upon inquiring after my worthy friend, the farmer, or, as I shall occasionally call him, the goodman, I was informed that he was with his men in the barn; and knowing that the goodwife would have several preparations to make for the approaching *fête champêtre*, I left her to her domestic avocations, and sought my way to the barn. There I found the honest farmer sitting upon a sack about half full of grain, whistling a slow tune, and with both his hands thrust deep into his breeches' pockets, overlooking his servants, who were employed in sweeping out one end of

the barn, and placing planks of wood to serve as seats in the evening. I confess it gave me great pleasure and satisfaction to see the generous hearted man so anxious to have his kirk got up in good style, and, after the oppressive toils of harvest, to give his reapers one night of glee and merriment. The operations in the barn being completed, we returned to the house, where we found tea ready in a small bed-room, of which we partook, in company with the farmer's son and daughter, Mr. James and Miss Mary, and a Miss Katy M'Brid, a sempstress in the village, who, from her being much about farm-houses, was considered very useful on such occasions. The good people told me, that it had long been their custom to take tea before the bustle of the evening commenced; both because it was more agreeable, and that it enabled the family to be more attentive to the kirk folks. When tea was finished, the females retired to the parlour; and a jingling amongst cups and saucers left no doubt in my mind as to what they were busied with. The goodman, Mr. James, and I, had sat nearly half an hour, enjoying our conversation upon various subjects, when we were startled by a loud hoarse laugh from the kitchen, which was succeeded by the sound of many different voices, seemingly of people elated with goodhumour, and bent upon fun and glee. In a short time afterwards, Nell, the dairy-maid, entered the room where we were sitting, and giving us to understand that the parlour was nearly filled, began to carry out the chairs. The goodman got up, and putting on his Sunday coat, which was lying ready on the bed, we marched into the parlour. What a rare sight for a citizen! the room was literally crowded with healthy-looking, decently attired men, women, and children, seated on

chairs, boards, and benches; in the midst of which stood three tables, covered with tea-dishes of all shapes, and sizes, and patterns, with abundance of wheaten bread, barley bread, and oaten cakes, mutton ham, beef ham, cheese, etc., etc. At the first table sat the goodwife, dressed in a brown-coloured cotton gown, overrun with extraordinary large figures of roses of a lively red, outside of which her pincushion and scissors hung dangling at the end of a brass chain: at the second table sat Miss Katy, prim, and stiff as a poker, and affecting an engaging simper and infantine lisp: at the lowermost table sat Miss Mary, neatly arrayed in a white skirt and black silk spencer (of Miss Katy's making), with a light blue sash, and her hair curled and adorned with gumflowers, in a style of artless elegance that might have excited admiration even at Almack's—all actively employed in pouring out tea for the merry guests. The goodman, who was sitting in his old elbow-chair on the left side of his spouse, having pronounced a short blessing, Mr. James and I set about handing round the tea, bread, etc., an employment which closely engaged our attention upwards of an hour; and in compliment to both parties, I must say that the entertainment was good and plentiful, and that the guests did it ample justice, by the extraordinary quantity which they consumed. The company being at length fully satisfied, proceeded towards the barn to enjoy the delights of punch and dancing; but James and I remained behind to render our assistance in waiting upon a second party, who had been later in coming, so that it was about nine o'clock when my companion and I set out for the barn. The dancing was already begun. The barn smelled strongly of whisky toddy; mirth beamed in every eye, and joy and hilarity prevailed through-

out. In a corner, behind a large oaken table, sat the goodman, filling the mirth-inspiring beverage from a jolly looking punch-bowl into wine glasses, to be distributed amongst the company by a half-grown lad, who served him in the capacity of herd. So soon as he saw me, he beckoned me towards him, and placing me on his left hand, presented me with a glass of punch, and drank to myself and family; which compliment I returned, wishing him luck and prosperity in his agricultural concerns. On every side of the farmer sat the most respectable of his cottars, many of whom being tradesmen, and having apprentices, came under the denomination of masters, and of course thought themselves entitled to a seat nearer the goodman than the common labourers. They laughed immoderately at all their host's dull jokes, and uniformly agreed with every thing he said or proposed; whilst they kept emptying their glasses to "your very good health, Maister; and many more such merry kirns may we have." They talked of the days of other years, and of old men who had once lived in the barony, but who had been long since gathered unto their forefathers. The goodman related many wonderful adventures of his youthful days, which were listened to with the most devout attention; and oftener than once I could perceive a tear steal down the furrowed cheeks of the worthy old man, as the recollections of early life dawned upon his mind, and memory conjured up his chivalric achievements in days gone by. As their hearts became warmed with the punch, they brought upon the carpet many old legendary tales connected with the place; over some of which, it was readily seen, "the twilight of uncertainty had cast its shadow, and the night of forgetfulness was about to descend for ever."

While these hearty blades were thus sacrificing to the rosy god, and drowning their cares in the bowl, the dance was kept up with great spirit and gaiety by the lads and lasses, and every Jockey had his Jenny, who was his partner in the dance, and the object of his care and attention throughout the evening. I was beginning to grow somewhat tired of my seat at the table, when I chanced to get my eye upon Miss Katy "all-forlorn," on the opposite side of the barn; and mustering up all the little gallantry I possessed, I crossed the floor, and seated myself by her side. I found her very communicative, and both able and willing to give me the history of almost every one present. There was certainly a motley assembly of people, of all ages, amounting, as near as my fair friend and I could calculate, to about seventy. In one corner were to be seen a number of married women, who seemed to enjoy a *tête-à-tête* conversation amongst themselves, and taste the punch as it came round, without paying any regard to the dancing. Near them was a group of buxom wenches, playing off their barn-door artillery upon some half-a-dozen young ploughmen on the other side of the house, whose looks and gestures gave every encouragement to their fair besiegers. And on the lowermost bench sat two or three elderly maidens, who, having spent the best of their days in fruitless attempts to get yoked to husbands, were on the very point of resolving to be contented without them.

In another corner were a dozen sons of Erin, with their neckerchiefs knotted in the true Tipperary fashion. Some of them, having recently left their

"Own native isle of the ocean,"

were lodging with one of their countrymen in the neighbouring village, and having assisted my much respected friend towards the conclusion of his harvest, became entitled to an invitation to the kirk, which they had not failed to attend, in company with their landlord, his wife, and son. Whilst the spinster was thus amusing me with an account of the principal characters at the kirk, two strangers were introduced, in the shape of a dashing young farmer and a schoolmaster, who, ignorant of the kirk, had called to see the family in their way home from a neighbouring farm. This was a fresh subject for Miss Katy, and I was let into the history of both in a twinkling. The first of these personages was dressed in a blue coat, white vest, and black trowsers, with a black silk stock, boots and spurs. He entered in a somewhat forward and familiar manner, with a whip in his hand, and a pointer at his heels, and seemed to consider himself vastly superior to all around him. He was the son of a respectable farmer, and not being destined for any of the learned professions, he was removed from school, when he could read the Bible well, and solve the questions in the Golden Rule of Three, to assist his father in his agricultural concerns. As he grew up, he became a sportsman, a cavalry-man, and the darling of his mother. Like others of our modern young farmers too, he rode to town every Wednesday, strutted down to the cattle market, struck every beast he passed over the back with his whip, got his boots besmeared with mud, walked up to town again,—and, upon meeting a friend, would put the end of his whip in his mouth, and talk mightily about the prices of cattle, and the quality of those in the market. In short, though he was a laughingstock to every thinking person who knew him, yet, in the eyes of

his mother and maiden aunts, he was the very quintessence of young farmers,—the flower and pink of the whole country-side,—another Apollo Belvedere. The schoolmaster was a fat little man, in a thread-bare olive-coloured surtout, and white woollen stockings,—a complete pedant; and, to all appearance, labouring under some mental malady. He had lately found that there was

“A charm in woman’s eye,”

but unfortunately he had also discovered, that fickleness and instability were the characteristics of the sex; for the lady of his heart had lately ridiculed his passion, and in one short minute had overturned all his plans and ideas of future happiness, which the little man had been assiduously building for more than two years. The young farmer danced several reels with the lasses, and was so particular in his attentions to Miss Mary, that several began to think that his coming that night was not altogether accidental. The Dominie, on the other hand, was remarkably demure and reserved, positively refusing to dance, and alleging, as an excuse, that he had sprained his ankle; but the true reason was, as I afterwards learned, that he wished to preserve his dignity amongst the children.

The dancing was now left off for half an hour, until the company had partaken of a cold collation; after which the punch was again set a circulating, and to give the fiddle a rest, we had some excellent songs. The first song was “The Harper of Mull,” by an old shepherd, and though he sung it well, yet it lost much of its effect by the manœuvres with which he prefaced it. When asked for a song, he declared that he never sung,

and that it would be needless to press him ; but pressing seemed to be just what he required, for at length he gave a loud hem, which was received as a signal for silence by the whole house. He cast his eyes upon the ground, stroked his forehead, drew his hand over his mouth; then hoping that those near him would lend their assistance, he laid his head back against the wall, placed his arms akimbo, crossed his legs, and fixing his eye upon a swallow's nest in the barn roof, commenced. "Auld Langsyne" was next sung, and the company joined loudly in the chorus. The goodman gave, "Willie brew'd a peck o' malt," in which he was joined by his merry companions round the table, who spoke and sung from the very heart, as if, by the punch they had swallowed, their hearts had been buoyed up into their mouths. Miss Mary favoured us with "Coming through the rye," and "Nid noddin," which she executed with much good taste and sweetness. As the gentleman of the birch would not condescend to dance, we insisted strongly that he should sing, to which, after sickening us with a long apology, interlarded with Latin quotations, he consented. But, O ye Nine! what surprise was ours when the little Dominie began to sing, in a tongue neither Scotch nor English, nor High German, nor Low Dutch,—but in that same language in which a Demosthenes of old addressed the Athenians. In a word, he attempted one of the Odes of Anacreon to a tune, which, as nobody knew, every body was willing to believe it to be of his own composition, though no one cared if it had been one of the identical airs to which the jolly poet sung his amorous ditties, or Homer his ballads in the streets of Athens, which might have been dug up with other literary fragments of antiquity, lately disco-

vered amongst the ruins of Herculaneum. Robert Burns! had Heaven but spared thee to have heard a barnful of “bairdly chieles and clever hizzies” thus insulted with a Greek song, how would the blood have boiled in thy veins, and thy noble heart have beat with indignation, to see “learning with his Greekish face” slight with lofty disdain the beautiful productions of Scotia’s bards! as if those simple and heartfelt lays, the pride and boast of every true Scotsman, and the delight and admiration of all, were too illiterate or vulgar to pass the lips of a pedagogue, who knew a little more than his neighbours about the languages of ancient Greece and Rome, Italian and geography.

After a few more songs, the younger part of the company betook themselves again to dancing with ten times more spirit than before. Ceremony was now laid aside, and nothing was to be heard but the sound of the fiddle, and the clattering of iron-shod shoes on the barn-floor. The goodman himself, who had by this time forgot both his cares and his years, sprung up, and, making one of his best bows to the dairy-maid, prepared for a reel, amidst loud and long-continued cheering. The tune struck up, and away flew the carle, cocking his little old knee before him, and beating one, two, three, and a hop. He set to Nell, and Nell set to him; and Nell took hold of her skirt on each side with her finger and thumb, and she skipped first to the one side of him, and then to the other, accompanying each hop with a fascinating inclination of the head: The goodman, on the other hand, his skipping days being over, contented himself with raising his hands towards his shoulders, snapping his fingers, and lifting his feet like a maid in a washing-pail. The tune changed—*whough*, cried the goodman,

and off he ran, keeping his left hand before him, amidst the reiterated acclamations of every one present, and to the amazement of some half a score of little urchins playing at "hide and seek" in the other end of the barn, who stood gaping with wonder to see "the Maister" footing it so merrily with the byrewoman. The principal dancers of the evening were a young joiner and blacksmith, who took the lead in all the dances, directed the fiddler, and were scarcely ever off the floor. They kicked, capered, and wheeled—did the treble shuffle, and the double treble; and, by holding out longest, were looked upon as the best dancers in the house. But the kirk was drawing to a close; the effects of the whisky were becoming gradually more conspicuous; wives began to use their eloquence in persuading their husbands to go home—the fiddler waxed muddy, and was often heard scraping behind the fiddle-bridge. The goodwife, Miss Mary, Miss Katy, the two strangers, and Mr. James, were no more to be seen; the attendants on the punch-bowl were singing

"We are no fou, we're no that fou;" etc.

and an old cobbler, overcome with drink, and unable to rise, lay under one of the seats, happy as a king, and attempting to sing

"When we fell we aye gat up again,
And sae will we yet."

Such was the state of things when I left the barn, after having drank a farewell glass to the health and happiness of the farmer and his people, and wishing they might live to see "many more such merry kirns."

HELL'S BRIDGE.

A deadly feud subsisted, almost from time immemorial, between the families of Macpherson of Bendearg and Grant of Cairn, and was handed down unimpaired even to the close of the last century. In earlier times the warlike chiefs of these names found frequent opportunities of testifying their mutual animosity; and few inheritors of the fatal quarrel left the world without having moistened it with the blood of some of their hereditary enemies. But in our own day, the progress of civilization, which had reached even these wild countries,—the heart of the North Highlands, although it could not extinguish entirely the transmitted spirit of revenge, at least kept it within safe bounds; and the feud of Macpherson and Grant threatened, in the course of another generation, to die entirely away, or at least to exist only in some vexatious law-suit, fostered by the petty jealousies of two men of hostile tempers and contiguous property.

It was not, however, without some ebullitions of ancient fierceness, that the flame which had burned for so many centuries seemed about to expire. Once, at a meeting of the country gentlemen, on a question of privilege arising, Bendearg took occasion to throw out some taunts, aimed at his hereditary foe, which the fiery Grant immediately received as the signal of defiance, and a challenge was the consequence. The sheriff of the county, however, having got intimation of the affair, put both parties under arrest; till at length,

by the persuasions of their friends—*not friends by blood*, and the representations of the magistrate, they shook hands, and each pledged his honour to forget—at least never again to remember in speech or action the ancient feud of his family. This occurrence, at the time, was the object of much interest in the country-side; the rather that it seemed to give the lie to the prophecies, of which every Highland family has an ample stock in its traditionary chronicles, and which expressly predicted, that the enmity of Cairn and Bendearg should not be quenched but in blood; and on this seemingly cross-grained circumstance, some of the young men who had begun already to be tainted with the heresies of the Lowlands, were seen to shake their heads, as they reflected on the tales and the faith of their ancestors; but the grey-headed seers shook theirs still more wisely, and answered with the motto of a noble house,—“I bide my time.”

There is a narrow pass between the mountains, in the neighbourhood of Bendearg, well known to the traveller who adventures into these wilds in quest of the savage sublimities of nature. At a little distance it has the appearance of an immense artificial bridge thrown over a tremendous chasm; but on nearer approach is seen to be a wall of nature's own masonry; formed of vast and rugged bodies of solid rock, piled on each other as if in the giant sport of the architect. Its sides are in some places covered with trees of a considerable size; and the passenger who has a head steady enough to look down the precipice, may see the eyries of birds of prey beneath his feet. The path across is so narrow, that it cannot admit of two persons passing alongside; and, indeed, none but natives accustomed to the scene from

infancy would attempt the dangerous route at all, though it saves a circuit of three miles. Yet it sometimes happens, that two travellers meet in the middle, owing to the curve formed by the pass preventing a view across from either side; and when this is the case, one is obliged to lie down while the other crawls over his body.

One day shortly after the incident we have mentioned, a Highlander was walking fearlessly along the pass; sometimes bending over to watch the flight of the wild birds that built below, and sometimes detaching a fragment from the top to see it dashed against the uneven sides, and bounding from rock to rock, its rebound echoing the while like a human voice, and dying in faint and hollow murmurs at the bottom. When he had gained the highest part of the arch, he observed another coming leisurely up on the opposite side, and being himself of the patrician order, called out to him to halt and lie down: the person, however, disregarded the command, and the Highlanders met face to face on the summit. They were Cairn and Bendearg! the two hereditary enemies, who would have gloried and rejoiced in mortal strife with each other on a hill-side. They turned deadly pale at this fatal rencontre. "I was first at the top," said Bendearg, and called out first, "Lie down that I may pass over in peace."

"When the Grant prostrates himself before Macpherson," answered the other, "it must be with a sword driven through his body." "Turn back then," said Bendearg, "and repass as you came." "Go back yourself, if you like it," replied Grant; "I will not be the first of my name to turn before the Macpherson." This was their short conference, and the result exactly as each had anticipated:—They then threw their bonnets over

the precipice, and advanced with a slow and cautious pace closer to each other : they were both unarmed, and stretching their limbs like men preparing for a desperate struggle, they planted their feet firmly on the ground, compressed their lips, knit their dark brows, and fixing fierce and watchful eyes on each other, stood there prepared for the onset. They both grappled at the same moment ; but being of equal strength, were unable for some time to shift each other's position,—standing fixed on a rock with suppressed breath, and muscles strained to the “top of their heart,” like statues carved out of the solid stone. At length Macpherson suddenly removing his right foot, so as to give him greater purchase, stooped his body, and bent his enemy down with him by main strength, till they both leaned over the precipice, looking downward into the terrible abyss. The contest was as yet doubtful, for Grant had placed his foot firmly on an elevation at the brink, and had equal command of his enemy,—but at this moment Macpherson sunk slowly and firmly on his knee, and while Grant suddenly started back, stooping to take the supposed advantage, whirled him over his head into the gulf. Macpherson himself fell backwards, his body hanging partly over the rock ; a fragment gave way beneath him, and he sunk farther, till catching with a desperate effort at the solid stone above, he regained his footing. There was a pause of death-like stillness, and the bold heart of Macpherson felt sick and faint. At length, as if compelled unwillingly by some mysterious feeling, he looked down over the precipice. Grant had caught with a death-gripe by the rugged point of a rock—his enemy was almost within his reach !—his face was turned upwards, and there was in it horror and despair,—but

he uttered no word or cry. The next moment he lost his hold,—and the next his brains were dashed out before the eyes of his hereditary foe! The mangled body disappeared among the trees, and its last heavy and hollow sound arose from the bottom. Macpherson returned home an altered man. He purchased a commission in the army, and fell bravely in the wars of the Peninsula. The Gaelic name of the place where this tragedy was acted, signifies Hell's Bridge.

AUGUSTUS DARVELL, —A FRAGMENT.

In the year 17—, having for some time determined on making a journey through countries not hitherto much frequented by travellers, I set out accompanied by a friend, whom I shall designate by the name of Augustus Darvell. He was a few years my elder, and a man of considerable fortune and ancient family; advantages which an extensive capacity prevented him alike from undervaluing or overrating. Some peculiar circumstances in his private history had rendered him to me an object of attention, of interest, and even of regard, which neither the reserve of his manners, nor occasional indications of inquietude, at times nearly approaching to alienation of mind, could extinguish.

I was yet young in life, which had begun early, but my intimacy with him was of a recent date. We had been educated at the same schools and university; but his progress through these had preceded mine, and he had been deeply initiated into what is called the world, while I was yet in my noviciate. While thus engaged,

I had heard much both of his past and present life : and although in these accounts there were many and irreconcilable contradictions, I could still gather from the whole, that he was a being of no common order, and one who, whatever pains he might take to avoid remark, would still be remarkable. I had cultivated his acquaintance subsequently, and endeavoured to obtain his friendship ; but this last appeared to be unattainable—whatever affections he might have possessed, some seemed now to have been extinguished, and others to be concentrated. That his feelings were acute, I had sufficient opportunities of observing, for, although he could control, he could not altogether disguise them ; still he had a power of giving to one passion the appearance of another, in such a manner that it was difficult to define the nature of what was working within him ; and the expressions of his features would vary so rapidly, though slightly, that it was useless to trace them to their sources. It was evident that he was a prey to some cureless disquiet ; but whether it arose from ambition, love, remorse, grief, from one or all of these, or merely from a morbid temperament akin to disease, I could not discover. There were circumstances alleged which might have justified the application to each of these causes ; but, as I have before said, they were so contradictory and contradicted, that none could be fixed upon with accuracy. Where there is mystery it is generally supposed that there must also be evil. I know not how this may be, but in him there certainly was the one, though I could not ascertain the extent of the other, and felt loth, as far as regarded himself, to believe in its existence. My advances were received with sufficient coldness ; but I was young and not easily discou-

raged, and at length succeeded in obtaining to a certain degree that common-place intercourse and moderate confidence of common and every-day concerns, created and cemented by similarity of pursuit and frequency of meeting, which is called intimacy, or friendship, according to the ideas of him who uses those words to express them.

Darvell had already travelled extensively, and to him I had applied for information with regard to the conduct of my intended journey. It was my secret wish that he might be prevailed on to accompany me; it was also a probable hope, founded upon the shadowy restlessness which I had observed in him, and to which the animation which he appeared to feel on such subjects, and his apparent indifference to all by which he was more immediately surrounded, gave fresh strength. This wish I first hinted, and then expressed: his answer, though I partly expected it, gave me all the pleasure of surprise: he consented; and, after the requisite arrangements, we commenced our voyages. After journeying through various countries of the south of Europe, our attention was turned towards the East, according to our original destination; and it was in my progress through those regions that the incident occurred upon which will turn what I may have to relate.

The constitution of Darvell, which must, from his appearance, have been in early life more than usually robust, had been for some time gradually giving way without the intervention of any apparent disease: he had neither cough nor hectic, yet he became daily more enfeebled; his habits were temperate, and he neither declined nor complained of fatigue, yet he was evidently wasting away; he became more and more silent and

sleepless, and at length so seriously altered, that my alarm grew proportionate to what I conceived to be his danger.

We had determined, on our arrival at Smyrna, on an excursion to the ruins of Ephesus and Sardis, from which I endeavoured to dissuade him in his present state of indisposition, but in vain : there appeared to be an oppression on his mind, and a solemnity in his manner, which ill corresponded with his eagerness to proceed on what I regarded as a mere party of pleasure, little suited to a valetudinarian; but I opposed him no longer, and in a few days we set off together, accompanied only by a serrugee and a single janisary.

We had passed half-way towards the remains of Ephesus, leaving behind us the more fertile environs of Smyrna, and were entering upon that wild and tenantless tract, through the marshes and defiles which lead to the few huts yet lingering over the broken columns of Diana, the roofless walls of expelled Christianity, and the still more recent but complete desolation of abandoned mosques; when the sudden and rapid illness of my companion obliged us to halt at a Turkish cemetery, the turbaned tombstones of which were the sole indication that human life had ever been a sojourner in this wilderness. The only caravansera we had seen was left some hours behind us ; not a vestige of a town or even a cottage was within sight or hope; and this city of the dead appeared to be the sole refuge of my unfortunate friend, who seemed on the verge of becoming the last of its inhabitants. In this situation, I looked round for a place where he might most conveniently repose. Contrary to the usual aspect of Mahometan burial grounds, the cypresses were in this few in number, and these thinly

scattered over its extent; the tombstones were mostly fallen and worn with age; upon one of the most considerable of these, and beneath one of the most spreading trees, Darvell supported himself in a half-reclining posture, with great difficulty. He asked for water. I had some doubts of our being able to find any, and prepared to go in search of it with hesitating despondency: but he desired me to remain; and turning to Suleiman, our janisary, who stood by us smoking with great tranquillity, he said, “Suleiman, verbana su,” (*i. e.* bring some water); and went on describing the spot where it was to be found with great minuteness, at a small well for camels a few hundred yards to the right, the janisary obeyed. I said to Darvell, “How did you know this?” He replied, “From our situation you must perceive that this place was once inhabited, and could not have been so without springs: I have also been here before.”—“You have been here before! How came you never to mention this to me; and what could you be doing in a place where no one could remain a moment longer than he could help it?”

To this question I received no answer. In the meantime Suleiman returned with the water, leaving the serugee and the horses at the fountain. The quenching of his thirst had the appearance of reviving him for a moment; and I conceived hopes of his being able to proceed, or at least to return, and I urged the attempt: he was silent, and appeared to be collecting his spirits for an effort to speak. He began:—“This is the end of my journey, and of my life. I came here to die; but I have a request to make,—a command, for such my last words must be—you will observe it?”—“Most certainly; but have better hopes.”—“I have no hopes, nor wishes,

but this—conceal my death from every human being.”
—“ hope there will be no occasion ; that you will recover and——” “Peace! it must be so ; promise this.”
—“ I do.”—“ Swear it, by all that——.” He here dictated an oath of great solemnity.—“ There is no occasion for this : I will observe your request ; and to doubt me is——.” “ It cannot be helped—you must swear.” I took the oath ! it appeared to relieve him. He removed a seal ring from his finger, on which were some Arabic characters, and presented it to me. He proceeded : —
“ On the ninth day of the month, at noon precisely (what month you please, but this must be the day), you must fling this ring into the salt-springs which run into the bay of Eleusis ; the day after, at the same hour, you must repair to the ruins of the Temple of Ceres, and wait one hour.”—Why ?—You will see.”—“ The ninth day of the month, you say ?”—The ninth.” As I observed that the present was the ninth day of the month, his countenance changed, and he paused. As he sat, evidently becoming more feeble, a stork, with a snake in her beak, perched upon a tombstone near us ; and, without devouring her prey, appeared to be steadfastly regarding us. I knew not what impelled me to drive it away, but the attempt was useless ; she made a few circles in the air, and returned exactly to the same spot. Darvell pointed to it, and smiled : he spoke—I know not whether to himself or to me—but the words were only, “ ’Tis well !—“ What is well ? what do you mean ?”—No matter ; you must bury me here this evening, and exactly where that bird is now perched. You know the rest of my injunctions.” He then proceeded to give me several directions as to the manner in which his death might be best concealed. After these were finished, he

exclaimed, "You perceive that bird?"—"Certainly."—"And the serpent writhing in her beak?"—"Doubtless; there is nothing uncommon in it—it is her natural prey."—"But it is odd she does not devour it." He smiled in a ghastly manner, and said, faintly, "It is not yet time!" As he spoke, the stork flew away. My eyes followed it for a moment; it could hardly be longer than ten might be counted. I felt Darvell's weight, as it were, increase upon my shoulder; and, turning to look upon his face, perceived he was dead.

I was shocked with the sudden certainty, which could not be mistaken—his countenance, in a few minutes, became nearly black. I should have attributed so rapid a change to poison, had I not been aware that he had no opportunity of receiving it unperceived. The day was declining, the body was rapidly altering, and nothing remained but to fulfil his request. With the aid of Suleiman's ataghan, and my own sabre, we scooped a shallow grave upon the spot which Darvell had indicated: the earth easily gave way, having already received some Mahometan tenant. We dug as deeply as the time permitted us; and throwing the dry earth upon all that remained of a singular being so lately departed, we cut a few sods of greener turf from the less withered soil around us, and laid them upon his sepulchre.

Between astonishment and grief I was tearless.

ADVENTURE
IN A VOYAGE TO THE LEVANT.

One evening lately, at a small social party, I had the pleasure of sitting beside an old acquaintance, a Mr. Kerr, one who had some time before returned from a foreign country, where for many years he had pursued a mercantile profession with advantage. In the course of our conversation, he alluded to a particular adventure he had once met in a voyage to the Levant, but immediately after seemed to shrink from the subject, as if the recollection of it were too painful to be endured. On my pressing the point, he at length, but with great reluctance, stated the following particulars (1) :

“On my return, some years ago,” said Kerr, “from the eastern coasts of the Mediterranean, which I had visited partly from curiosity, and partly with the view of furthering the mercantile pursuits in which I had engaged, I was induced, by what I had seen and learned, to freight a small vessel at Liverpool, with goods of various kinds, which I proposed to carry either to Alexandria or Beiroot. The vessel selected for this purpose was an Italian sloop, which seemed to me to be thrown in my way at the time by a piece of great good fortune. It had brought over a cargo from Italy, and

(1) As stories like the following are often only said to be true, we think it necessary to take this additional means of assuring the reader that the “Adventure in a Voyage to the Levant” is an incident which really occurred.

the master and crew, eight in number, and all natives of that country, were waiting in the Mersey, after discharging their freight, for any chance that might occur of returning to the Mediterranean with a fresh loading. This was an opportunity of the very kind I had wished, and an arrangement was speedily made with the Italian master, who engaged to convey my cargo to the first-mentioned port on very reasonable terms. This matter settled, and the weather being favourable, I lost no time in making all the necessary preparations, and was soon enabled to set sail for the East, accompanied by my younger brother, the only other person on board besides the Italians and myself.

For a time, our voyage was a pleasant one. But before we entered the Straits of Gibraltar, the wind changed, and with it came changes, also, of another and more alarming kind. The master of the sloop, who was a middle-aged man, of sallow complexion, though with features not otherwise unpleasing, suddenly dropt the obsequiousness of his tone and manner, and appeared to shun all intercourse with my brother and myself. As the weather became more and more squally on our entering the Mediterranean, the man's behaviour became more and more distant and repulsive, and the expression of his eye at times was such as to excite the most unpleasant sensations in the mind of the two persons to whom it was directed, and who felt themselves wholly in his power. At length the thoughts brooding in the master's mind found vent in words. One day, as I stood on deck, the ship chanced to give a heavy lurch, and the Italian cried out: 'I am ruined, and that accursed fellow is the cause of it!' At the same moment he pointed to me, and cast on me a look full of hate and

menace, which was reflected from the countenances of more than one of the crew. Similar expressions fell in mutterings from his lips day after day, until I became seriously alarmed, and for the first time consulted with my brother, to whom I had previously been unwilling to communicate my awakening fears. He had observed all that had passed, however, as closely and clearly as myself. Both of us were inclined, at first, to think that the fears of the master and the crew regarding the weather—for the Italians are timorous sailors—had only temporarily drowned their better feelings, and their reason also, seeing that the storm came not at our bidding. This explanation of their conduct proved but a pleasing illusion. The weather *improved*, but this circumstance was far from producing any favourable alteration in the deportment of the master and the crew. Their looks became more and more lowering; and, finally, open threats of *murder*, in daylight, and in hearing of almost every man on board, were vented against us by the master of the sloop!

My brother and myself had long been watchful and guarded in our movements, but this menace brought on a crisis. It was now but too plain that our destruction had been early meditated by the Italian captain, and that he had been hitherto merely lashing himself, as it were, into the proper pitch of fury, and gradually preparing the minds of his men for the entertainment and execution of the diabolical purpose. How dreadful was the condition in which we now found ourselves! In the centre of a vast sea—in which a thousand bodies might be buried and hid for ever from the eye of day—cribbed up in a small vessel in the midst of wretches ready and willing to destroy us—these enemies eight in

number, while we were but two, and one of these two, a youth of eighteen—the feelings of persons in such a situation can be but faintly conceived by those who have never confronted danger in so terrible a form. Though feeling, however, the full horror of our position, we did not permit ourselves to be overcome by despair. The cabin appropriated to us fortunately contained our own stores of provision ; and in this place, after the master's murderous threat, we shut ourselves up, barricading the door with all the heavy articles of furniture contained in the room. This proceeding was, as it were, a declaration of open war ; it was an avowal of our knowledge of the purposes entertained against us ; but it was the only step that could render us even for a moment secure.

The energies, bodily and mental, of human beings, frequently rise and become commensurate with the demands which occasion makes upon them. So I felt it to be with myself when I first laid down my head upon my pillow under the circumstances described. Above me, I heard the tread of assassins, whose thirst for my blood would not permit them to rest ; beside me lay a beloved brother, entrusted to my charge by a doating mother far away ; a sense of fearful danger and a feeling of deep anxiety were kept graven on my mind from these two present causes, independently of all considerations of individual peril to myself, and yet I did not feel sickened or depressed at the prospect before me. On the contrary, I felt a buoyancy, an energetic vigour, both of mind and body, which can only be ascribed to the exciting nature of the circumstances in which we were placed. As I painted to myself the possibility of a death-grapple—a struggle for the lives of my brother and myself—with the men by whom we were sur-

rounded, I felt my muscles become as hard in every limb as a cable rope, and was conscious of possessing such capabilities of exertion, as would render my death no easy matter for even eight foes to accomplish.

This excited spirit did not forsake me. In the afternoon of the day following that on which we shut ourselves up, my brother and I found it impossible to endure any longer the close confinement of the cabin, without enjoying a mouthful of the fresh air; and after a consultation, the second that we had held that day, we came to the resolution of going together upon deck. At the same time, determined to sell our lives as dearly as possible, we armed ourselves, before leaving the cabin, with two large carving-knives with which the room was fortunately provided, and also took with us every other defensive weapon which we possessed. Thus equipped, we stepped upon the deck, locking the cabin-door behind us. Glaring eyes, like those of hungry tigers, were fixed on us by the master and the crew, but the fire of watchful determination lit up the glances that were returned for theirs, and the villains quailed at the thought of attacking two resolute men, or, more probably, they calculated upon having a future opportunity of taking us off our guard. We were allowed, at least, to return to our cabin unmolested. But upon this we could build no hope of bettering our position. No man had spoken to us; no one had bid us good-morrow; every countenance was sullen, dark, and lowering.

For many consecutive days a similar scene was repeated. Armed in the manner described, we went once every twenty-four hours upon deck, and barricaded ourselves at every other time within our cabin. During

each of these visits to the open air, every motion made by us was performed with such caution as became those whose movements were watched by demons, ready to spring upon their victims on the slightest show of incaution. But although it seems impossible that they could have been unsuccessful in a combined attack, their hearts uniformly failed them; for they saw well that some of them must have fallen—that we would not *die alone!*

Matters were in this situation—a situation still perilous and terrible, though we were growing accustomed to it—when, by my calculation of time, it seemed to me that we should be approaching the eastern Mediterranean coasts, as our course had not been changed, as far as I could observe. An alarming confirmation of this conjecture was presented to me one night as I sat alone in the cabin, my brother having laid himself down to sleep. The night was calm, and all was silent as my own brooding and voiceless thoughts, excepting the tramp—that often heard, that perpetual tramp—of two men walking upon the deck. These were the master and his mate—worthy and inseparable associates! Either they spoke louder, or the evening was stiller, than usual; for I distinctly heard the murmur of their voices, which, in the like situation, I had frequently endeavoured to catch in vain. I placed myself in the most favourable position for hearing, but my ear could gather sound only, not sense. At last, however, the voices increased in loudness—a violent stamp was made upon the cabin roof—and I heard the master's voice exclaim, with a curse which I shall not repeat, and in tones which showed that passion had for the moment got the better of prudence: '*It must be done to-morrow,*

Antoine! Cowards! to think that we should have shrunk so long from two men! But, to-morrow, they *must* die, or we lose our chance. We are close on shore, and will be boarded by some one immediately!’ The mate appeared to have reminded him of his imprudence in making this loud exclamation, as they recommenced their walk, and their conversation sunk to the same murmuring tone as before.

On that momentous night I closed not my eyes. The ruminations that kept me awake were of a mixed character. The sentence which I had overheard, although in one sense a death-knell, was in another a signal of hope. We were approaching the neighbourhood of human beings who were not our enemies—of those who might rescue us from the fangs of the murderous harpies in whose clutches we were. But, alas! could we repel the attack, could we survive the death-struggle, which was impending? To be ready for whatever might happen, I packed up all our most valuable articles, partly in a small box, and partly about my person. I resolved also not to acquaint my brother with the words of the master, but to go upon deck by myself on the following day, and bear the brunt of the anticipated assault alone. That I should go on deck, I was determined, as *there* only could the means of emancipation be found.

But my brother had not been asleep; he had heard the words of the master as distinctly as myself, and he insisted in the morning upon going with me upon deck, and sharing my peril, whatever it might be. Again, at this critical moment, did I feel in its full force all that tension of mind and body, of nerve and muscle, of which I have spoken. As I stepped on deck, I felt that the scowl which was cast upon me by the master, was return-

ed by a glare of as tiger-like a character as his own. My glance rolled keenly from side to side, as I observed some more suspicious movements than usual on the part of the master and mate, and I prepared to buckler my dear brother's body with my own, and die—if I was to die—like a brave man! The fatal moment—the collision—was evidently drawing nigh, and I had again and again—silently but fervently—commended my soul to my Maker, when suddenly—‘A ship! a ship in the offing!’ was the cry from one of the crew. The master and the rest all ran to the farther end of the sloop, and gazed towards the vessel. I also would fain have gone and made signals to it, but dared not move from the spot. Things remained in this position for some minutes, the crew being still busy with the ship in the distance, when my brother touched me on the arm, and whispered hurriedly, ‘A boat! a boat close under us!’ It was so. A small boat, with four men in it, had come near to us unobserved. I made eager signs for it to lie to, and at the same time motioned my brother to bring the box from the cabin. He did so, noiselessly; in one moment it was into the boat, and in another we had sprung into it also, with all the energy of desperation. ‘Row! row! for our lives and for your own; and for *this*,’ was my earnest whisper to the boatmen, showing a purse, well filled with gold. The men seemed at once to comprehend that it was a case of peril, and pulled swiftly in the direction in which I pointed, which was, the reader may be assured, the opposite one to that in which the Italians still gazed. All this was the work of a moment, for it was work done by men whose faculties for exertion were indescribably aroused. When the crew of the sloop did observe our departure, we had

made a considerable way from them, and all that they could do in their impotent rage and vexation was to send an unoffending shot or two after us. They did not attempt to follow. It may be, that, on consideration, they congratulated themselves on the possession of the cargo, which must have been the main object of their desires, and trusted never to see us again.

The first thought, it may be supposed, of my brother and myself, on finding ourselves fairly free of the Italian sloop, was one of gratitude to heaven for our deliverance from that awful bondage. Our rescuers proved to be fishermen of the Delta, dwelling near the mouth of the Western Nile. Once safely ashore, and the personal jeopardy of my brother and myself ended, my mind—such is human nature—reverted to my property, and I resolved not to let the treacherous Italians off without making some attempt to reclaim what was my own. Calculating, from the point at which I was landed, that they would most probably run in for the port of Alexandria, I hired a boat to carry us across the Bay of Aboukir, and through Lake Mareotis to that city. My conjecture was correct; the Italian sloop was in the harbour. The authorities were applied to, and so strong were my proofs of a right to the cargo, that the greater part of it was yielded up to me; but a due consideration of the scanty chances of justice there, and a deficiency of evidence, made me depart from my original purpose of charging the wretches with their perfidious intent to murder. I was even obliged to enter into intercourse and compromise with the villanous master, before my goods could be unshipped and disposed of. My brother and I afterwards pursued our course by another vessel to Beiroot, where we made an advantageous sale

of our cargo. "It is only," Mr. Kerr added, "because you have in a manner forced me to tell this story, that I have been induced to go through its details, for nothing can be more positively painful to me than to enter upon it. For months after my escape, I could not sleep soundly. For two years I could not allude to the incidents without losing a night's rest in consequence; and, even now, the mention of the circumstances puts me into a state of nervous agitation of a very distressing kind. May you never, my dear friend, pass twenty-two days in the way I spent them on my second voyage to the Levant!"

THE END.

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N. B. See Contents of the BOOK OF STANDARD BALLADS, for an analysis of *Spanish Romances* and *Italian Tales*.



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Paris 1842

P.o.angl. 269

urn:nbn:de:bvb:12-bsb10748006-4